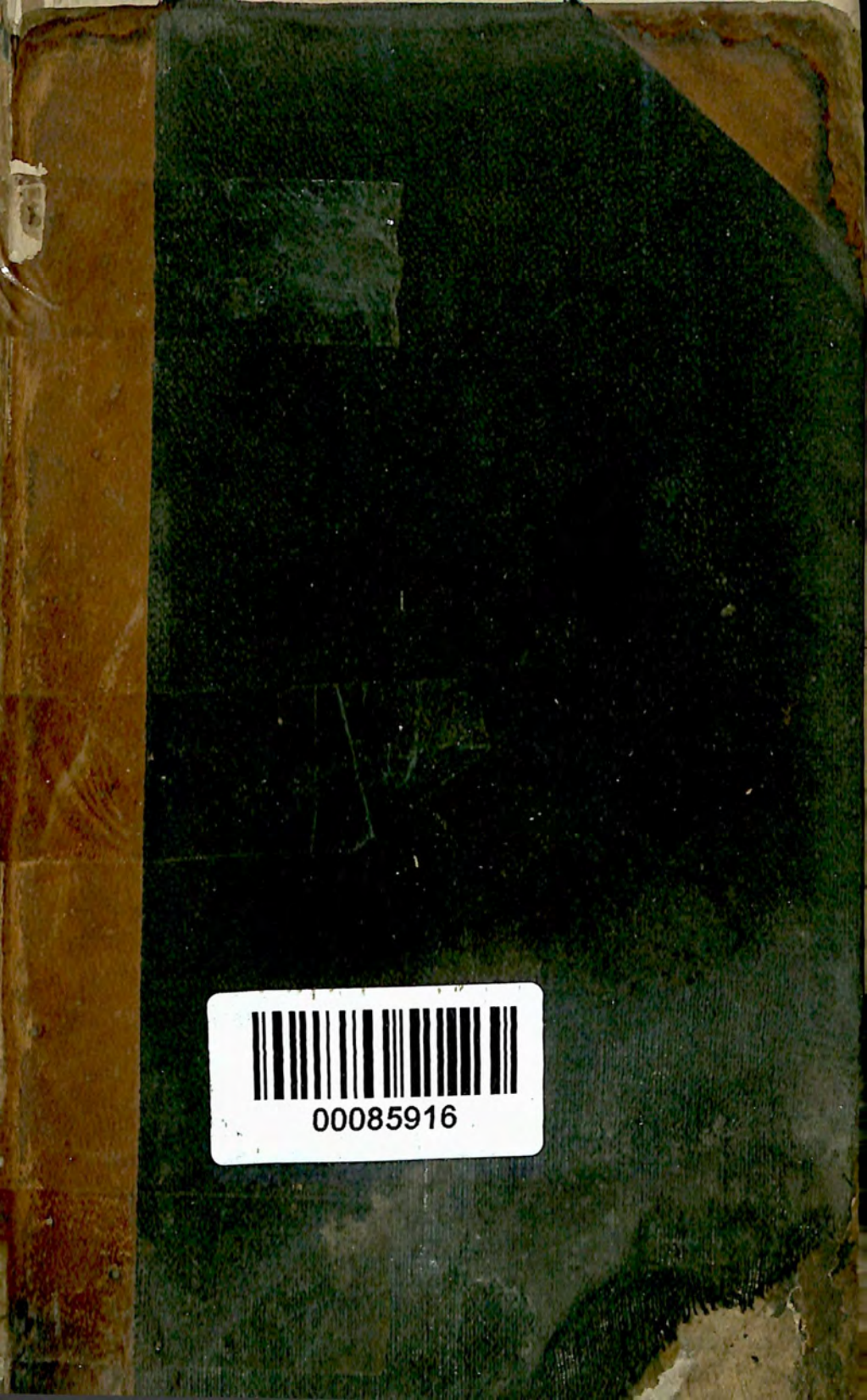
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MINUTES OF REMARKS

ON

SUBJECTS

PICTURESQUE, MORAL,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS,

MADE IN A COURSE ALONG THE RHINE, AND DURING A RESIDENCE IN SWISSERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1822 & 1823.

By WILLIAM WEBB, Esq. M. R. I. A.

DEPUTY COMMISSARY-GENERAL TO THE FORCES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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REMARKS,

PICTURESQUE, MORAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTION I.

CALAIS, 26TH JUNE, 1822.

DINNER at Meurice's *table d'hote*, twenty-four persons; soup and two courses, much variety in each, and abundant in itself for a large company; a desert of at least half a dozen kinds of fruit. The table fare was a sufficient announcement that you were out of England, which idea was ratified by the cost—not quite three shillings, including wine. A dinner of the same description on the other side of the water would have been at least four times the money.*

Calais is in a miserable strand-shore situation. Within the fortifications it is a neat well built town: the streets run strictly parallel, and are intersected by others as regularly parallel and of uniform elevation. There is here no air of antiquity, not even a coin-stone appearing of the buildings of the olden time. It disappoints an Englishman's anticipations, whose historic recollections would pourtray Calais

* It may be right to state here, that these minutes were commenced at the foot and on the back of inn-keeper's bills, and have from this pigmy origin, with progressive audacity, increased to their present size.

as the frontier fortress of France, bearding the British cliffs, and tempting British Quixotism, of which it was for centuries the prize and trophy, as Gibraltar is at the present day.

27th.—On the road to St. Omer's, some corn-fields appear already cut: the houses all along in this garden country are excellent in their respective kinds, and in the best state of repair; the people are well clothed and comfortable looking; the men in cocked hats, and coats of antique cut. The long stretches of road are guarded by fosse, and lined with elms or tall poplars. Special care is taken in pruning these trees and restraining them to a head, the most promising shoot being trained for a leader—a most judicious practice.

In the salon of the Inn at St. Omer's a large printed sheet is appended to the wall, with the heading, "To the glory of France—three victories per day." These victories are catalogued as won from 1793 to 1815. The average of *three* is most modest, since in just arithmetic the number in the list would cover nearly four. It remains to state that, as memorials of this national glory are specified the naval victories of Earl Howe of the 1st of June, of Lord Nelson at Aboukir and Trafalgar, and the land battles of Maida, Vimiera, Vittoria and Waterloo. These are but stray samples of French glory placarded on this sheet, as won at the expense of their enemies.

28th.—To Cassel and Lille. Much wheat reaped and some flax: the corn-stubbles mostly ploughed, and in some fields cabbages already put in; others covering with manure; the country most rich and wooded. From Cassel, a cheerful town on the crown of a high hill, the view is most extensive, the wood so grouped as to occupy in appearance more than two-thirds of the expanse, whereas the reality must be the converse of this. I understand that seventeen fortified towns, including Dover Castle, are visible

from the noble mansion of General Vandamme here, together with fifty open towns and one hundred villages.

LILLE.—At the garrison parade in the evening, on the esplanade, I observed a practice which struck me as of very unmilitary precision—the regimental bands performing with their music-books held spread before them by boys, and when in march extended by their own contrivance in the best way they could: this practice I understand to be general on the Continent.

29th JUNE.—To MENIN, in two hours, a barrier town of the kingdom of the Netherlands, begirt with newly-erected fortifications. In two hours more to Courtrai, an excellent town for its size, and deserving of notice, even after Lille. In the evening to Ghent: and on the following day, Sunday, ranged fully through this extensive city, now in the dead ebb of energy and departed wealth:—And this half-alive aggregate of palaces and superb public structures was once a sort of London,—proud, turbulent, pouring forth armies out of its own streets, and asserting its might, and exercising its dictation in the congresses of kings. The retrospection of these past realities is like the phantoms of a dream.

One instance among many of the preference given by our continental neighbours to the shewy rather than the useful, is exhibited in the clocks appended to the public buildings, and which are very numerous in every town. These proclaim with loud hurdy-gurdy tune the hour, and chime in prolonged base music each division of time down to the half-quarter, but are invariably without a minute-hand, or any help to indicate time to the eye except by guess from the place of the hour-hand on the dial.

1st JULY.—To ANTWERP. Till within four miles of this town the country is extremely rich; its flats not disagreeable to the eye from the number of trees spreading over the expanse and coming up to the road, the avenue ranges of

which give effect and dress to the general landscape. The oaks are all lopt: this discipline, as well as the want of age of all the timber of this country is explained by the great demand for house fuel. Crops of corn immense: towns and villages along the road superior in style to any thing I had hitherto seen; the road itself—as if ground was of higher value—much narrower. Garlands and other gauds in honour of St. Peter's day, hung across the streets and roads every where as we advanced. This festival—celebrated also with music and dancing—they call the Kermesse: in character it reminds me of the Irish Roman Catholic festivals which they call patrons.

Near Antwerp the country is a forlorn flat, intersected by vile plashes and dikes, without one tree to relieve the eye; fit domain for a stern fortified place which has frowned from its contiguity all vestige of human industry or habitation. Crossed the Scheldt by a ferry, about half the breadth of the Mersey at Liverpool. Antwerp, its buildings and lanes, very mean after the magnificence of Ghent; but it is all activity and bustle of trade. In Churches it is beyond any Flemish town I have yet seen. Of the interior of its Cathedral I will not pretend to speak, inasmuch as its exterior has to me a clumsiness and coarseness, for which I was not prepared in a structure extolled without reserve.

Harsh weather and a strong wind, precluded my ascent of its steeple. I could have much wished to have had the view from thence, of which a friend long ago told me, that while the cultivated and densely peopled expanse, to the utmost verge of the horizon around, occupied the gaze and drew the continued expression of amazement of his party for a whole hour, one individual alone had not uttered a syllable till the moment of descending,—when he imparted, as the sum of his observations, that not one tile or slate was wanting or required re-setting on the roof of house or of out-house of all that had been under his eye. The remark

had its meaning, and I believe it is equally true of every view from every other steeple throughout Flanders.

To MALINES in the afternoon: its floridly rich and venerable Cathedral and some other relics of dignity and state, commensurate with stir and ambition long fallen asleep, give I know not what painful spasm to check the otherwise lethargic cast of this place. The country thence on to Vilverde is as dull as the city. From Vilverde, the road ranges for six miles to Brussels along a noble canal, with rows of tall beech on one side, and on the other poplar and afterwards elm. Here all corn disappears, and no other crop but grass is seen; the expanse rich in woods breaks into beautiful hills. In front to the canal lie, in thick succession, houses of entertainment handsomely built, and still more numerous villas laid out with finely-kept gardens. Well-dressed people in abundance, sitting toping and smoking in front in open air; and crowds of hackney carriages and private equipages in full motion over the spacious roads. The splendour of the villas increases as you proceed, and the bold and rich features of the country also prominently increase until you come in view of the Royal Palace of Lacken; its façade shewn with dignity from the brow of one of those fine hills,—large accompaniments of wood supporting it, and extensive pleasure grounds with water diffused in the English garden style ranging around and in front down to the road. More than a mile farther on rises another of the noble swells of ground through which you move, with the plain at its foot, occupied in its full breadth, and from summit to flat, by the gay metropolis itself, Brussels. In the Hotel de Flandres, in the Place Royale, crowning the topmost elevation of the whole, I have my quarters fixed.

The Place Royale is an oblong of moderate dimensions, environed by palace structures and a fine modern Church. Close to it is Belle-vue Parc, of somewhat less extent than

Stephen's-green in Dublin. Round its four sides ranges a suite of magnificent houses, one of them a town palace of "Sa Majesté le Roi," as with full expectoration of his dignity was stated to me, buttressed on one side by the Palace of the Corp Legislatif, and on the other by that of the British Ambassador. The rest of the series is in a style which by no means derogates from these. The inner area, intersected with walks and embellished by numerous marble statues, is distributed into divisions, some of open and gay extension, others of retirement in groves so tall and thick as to shut out the sun, and with underwood so close as to seclude each portion of it from every other, and to give to the entire the impression of immense. What is still more strange in a town site, the surface is so broken, and, in spots, the dells so strongly featured as to impart the character of remote and wild woodland scenery. I may fairly anticipate my farther experience, and pronounce this Parc of Belle-vue a thing unrivalled.

JULY 4.—Left Brussels at five in the morning for Waterloo: a charming drive through cheerful villages and rich farms; and the wood a grove of the tall slender elm so common in this country, soon yielding to beech exclusively. At Waterloo, a portion of ground like common taken in for a cemetery, where some of our heroes lie. Waterloo Church, a structure of mere village dimensions,—without, imposing, from the boldness of its cupola; within, miserable save for the garniture of inscriptions round its walls, tributes of affection to relatives or comrades fallen in the battle. Some of these are deeply affecting; Canning, and a hero who was killed by the side of his brother, especially;—not forgetting the tablet of names furnished by the Royal Scots, which most properly includes their gallant Sergeant-Major—killed in supporting the colors which had passed successively from one victim bearer to another of some five or six commissioned officers. The Scots and the Germans (of which last

we had a legion in the action) have been laudably national in their inscriptions—the English and the Irish quite unnational, but not on that account I ween unfeeling.

Traversed the field from centre to the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, close opposite to it; from that farm-house to Hugoumont; and returned by the opposite hill and the valley, in which, after the action, 130 pieces of French artillery were collected. At Hugoumont (round which the slaughter of the enemy was frightfully immense in attempting to penetrate the precincts) I was shewn the family Chapel, where the foot—and nothing more—of the wooden image of the Virgin Mother was scorched by the fire of the French shells, which had consumed the straw-roofs and whatever else was combustible in the out-buildings, of which this Chapel formed a portion.

The proprietor of this mansion, Baron de Goumont, I think they called him, died from a broken heart, so affected was he by the devastation of the day to the premises and his surrounding property.

La Haye Sainte—along the left of the field—of which we have heard so much, makes now a miserable fence. It had been a hedge, thick and strong below, while it shot to the height of lofty sapling trees. So utterly was it beaten down by the battle-hail, and so numerous were the perforations from the passage of our troops, that it remains a ragged outline, its gaps unclosed, and the shoots cut for fuel as they rise above the unsightly level.

It has been imputed to the Duke of Wellington as an oversight, that he left to its own resources a German force, stationed within the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, the consequence of which was, that being at length without ammunition while their post was surrounded, they were overpowered and put to the sword. The admission of the fact by his Grace, and the taking of the blame on himself, are characteristic of the unobtrusiveness of his pretensions.

The house in question was not twenty perches from the British centre; yet so severe was the French onset, and so stubbornly was it maintained on our front, that they mastered, and in their turn garrisoned a post almost in our contact.

My guide over the field, a very intelligent man, had two or three days before accompanied a son of Lucien Buonaparte, recently married to his cousin, a daughter of Louis, and now in Flanders. He mentioned that having detailed to the young man the particulars connected with the different localities, with a fidelity which could be in no way flattering to French vanity, inasmuch as facts could not on the spot be made to sort with illusion—his hearer received all with seeming fixed attention, but without moving a muscle of his countenance, or being once betrayed into the slightest syllable of remark.

So far as I may depend on the statement of my guide, and he seems a man of accurate mind, the approach of the Prussians was first ascertained about five o'clock, and the Duke of Wellington made his grand charge two hours after; the Prussians not arriving to co-operate with it otherwise than by the discharge of their cannon as they came within range.*

At Waterloo an Englishman is subject to all the an-

* On this often debated point, the British and Prussian official accounts accurately agree. The latter describe the French to be "fighting with desperate "fury at HALF-PAST SEVEN; but some uncertainty to be perceived in their "movements, and some of their cannon to be retreating. At this moment the "first columns of General Ziethen arrived at the point of attack, and instantly "charged the enemy; his right was broken in three places; our troops rushed "forward at the charge-step, while at the same moment THE WHOLE ENGLISH "LINE advanced." In the *London Gazette*, the Duke of Wellington states that, "ABOUT SEVEN, the enemy made a desperate attack which was defeated; "and having observed that they retired in great confusion, and that the march "of General Bulow's corps had begun to take effect," &c. his Grace "determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced with his whole "line: the attack succeeded in every point." Can any event be more consentaneously stated by two different relators? and do not both accounts establish, that, at the close of the day the British army had completely repelled their antagonists, had made them retire "in great confusion" after their fiercest and expiring effort, and were in condition to advance in their entire extent of line, and to retaliate in their unbroken strength on a recoiling and disorganised

noyances which give pain at every point of strong attraction on the Continent. An old beggar-retainer of the Church mumbled out a demand for a contribution for it on some score or other, in such a way as if he wished it not to be understood. The *fille* at the auberge, who also shews the grave-ground, when she contended for a fee of a franc and half, when a franc would have been most liberal payment, pleaded also somewhat about the Church: I called her quietly, "*avare*," to which imputation she resignedly submitted, but had her franc and half in full.

But such a cloud of mendicants as distribute themselves over the field, under pretext of being hawkers of relics alleged to have been found there; or of paltriest child's toys, fabricated of pot metal, or as they tell you, from fragments of cannon and other appointments that seven years ago strewed the field. Then their pertinacity in chase of you, through all your windings of a mile, in defiance alike of intreaty or refusal, and to the utter confounding of all accurate communication with your guide: and such a torrent of deep-mouthed scurrility against your nation and yourself, before they give place to another miscreant swarm which relieves them in an ever-circling round of chatter and disgust! Can it be, in sober fact, that they are vampire exhalations from the heaps of defeated corpses below, who have thus succeeded in still wreaking on us their hate unquenched in death!

These memoranda are but of trifles; and I find myself taking refuge in trifles: for I recoil from tracing the feeling dominant on the spot, even as materials for future and less

enemy? In what produced or regarded the relative situation of the British and French armies—the confusion and route of the one contrasted with the determined front and power for forward offensive operations of the other—the Prussian army had nothing whatever to do. In co-operating in those final offensive operations they had a large share, and, fresh as they were numerous, a much larger in the consummation which crowned the day of the 18th of June.

excited reflection. Crecy, Poictiers, Agincourt, our greatest achievements of the chivalrous ages, have here been fully equalled, and our rival nation, or, in customary phrase, natural enemy, is laid low in a contest sacred from national animosities. Yet still, England having, here, wrested the palm of victory from the Attila of our day, and thereby put an end to that tyranny which had debased and kept in thraldrom all Europe save itself—England, the sole nation which had throughout held cheap this proudest and vainest and most successful of boasters, and finally beat him and his enthusiastic myrmidons to the ground and to powder;—the localities and the name of Waterloo must ever kindle the justest and honestest pride in the bosom of Britons. This pride will swell higher the more they reflect, that the surpassing glory of their nation is built on their home institutions, results as these are of liberty invigorating law, and being invigorated by it, and developing themselves to the utmost in thought and in deed, in moral sentiment, manners, gesture, almost features and look, in guise so unequivocal, that Englishmen stand the conscious and the recognised "Lords of human kind." What a fearful weight of debt is theirs, individually and collectively, for blessings at home unknown to every other age and people of Christendom—for might abroad, and for that protection under which this their exercise of it became deliverance to the world from wrong and robbery. To feel that they owe, is here however to pay: to act, each and all, under a due sense of their obligations—multiplied and mighty as they are—will be taken in full acquittance of their debt.

Returned to Brussels in the forenoon.

Of the public structures here beyond the precincts of the Place Royale and Belle-vue, little can be said. None of the Churches, not even the principal one, struck me with interest. It has, in common with every other town of the Netherlands, its Maison de Ville—a description of edifice prodigious in

dimensions, of imposing architecture—being a mixture of Gothic and Moorish—and venerable from antiquity. The Guildhall of Ghent is stupendously noble. That of Brussels stands on the more open site of the Grande Place; and the opposite and contiguous structures, of Brobdignag massiveness, with devices and inscriptions still extant on their front—memorials of the achievements of generations long since gone to sleep—come in aid of the uncouthness of its Maison de Ville so that, if somewhat less in size, it yields not in impressive character. Its curious gothic tower contributes to this impressiveness; it is in height nearly 400 feet, and serves to guide the strangers in Brussels through its dense labyrinth of streets. But more fantastic far than all this, is the roof with which the building is capped; so monstrous in elevation, and of such consequent inclined plane, as to exceed in superficies the elevation of front which it surmounts. Over this roof, to make it yet more grotesque, are distributed in regular ranges, tier after tier of windows, laid thick, side by side, in the manner of projecting sky-lights, and answering no doubt to stories of garret apartments. The number of these stories, though I counted them but three hours back, it staggers me to minute on the credit of my memory; they cannot be less than half a score. Thus possibly it was that, in the same old fashioned times, the doublet of satin which cased the frame of Lord Keeper Hatton, or other antique courtier, was not more brave to view than the "high crowned hat," which surmounted his person.

Quitted Brussels on the evening of the 5th, for Aix-la-Chapelle; the first part of the journey of course by night, but with such a moon as to display a continued expanse of undulating country under corn cultivation and with but few trees. Passed through Louvaine, the features of which presented nothing remarkable, with exception of its Maison de Ville, nobly gothic in feature, its surface rich in tracery,

its general aspect captivatingly picturesque. Through Tirlemont also, which possibly looked handsomer than by day; its streets, regard being had to their minor scale, superior to those of Louvaine—superior, if the moon mocked me not, to many in Brussels. The barred gate of this city, on our going out, was opened by a female, in burlesque I presume of its walled and fortified apparatus of protection. Breakfasted at Orey, at three in the morning; a most miserable safeguard against the privation of all food, which awaited me till the close of the day and end of my journey.

To LIEGE at 9 *a. m.* The view from the hill on which the city is built, overlooking the valley of the Maese, is extensive and magnificent. Liege itself is a large ugly city, forcibly reminding me of some of our principal Irish towns in the character of its streets, in the appearance and detail of dress of the lower orders of women and perhaps of men, and, I am sorry to say, in their squalidness, which forms a shocking contrast with the cleanly and healthy appearance of the population in every other place I have seen since my landing. Mendicity is excessive here, and extends onward to the Prussian frontier in the vicinity of Aix-la-Chapelle, the road to which, for a tormenting extent of leagues, is lined with hordes of most sturdy beggars. Beyond the Prussian frontier, the open exercise of mendicity is prohibited. The Ecclesistical Government of this country is at an end: the vast and magnificent Palace of its Prince Bishop is converted to municipal purposes: a territory in which the fruits of imbecile administration have so grievously prospered is added to the Sovereignty of the Netherlands: and let us hope that a policy totally different will gradually conform its institutions, its practices, its habits, even its morals, to those of that nation of industry and comfort.

A succession of hills of bewitching beauty continues from hence to Aix-la-Chapelle:—little corn; grass generally; the fields in small enclosures; luxuriant hedges and hedge-row

trees, and numerous scattered tufts of wood grouping with them;—a tract of exquisitely lovely and most productive farm country, for which, perhaps, I should vainly seek a parallel in England, so much more varied is its surface than any thing which England generally can shew.

Ample time has been given me to gaze on this charming scenery, so far at least as the movement of our coach, or as it is right fitly named, *post-wagon* was concerned. The course from Liege has been a crawl, a something short of walk, if that be possible; "because," as the conductor explained to me, "there were but two sets of horses for the entire line, and they could not be worked harder." The equipment I suggested, of a third set, was an extravagance to him at first incomprehensible, but which, when he could be brought to view as a mere supposition, he scouted as ridiculously absurd.*

From time to time as, winding upward from the bosom of each delightful vale, we gained the terrace eminence of the successive hills, I remarked in front towards the horizon a lofty range of mount—of austere coloring which, on nearer approach, proved to be mantle of forest investing a barren ridge that cuts across the softer featured expanse. On the off side of this stern ridge, which is traversed partly by steep ascent and partly through a natural gap, lies Aix-la-Chapelle, in a region equally charming with that which the ridge shuts out. The antique fortress walls, and manifold architectural peculiarities of this city, carry back the mind without effort, to the days of its youth and domination under Charlemagne—whose seat of empire it was.

JULY 7th, Sunday—The shops all open and business-like; not in the manner of Ghent, where I remarked, that though

* This nuisance I learn has been since abated by the Government, which has substituted a Diligence that positively moves.

open they appeared to serve rather as front parlours, from whence to gaze upon the street loungers.

Strolled into the Great Room, called the *Salle des Redoutes*—as large perhaps as the Great Room at Bath, and better proportioned. There were here assembled some hundreds of well dressed idlers—females intermingled:—two tables; at one of them deep play, *au banc*; much money displayed, and no want of grave faces on the part of those concerned. The whole exhibition was quite astonishing, and—at one o'clock on Sunday—disgusting.

Show places are few within the town: but then, what a world of beauty in the outlets! Close in circuit are first the ramparts, and highly kept shrubberies and gravel walks, of noble extent, and commanding variously charming woodland views. Prolonging the stroll for a league, from the town to Drimborn, or to Boursette, you pass through field-paths, which frequently pursue the course of streams, that occasionally expand into reservoirs. Luxuriance of grass; umbrage of thicket, or loose plantation of accacia, elm and beech; the surface of ground in active play from hill to valley; the softness of features, and tranquillity diffused, that is almost tangible;—these all render a forenoon's expatiation here, a luxury to highwrought day-dream of delight. No where else have I seen the simple elements of beauty in such potency of combination as to call forth the same abundant and almost excited emotion.

From the Louisbourg, the scenery is of another character. It is a hill overbrowing the town, of such height as to have served for the first of three principal trigonometrical points in the survey made a few years since by the French Engineers of the Provinces on the Rhine. Its sides are boldly steep, and are clothed with plantations intersected with numerous walks and drives. The expanse seen from its summit is a noble one—those features of loveliness in aggregate, which below charm in the detail. The same

character is preserved on this side of the barrier-range of mountain, which I had admired on its farther one in the course from Liege—except that here this range gives support to the picture by its close vicinity, and sheds magnificence over the swells that luxuriate at its foot and almost identify themselves with its grandeur. To these the greatly leading feature is superadded of this ancient city with all its imperial recollections just below—sovereign still of a domain of exquisite attraction.

It remains to speak of within doors.—Of my Hotel of the Golden Dragon, I had heard much warning tattle of the exorbitance of charge. Royal personages frequent it assuredly, of which there has been one instance since my arrival. But I am accommodated unexpensively, though most comfortably. Its *table d'hote* is to an Englishman, fresh from home, worth any money; such a display of dishes and succession of courses, sufficient to endanger, if that were possible, the simplicity of palate, in which it was my high good fortune to have been educated. Yet the exuberant abundance of the table and endless multiplicity of fare after you think again and again that you have dined! I counted eighteen dishes in a first course, and seventeen in the second, at one time on the table: and as each dish is successively carved, the attendants wait on the guests quite round with it. Then the excellence of the cookery, which makes a dish of frogs—of which I have partaken knowingly and with liking—equal to chicken, and which preserves to the largest turkey all its juices though so overdone, as we should suppose it, as to be carved into minutest fraction by the back of a knife or side of a silver fork. We have nothing to match with all this in our utmost extra displays at home. Then the ease and loiteringly slow movement with which all the table arrangements are conducted, which can leave not a doubt but that, in ordinary routine, a part of the entertainment is put down after the first course has been served: for

frequent and set gaps of time intervene, the leading one of which extends to half an hour, a slight portion of which is occupied by chit-chat, and the rest devoted to the instrumental and vocal performances of three male and two female musicians. What with this slow march and these cessations, the dinner is an abomination of two terrible hours. Compelled as I have found myself to pay the tribute of enjoying the exquisiteness and profuse variety of such protracted feasts, I have morally felt myself swallowing down, like Pistol, the leek of disgust at refinements of table sensuality that are degrading to manhood.

Wednesday night, 10th July. Pass to COLOGNE: the country traversed in the dark I had previously informed myself to be for far the greater part a fertile but stupid flat. What remained of it for morning to disclose was not better.

Several good streets, and many very good, though not magnificent, houses in this old fashioned and narrow-streeted city, which has far more trade than its antique and melancholy appearance would at first lead to suppose. Its quay is a scene of bustle and, for a town so far in-land, an object of surprise: not fewer than sixty or eighty vessels of two masts, and, I should guess, from 80 to 130 tons, lying along-side it;—the Rhine a deep, impetuous and majestic river.

The commmunication between the shores of this broad and very bold river, is maintained with the utmost ease by a flying bridge as it is called,—two long vessels fastened abreast, sustaining a planked floor which projects over their sides, so as to form a square area of at least eighteen yards every way. A frame in form of a door-case stands perpendicularly across it: from midway the brace at the top of this frame proceeds a chain to the nearest of seven boats, which are fastened to each other in line of births up the river: the uppermost boat is tightly moored so as to secure it without movement in mid-channel; the moving of

the second is somewhat slacker, and each boat in succession has an increasing length of cable down to the seventh, which can swing from the centre of the channel to within one-sixth of the river's breadth towards either bank. With this apparatus of pivot, by the simple agency of the helm on the impetuosity of the current, the bridge, with its freight of men, women, and infants—in sufficient number for the population of a little village—and their live and dead stock to bear them company, is impelled across with perfect steadiness, and in less time than a common boat could effect the passage by dint of good rowing.

An air of poverty and dejected misery is undisguised among the poorer classes here: but I know not what to make of the statement I find in my guide-book,* that Cologne, before its occupation by the French, contained twelve thousand beggars, each of whom was proprietor of a station for mendicant purposes, which was transferable by descent to his heirs. At least mendicancy now no longer exists, its exercise being forbidden by the Police.

It is a dreadful pity of the Cathedral! The French converted what their first havoc had spared of it into a corn-store for their troops. It must have been a supremely glorious Gothic edifice. Mausolea remain within, uncommonly numerous when their magnificence is considered. What a gauntlet the proud stained glass—of which much is escaped—has had to sustain!

"London sealing wax" labelled up on a shop window,—though Holland intervenes, whose wax we prize beyond comparison. But German preference extends not to the imitation of our insular manners. Formality upholds here its utmost rights. I had occasion to return to the diligence office, where my seat is taken for to-morrow to Coblentz, in order to remove a possible misconception, which it occurred

* Schrieber's; a very good work, only too much in minute and protracted detail.

to me might endanger the loss of my seat in the open cabriolet in which I uniformly travel. Being much heated by long walking under a burning sun, I forebore on entering the office to take off my hat, to which however I put my hand in regular salute. But the offence of standing uncovered drew down on me a storm of angriest reprehension from the Principal. However much I was surprised, I did not feel the attack to be personal: it was an explosion of indignation against an exhibition unintelligible to him unless on the ground of its being meant as a deliberate insult. To have pleaded national custom might have enhanced the unintentional affront by provoking his incredulity; and this again might have cost me, by the deprivation of the cabriolet seat, the loss of the Rhine scenery along this, the loveliest range of its shores. A reference to the suffusion of my cheeks and my consequent apprehensions, with the repeated assurance that I had raised my hat on first entering, had the effect to bring my conduct within his comprehension, and to procure me the hearing which my purpose required.

Friday morning, left Cologne under a violent thunder storm with bursts of rain in broad cataract:—the lightnings shot in successive volley from cloud after cloud of coal-black darkness, borne rapidly by the tempest across the strath we were measuring, that was so unsheltered as to permit the study of each—on to the verge of the eastern horizon—in its formation, its thickening into wrath, and its explosion. No other interest was excited over the rather sandy but highly-tilled tract, through which the road lay southward, until our arrival at Bonn, which we were prevented entering by the breaking up of a piece of road in its contiguity in order to its better formation. We rounded this city closely; and in site and vicinity it is quite enchanting. A range of hills on the right of the wide strath, at first remote, but closing at length home upon the view, and increasing in richness as its woody and vine-clothed details had become

distinct. Still more remote, to the left, another range could be so discovered as to induce the belief of its being similar in character. But a groupe of eminences in front, which in general effect had assumed the appearance of the Malvern hills—though far more wildly pyramidal—at Bonn, became vast and of savage character,—their name the Seven Mountains. Here they occupied the immediate left, close on the eye—while the right screen formed full in front and over the city, its utmost summit crowned with a noble ruin. In the now narrow champaign between, the Rhine urged its course, close to the foot of the headlong rocky face of the nearest of the Seven Mountains, the renowned Drakenfels. This, the king of all this region of severe mountain and forest and vine-robed steep and fertile vale, is also castle-crowned—that castle apparently inaccessible to mortal approach, though it was palpably of man's erection. And alike over all this transcendent domain is shed the enchantment of romance, in memorial of which the precipitous brows and now inaccessible cliffs on either side the river are frequently turreted with castles,—each individual ruin a scene of barbarous crime, or as barbarous virtue, in endless variety of legendary marvel.

The road for some hours was close on the Rhine; of which the banks are also gladdened by excellent and numerous villages, intermingled with substantial mansions of the landed proprietors. Two of these, extremely conversible and well-informed persons, I have had the good fortune to travel with in the cabriolet for much of this day's route.

After quitting Rheimagen, where a good and most plentiful Diligence dinner awaited us at the cost of 2¼ francs, the vale grew wider and less interesting, except from the occasional view of the different vallies on our right, each breaking into this grand one of the Rhine. One of these vallies, that of the Ahr, I am informed runs up for six leagues with a character similar to that of its fine termination, clothed with

immense crops of a grape, the wine of which rates beyond Bourdeaux in price. Again, the main valley narrows for some few miles: opening once more as you approach the ancient but miserable town of Andernacht, the Rhine itself becomes lost as a feature in the landscape, and the expanse is of little interest up to the precincts of Coblentz—where I arrived early in the afternoon, and lodged on the quay, at the *Three Swiss*, in an apartment looking on the Rhine and its bridge of boats, and with the stupendous precipice and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein rising directly from the water's edge on the opposite bank.

A singular circumstance is stated to me by my fellow-travellers, respecting the crops of the recent harvest in all the tract I have been traversing. They aver it to have been devastated, to a ruinous extent, by myriads of field-mice, the appearance of which is an unaccountable phenomenon, unless it be explained by the weather of last winter, which, though unusually stormy, was remarkably warm.*

As Aix la Chapelle is unique in the soft and beautiful hills which compose its environs, so is Coblentz unique also in quite another style; vast in the materials of its landscape—which by a rare felicity of subdivision, not interfering with its magnificence, breaks into endless detail of hill and valley, brow and ravine, in play so captivating as to dispute the admiration claimed by the almost mountain majesty of summit and precipice, which ramparts the extraordinary site of this city. The proudest feature of all is the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, formidably picturesque on the crest of its headlong rock of 800 feet perpendicular, washed beneath by the Rhine: a position so superb as to laugh at

* In supplement to the information thus minuted, I subjoin the following extract from a Newspaper of a few weeks later date, which struck my eye when in Switzerland. "DEPARTMENT OF LOWER RHINE. Mice to the number of "1,570,000 have been caught in a fortnight in one arrondissement: it is con- "sidered that perhaps as many more perished in their holes. The loss by hail "and them is calculated at twelve millions," £480,000 sterling.

the utmost strength of artillery, directed with the utmost human skill. This was evinced in the late war, when its garrison baffled for many months the most stubborn efforts of a French besieging army, and were only subdued by actual starvation. The French then razed the fortress utterly with gunpowder: at present it is in re-construction, on a magnificent scale, and with money exacted by contribution from France."

I have rounded Ehreinbreitstein with admiration also of the majestic and precipitous ranges of many miles, scarcely inferior to itself, with which it closely groupes,—separated by ravines of much boldness, or by valleys of deep descent and great beauty. Through all this tract there is a rich growth of vines on terraces, and luxuriance of corn-ground diffused over the topmost heights; while the extent of fractured and richly embellished surface, under the eye at one view, is unspeakably enchanting.

Coblentz itself, lying on the water's brink, under the protection of the fortress, is a dull though well-built town. The two great rivers whose confluence here had excited my expectations, have in no way disappointed them. Over the Moselle is a noble bridge of thirteen large arches; in fact, the channel of this river appears nearly as broad as that of the Rhine, which, however, at their junction makes an influx within the channel of the Moselle, evinced by a line of shallows thrown up by the counteracting current of the more powerful river as it is borne back in eddy. A bridge of masonry has not yet been constructed over the Rhine itself, through all its course from Constance lake to the ocean. A bridge of boats is here the medium of communication between its opposite shores.

Left Coblentz for Mentz, at three in the afternoon, in an open voiture. The road accompanies the Rhine almost in the manner of a quay: the course of the river is also straitened by a series of wooded and vine-clothed steeps

close on either side—very many of them turretted with castle-ruins for about half way to Boppart; for the remainder of the course thither, twelve miles in all, the steeps are rather monotonous. In front of Boppart, the Rhine makes a horse-shoe bend; and the low ground included within this curve—in combination with the brokenness of the environing steeps, occasioned by the termination of the lateral vallies that penetrate the main one;—and along with this contrast and variety, the spires and other picturesque buildings of the antique little town—all together forms a very lovely scene. From thence about eight miles to St. Goar, with more than one alternation of scenery, from sameness to variety of bare rock, protruded from wooded and castle-crowned precipice; the river broad and bold, giving animation to each successive picture. Near a place called Hirzenach, is first one scene, and afterwards a second, giving in side view an effect that strongly reminds me of the cliff aptly called the Giant's Stairs in Cork Harbour. Close before St. Goar, on a brow on the left is a ruin; then on the hither bank, almost contiguous to the town and over it, another vast one,* and again on the off bank a third, from which shots were on one occasion discharged by the garrison at Buonaparte, when

* To give an idea of the vastness, past strength and importance of this fortress, I transcribe from the guide-book, this passage:—"Diether the Rich, "Count of Katzenellenbogen, converted a Monastery on this site into a for-"midable Castle, which he employed to force a tax on all vessels plying here. "Sixty cities on the Rhine, combined to resist his exactions, assembled an army "and besieged it for fifteen months without effect. They afterwards formed "with different other States a league, which was the origin of the first celebrated "league of the Rhine, that destroyed nearly all the Castles which harboured "the brigands along the whole course of this river. But this league was dis-"solved in the great quarrel between the territorial barons and the free cities. "In 1692, the brave Hessian Colonel Goertz stoutly defended this Castle "against the French Marechal Tallard, who at length set his camp on fire, and "withdrew from before it. The French, however, obtained possession of it "with less trouble in the revolutionary war; for it surrendered at the first sum-"mons, and they blew it up. Its fragments of upturned wall are of immense "thickness and, though recent from ruin, of absolutely picturesque and awful "character."

travelling the road below: dismantlement by his command followed on its coming into his possession. These three ruins, each high aloft on its precipitous brow, I command from the single window of my bed-chamber.

I am persuaded that to see the valley of the Rhine hereabouts as it deserves, would require much deviation from the course of its bed. Ascending among the ruins of the Castle over St. Goar, I saw beneath me a most delightful valley on its flank, deep and bold as the main one of the Rhine, and resembling it, except from its greater narrowness, which gave it a force that almost compensated for want of river. On the off side of the river, the eminence on which I stood set forth the configuration of the mountain surface so fully as to exhibit a reticulation of valleys without number, along and athwart this region that forms a lofty screen and broad guard to the Rhine;—each valley, whether sidelong or across, very deep and very winding, and if inference ever can have force, teeming with luxuriance, and the abode of plenty, comfort and repose under the finest forms of rural beauty.

Of village customs in this little town, let me minute the hair of the young girls, carefully plaited, and falling down over their shoulders to a length that reaches below the waist: such is the rage for toilette decoration (human nature being still human nature) among this sober people and in this quiet village. Pity that the taste for dress should march so far in rere of the inclination for its display! Here as all along my course on the Rhine, the vile custom prevails of scull-cap or coif—square, oblong, or round; every form of them put on in a variety of ways, and made of quite diverse materials; all of them hideous in effect. Of colours, coquelicot is the ton for dress and equipments; red for the women's gowns, the boys' and mens' caps red in the bordering; even the umbrella covers are red;—so that a groupe of peasants on the road or in a boat on the river make a flaming shew,

But the fashion is little matter, if there be not scantiness of the materials of clothing; and it is a pleasure to observe in the villages no want of this comfort.

14th.—Left St. Goar in the morning; supper, bed, and breakfast—all excellent—charged three francs! The scenery onward is superior again to that of yesterday:—various noble castle ruins; each of them connected with some wild legend, or more sober history of interest. One of them is Schomberg Castle, the residence, from before the times of Charlemagne, of the Schomberg family, one of whom is illustrious in English history from having as a Huguenot refugee commanded in Ireland under William III., and lost his life at the Boyne.* After this castle is a diminutive islet of rock, sustaining a tower of contracted dimensions, in model not unlike Chinese, but with Gothic furnishings. In this tower is the closet allotted in former times for the accouchement of the Countesses Palatine, who, on each occasion of this kind, were transmitted hither for that special purpose! But of legend or of history, or of either grafted on the other, each ruin, and even each particular rock teems with subject; and the scenery gives effect to the illusion.

At Baccharach, seven miles on, the valley appears to open, with corn in front: again it closes, and on to Bingen, nine miles more, all is very fine. Ruins of castles, two or three in one mile; then an interval without them for a mile or two; and again, crowded repetitions of ruins, cresting the cliffs that overbrow the river's course.

Within two miles of Bingen, where the vale finally expands, is a great castle, with out-works considerably de-

* The Castle of Schomberg is said "to derive its name from having been the "residence of seven sisters of extreme beauty, who turned the heads of all the "young cavaliers of the neighbourhood, and of the occupants of all the Castles "far around. But being prudish as they were fair, they were metamorphosed "into seven rocks, the pointed summits of which are seen below the surface of "the river when the water runs low, and still bear the name of the Seven "Damsels."—GUIDE.

tached from it, widely separated from each other, and perched on various pyramidical rocks, with remains of embrazured turrets. Immediately after these, the mountain side begins to bristle into such forms of pointed rock, that it is not easy to say what is the work of man, and what of nature. So it is, that on a site nearly opposite that island in the river, on which stands the famed Archbishop Hutton's, or the Rats' tower—is a *lusus naturæ* in the form of a ruined castle, so deceptive as to have induced in me, in the manner of Triermaine, a notion of the realities of centuries back appearing in actual disclosure, and calling on me to pursue my destiny, and follow up the adventure. In sober fact, so potent was the sorcery of this scenery, that I made distinct detection of my having become a victim to its delusion;—proof of which will be held that I sedulously looked for, and wondered that I did not find it marked on my map as the site of a castle; and this, not at that particular moment, but at different subsequent opportunities of this day's course.

At Bingen, the river takes a lake-like character, with islands interspersed in it. Here also, the side-screens which had given such distinction to its course from Bonn, nearly fourscore miles, finally retire. Taking leave of this lengthened and majestic valley, I may say that its sameness in some parts is like the sameness of learning by heart a favourite lesson, with high relish for the occupation; and its characters are by repetition so inculcated, that they never can lapse from the memory.

A very large proportion of the cliffs which overhang the Rhine is devoted to vineyard, the grapes of the choicest quality for wine: it has been to me the amplest exemplification of the hardness I had so often remarked in the lines of many continental landscapes, which I am now enabled to trace to the servile copying of the vineyard thread-bareness of their covering—a drapery, if drapery it deserves to be called, sere to poverty in comparison with copsewood

clothing on one hand, or on the other, with mantling of the meanest sward. Still the sheeting of these proud cliffs far and wide with such vegetable riches is a triumph of man's industry, and largely contributes to the comfort and competence of the population which gladdens these shores in frequent succession of towns and villages. Quite another aspect, however, is constantly recurring of rural wealth, in the luxuriant fields of corn or of grass, bosomed at the foot of the cliffs, where the retiring river creates on one or the other brink a recess, minute at times and cushion-like, but not unfrequently so large, as to leave a grand bay of undulating surface, overgrown almost to thicket obscurity by the exuberant products of field crops and of kitchen-garden, and by groves of fruit trees in every variety, and, at least in the instance of the walnut, which is universally prevalent, in forest grandeur. As a third, and leading division of the garniture of this lengthened valley, it suffices to mention its immense sheets of wood, its precipices of naked rock, or of wood and rock in combination and almost competition. With this simple mention of them I yield from the subject.

Bingen is just without the territory of Prussia, and we here passed its last barrier post, marked, as were various others of them which had crossed my road, by a pole precisely like our old English barber's pole, except that for the blood-colour of the latter, black is substituted—with which emblazonment all Prussian property is marked. This pole, managed as a lever or steel-yard, either lies horizontally across the road like the uppermost bar of a gate, or is raised to the perpendicular, according as the passage is open or closed to you. Whether or not it is because present evils weigh heaviest, that the Prussian Sovereignty is considered severe, I know not; but there is a general opinon that its taxation is high, and that its functionaries and even its soldiery are difficult and exacting—while the French are spoken of as having been extremely manageable and most

easily satisfied, unless on the instant levy of contributions. The King of Prussia personally, is universally spoken of as a most amiable man, of just and benevolent intentions. Whether the harshness of his functionaries in these recently acquired provinces arises from their being new-fangled in the exercise of their powers, or from an organization of authorities which induces each place-holder to make the most of his station before he gives way to a successor, or from what other cause it may be, single or combined, it would be presumption in me, a stranger to facts, to speculate.

To MENTZ, sixteen miles, over a country of broad expanse, most heavily featured, and in tedious hill evermore; exciting little interest, unless at one spot which gives a magnificent back view of the grand mountain valley I had left. I ought not to omit the noble road which runs hither onward all the way from Cologne, constructed principally by an Elector some fifty years ago. Along its fair level roll very numerous drays and carts, with burdens often of some tons weight each, though supported by a single pair of wheels, in rim as thin as those of an English cabriolet. Friction of course they guard against, by this strange narrowness of streak: but how they construct this flimsy wheel of strength sufficient to hold out under such a weight of loading has repeatedly astonished me.

I noticed frequently along the road, houses constructed in frame-work of wattling, filled and coated with clay, but much thinner than similar buildings in the Netherlands, and very cold, I learn, in winter. A large proportion of the houses are of massive frame, and collected in villages—the fortification walls of which remain, with all the peculiarities appurtenant for protection against besiegers before the existence of artillery. Within, as without, all remains old fashioned: even the coxcomical arrangement of the slating attracts notice; the rows of slate drawn diagonally and not horizontally, and the outward angle of each slate rounded

off: in the greater towns, and in the great houses in the meanest ones, the slates are usually of different colours, tesselated to carpet pattern, or—frail help to human immortality—bearing the initials of the founder's name, and the *Anno Domini* flaring midway on its pent in similar tesselation.

The afternoon, from five, has given me time for viewing Mentz. Its quay is a noble one; and the city itself is quite a superior place in respect to buildings and their state of preservation to that woe-begone looking place Cologne. Mentz Cathedral, however, is not to be spoken of, nor, generally, its public structures. But the streets are good, several of them large and cheerful, and even in those which are narrow there is no dilapidation of houses, nor perhaps a single dwelling of very ancient date: It is full of troops of the German confederation; various uniforms and very fine looking men. They occupy all the best edifices, palaces and all, and must cause a great outlay of money among the inhabitants.

The men here are a better looking race than I have latterly been among: the women quite as bad still—their figure on a par with their face, which I think a caricature of the visage I so much disliked in Flanders: its characteristics I recollect to have been the forehead in slope backward so smart as to threaten the very crown with actual contact, the nose so bold in parallel slope as to project like the gnomon from a sun-dial; and the lines of the chin composed in accordance with the other two: the general effect mean, simia-like almost; at best this cast of features has a shrewish expression. Saying this, I in all honesty absolve the Flemish women of shrewish propensity beyond the proportion which is rightfully and of universal property common to the sex.

JULY 15. After another review of Mentz for some hours, proceeded to Franckfort on the Maine, nineteen miles—crossing the Rhine, which cannot be less than 400 yards wide, by a bridge of about fifty boats. I counted seventeen mills moored in line at a short distance from the bridge, in a

direction athwart—each with its wooden house, comprehending a complete human habitation; the machinery driven by a water-wheel, worked by the impetuosity of the current, aided by a slight fall in the level of the river. By Hochkeim, renowned for its wines; the country a wide and unwieldy expanse—bounded, however, on the left by a continuation of the Rhingau hills, that here have diverged far from the river. Their coloring was beautiful, their outline is a good one. My guide book gives them an elevation of 2000 feet; yet most of their surface seems subject to culture.

FRANCKFORT astonishes me from its magnificence of streets, their rectilinear direction and breadth: not but that it has a number of miserable lanes also; but through these they are now making openings, and raising spacious ranges of houses. All is business, and industry, and opulence. In these respects Franckfort is now what Ghent and some other towns of the Low Countries were in ages that are long gone by. Here, too, are the external appearances of riches in various display: splendid equipages are quite in crowd. What is most to my taste is the range of public garden, which extends in a semicircle from the river to the river again, and includes not only the entire city, but a wide tract of ground without it, laid out in villa gardens, each with its appurtenant mansion. These edifices are handsome, frequently magnificent: the gardens, in the highest keeping, spread from the houses to the public walks, by which they are commanded, and are separated from them only by shrubs or a low hedge. Without the circuit of the public grounds, extends a continuation of similar garden and villa grandeur. Between both, and, as the phrase is, calling in both, the public grounds run in a wide belt, skirted on either side by an avenue of evergreens, limes, or, most commonly, acacias. The main range is shrubbery, in the distribution of which great taste is evinced, and every advantage taken of the inequalities of the ground. The walks are conducted

in some places through close wood of forest growth, or open grove; in others through tall shrubs and plots of grass, or parterre beds, bordered or bespread with herbaceous plants and the choicest flowers, annuals as well as perennials, in boundless profusion, and running into minutely numerous botanical varieties. Geraniums, and their associates of green-house delicacy, are frequent; and it is in contemplation to introduce plantations of orange trees, to be hutted in the winter. The crossings of the different public roads that run out from the city are tended with as much care as the interior walks; while each path affords, at every five minutes interval of progress, an avenue of return into the city, in direct approach to its centre and bustle.

Thursday.—My stay at Franckfort, since Monday, has afforded me an opportunity to physiognomize on its population. The women here are once more women, of handsome figure, and really female features; their movements too, the goddess gait. Exceptions, which occasionally come into view, of the squab in form, and mis-arranged in features—shape and traits equally proclaiming them of a different caste—make the contrast more striking, and prove distinctly that the sex has here resumed its rightful attributes. The men, also, are a fine race, tall and of good person; not so improved as the other sex; but in both the change is palpable and comfortable.

Quitting Franckfort, I note generally as indicative of the style of its buildings, that my hotel, the Paris, has thirteen windows in front, and is four stories high below the wall-plate, besides two stories in the slating. Even this extent is quite inferior to at least two other hotels here; and these again are equalled by very numerous private establishments.

Leaving Franckfort for Carlshrue, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, the country for the first stage is almost a continued kitchen garden: by degrees, corn-fields appear, with vines, and even forest, intermingling.—On to Darm-

stadt, fourteen miles. This town is built in the very formality of regularly large streets and squares. Its court is now absent; and in consequence of this, the metropolis looks at once so spacious and so diminutive, so well built and so untenanted—and it is withal so piteously exposed to a country flat, and bald, and sandy, that the effect is benumbingly stupid. It has all the forlornness of the mansion of some squire who has out-built and half ruined himself, and whose family is in absenteeship on the continent. An extensive and empty barrack, isolated on open downs, may perhaps be an apter illustration of Darmstadt.

A mile or two beyond it, began on the left a range of lofty heights, beautiful in outline, and of superb forest mantling. This after some miles yielded to the very inferior garniture of vines, with alternation of forest, and the labours of the agriculturist invading both: Castles and look-out stations in antique masonry, with villages not unfrequent:—the whole uncommonly fine till the close of the day, which brought me to Heidelberg (42 miles from Franckfort) shut out further view,—not, however, before I had reason to lament, from what I saw of the valley of the Necker—which joins here—that time did not allow me to explore its wooded and sequestered beauties. But I was fortunate enough to view Heidelberg, a city venerably picturesque from the style of its buildings, and from its imposing site—castle-crowned; and to witness its sovereign effect over the whole landscape tract which it commands.

Pursued my course partly by night, and arrived at five in the morning at Carlshrue, 32 miles. What I have seen of the road yields to yesterday's portion of it, solely from its diverging into the rich plain, and farther from the roots of that forest-sweep of contiguous mountains—the western front, as I now collect, of the renowned Black Forest, or Schartzwald, the range of which extends till it breasts the Jura in Swisserland.

CARLSRUHE, the present metropolis of this noble country, is a city worthy of its fair domain, that extends from Darmstadt to the southern confines of Germany, 140 miles; and, throughout its breadth—from the Rhine to the Black Forest—of the character, as I am given to understand, of the tract that I have been traversing. The city is a creation of the last century, on a formal plan, which exhibits the figure of a fan—the Chateau in the centre, nine streets running thence in regular divergence, and these again crossed by three others equally regular. It follows from the plan, that the Chateau is a conspicuous object from every intersection of streets throughout the city. It is a superb edifice—in façade, as in every other respect, utterly beyond the palaces of Bonn, Coblentz, or any similar pile I have seen elsewhere in Germany. In its front is an immense Place, rather meagre, but that it is thickly environed with orange trees. In rere, a highly-kept garden and wooded park, at all times open to the public, spreads in great extent.—Princesses of the sovereign house of Baden are now on the thrones of Bavaria and Russia.

Here has been an affair of *table d'hote* quite surprising to me, after all my gastronomic experience. After we had achieved, as I thought, a long and heartily abundant meal, and after all fit usage seemed to have been gone through, I discovered, to my great amazement, that a fresh set-to was expected from us. A vast pig was brought forward, with an orange stuck in its mouth—roast ducks too, and various other weighty materials for a substantial dinner. The pig was decapitated at the side-table of course—to which he had been removed; and his head, with the orange, replaced before us: his body correctly subdivided, and, in succession, the ducks and every other matter went round the company;—and all was dissipated. It was the greatest scene of gormandizing—save specially one in Ireland—I ever yet assisted at. The company not passing genteel; some quite vulgar.

From Carlshrue, after a two days' stay, on the 21st, in an open voiture, which engages to take me at diligence price to Basle, 110 miles, in three days. By nine to Rastadt, a well-built, spacious-looking cheerful little town. By one to Hub, near Buhl, within the skirts of the Schwartzwald; and was astonished to find myself, by quick transition, dropped from the open country into a spot quite romantic. High and precipitous hills—extensive hanging woods, looking each other close in the face—bold and noisy torrents;—in the midst of all this wildness, a quadrangular building, of which one side was occupied by the haberdashery and jewellery of a country fair, the main structure being a hotel of high fashion. Numerous gay carriages were drawn up in the ground tier of apartments, and covered most of the court in the centre. The company were just arranging themselves in great force at high dinner, the dread of which, with the presence of a set of musicians—site and scenery so strangely in contrast with all this, to say nothing of breakfast at Rastadt but three hours before—incapacitated me from facing such a Babel of sensuality, and made me turn on my heel to explore the forest ravines around. Sudden and violent rain, however, compelled me to adjourn among a world of rustic belles and beaux; why congregated thus I had no interpreter to explain: it certainly was Sunday, and this a place of mineral waters—from which much may be inferred as to the crowd of High-life in the salon, and the equal assemblage of High-life below, to witness the amusements of their betters, and to prosecute their own. The damsels of this latter class are the most absolute frights I have ever seen—bumpkin in figure—can I say bumpkin in features;—such hips and such shoulders, and such size of head, as if the person had been crushed down to lateral enlargement! Boddices of one color, skirts of another; one color perhaps green, the other and the predominant, angriest red; streamers of broadest ribband; hair bolstered into something like

a blowzed periwig, with a full Sunday display of gew-gaw ear-rings, necklaces, and other multiplied trinkets. All were gay and most self-satisfied, and footed joyously in the rustic ball with their swains, who seemed in no respect superior to themselves; heavily dressed, also—their very hats (even down to the little boys) being in three-cock; occasionally one flap let down by some extra beau, gave display to a grand affair of party-colored hatband. With all this squat en-bon-point, and all this gorgeous cumbrousness of exuberantly good dress, when once the disgust which these must excite could be got over, the mind returned to witness with satisfaction so many specimens of peasant comfort, implying every day abundance of good food, and, I should think, full complement of every day clothing; while across all their meannes of features was spread, in characters not to be misinterpreted, hearty good nature and honest feeling.

Left this romantic scene of high and low-life revelry for Offenberg; where our landlord for the afternoon and night, and his sister the hostess, were the worst, or only bad sample of an inn-keeper I have yet met on the continent.

22d July.—Starting now each morning at five, dinner is not amiss at half-past ten, which seems in this country the grand hour of repast. At a village called Kenzingen, where we stopped at this hour, my two companions, Germans, left me; and I was compelled to endeavour to explain by signs my desire to join in a meal I saw in preparation. The good people of the house, anxious to understand in what way they could most fully oblige me, sent out for a hair-dresser, who, as having been in France just long enough to attempt a miserable smattering of some French phrases, they were desirous should interpret my wishes. These had been confined to the simple demand of whatever viands they could give me; and this I had contrived to explain before the interpreter's arrival, though they had remained incredulous that I could be so easily served. A meal was then

served up, which being at so early an hour, and to so small a company—five only and a child,—demands to have its items particularized: soup of course; bouilli with cucumbers; cutlets in profusion; semblance of a side of veal roasted, but between its coating and its bones, veal was none —for, portentous to tell, a large pudding had been substituted for the animal flesh;—kidney beans; roast ducks; fillet of roast veal; large spunge cake saffroned; pease; almonds; wine of good quality: all and every thing in large supply:—excellent coffee to conclude:—the charge 48 kreutzers; eight more to the waiter, made the total cost two francs French, *i. e.* nineteen pence English. Sorry I should be to say, we sat down about half-past eleven, and left the table at one—but for the company, a Clergyman, two persons whom I guess to be landed proprietors without the village, and a female of rather inferior rank with her child. To be sure I did not understand a word of their language, nor one of them a word of mine, or of French: but their attentions, rather hospitalities, were in a language that is universal. I was placed at the head of the table, the Clergyman at my right, and the more wealthy proprietor, as it seemed, at my left: the latter carved and performed all the honors, punctually, but quietly, serving me first; and the whole company good-naturedly alive to consult my wishes. I never can forget the scene of unaffected kindness. What a contrast to the uncompaniable tables d'hote, I have latterly been used to! For persons too, as these were, in moderate life, their behaviour was pattern—not once spitting (as is the custom in base frequency through all this country—even with persons of high mode) no approach to awkwardness, no airs or graces, no loud talk,—quiet conviviality all. I hope and believe I pleased them all, by venturing as a farewell salute, an English shake-hands with the old Clergyman, when our company broke up.

The country from Carlshrue has continued of the same

character with that north of it. From all I can see of Suabia it is a happy region—its climate and soil, its various and cheerful surface, its inhabitants, and, I must believe, its government. The roads are excellent, and the hedges every where in high order. Much irrigation, with apparatus for executing it, that implies expense in the first formation and care in upholding it; much and various industry. I cannot omit to mention, that frequently on the road I have seen herds, shall I call them, of from 100 to beyond 300 geese, as if they had them in product of mechanic manufacture. To-day the crowded population is as much immersed in toil as yesterday they were agog for pleasure; their habitations substantial, their cattle sleek though at full work, themselves in en-bon-point, and in most comfortable working dresses. Now the women's brave gear of yesterday, no longer appears extravagant, nor the men's magnificence of high cocked hat, dark colored coat of court-dress fashion, and full skirt with lining—and facing too—of white; red waistcoat, with long pockets, and not unfrequently a lacing to it of gold; black breeches and white stockings. Thus set forth, and mounted on a large-sized full-fed horse with long tail, a little farmer here—and many a one such I met yesterday—makes on the Sunday in approach an imposing and worshipful shew. But nothing of all this is in discordance with the hale, well-fed, and comfortably though plainly clothed working appearance of the same man and his same sleek horse, with one or two more in match to him, in draft, on Monday.

At FREYBOURG soon after four. The mountains on the left having been joined by an array of others from the right, the views in front, heightened by some lucky coincidences of weather and clouds, were very fine for the last several miles. The city is flat at foot of several vine-clothed cliffs, wall-like and very high over it, and which, when scaled by zigzag walks, command, westward into France, and north-

ward also, a most extensive and unimpeded prospect. To me the view backward into the fir-bespread and glorious ravines which here branch off into the severe recesses of the Black Forest, was of incomparably higher delight.

Freybourg Cathedral—and its lofty spire, very rich in almost filligree ornament, needle-like in slenderness, though in open-work throughout to its summit,—pleases me intensely. Except Cologne, which is in quite another style, I have seen since my landing no such structure. To say nothing, as is my wont, of pictures, stained-glass, or other high adornments of churches, I am struck here with the statuary representation of the Last Supper—the principal figure fine, and the Disciple leaning on him with devotion of his whole self—the two Disciples listening,—the Traitor: the entire I admit is toyish: but I have seen no other toy hitherto in church furniture of the slightest interest.

This city was founded seven centuries ago by a family, sovereign in rank and of extensive possessions. The Fribourg in the south of Swisserland, was also theirs in appanage: they are now extinct in blood as in general recollection,—the house of Zaeringen:—they continue, at least, to give their name to the hotel in which I am lodged; that is as absolutely comfortable, not to say hospitable, and as surprisingly cheap as any I have met on the continent.

Of the population of Freybourg, I learn that it includes forty or fifty families of noble rank,—a University with 34 Professors and 600 Students;—is the residence of many men of letters;—principal quarters of the military also;—quite contrasted in character to the trading and stirring city of Basle, for which I set out in the morning.

23d July.—Through a country partaking more of the mountain and forest character of the Black Forest, and with the Vosges chain in the distance to right,—to another specimen of German village simplicity, Mulheim, where again, at half-past ten, it was incumbent to dine. In the room

stood several tables, at each of which a separate company: even the family of the house, when all the other sets had ended, arranged themselves at one of these tables to their regular meal. But what astonished me to delight, was a long table, to sit down to which twelve or fourteen working people, men and women, entered—whether farming or handicraft, I am unable to decide,—all hale in their appearance and perfectly clean in dress. When within the room door, they all stopped short, and a boy, ten or eleven years old, stood forth from among them and, they remaining in reverential silence, pronounced in a sober undertone, a prayer, which may have lasted perhaps a minute. At table their behaviour was particularly decent, their food plentiful, and their appetite of right healthy tone. When finished all rose together, and arranging themselves as at their entrance, the same boy returned with similar solemnity, what I presume to have been a thanksgiving, bowing at its close towards a crucifix at that end of the room to which they all faced. This concluded, they retired with a cheerfulness, and, let me add, a propriety, uninfected with either affectation or starchness. I had never witnessed such a scene, and I was unable to draw from my fellow-travellers so much explanation of it, as whether the bow made by the boy had any other than accidental reference to the crucifix,—in other words, whether this highly decent company was Protestant or Roman Catholic. I believe them assuredly to be the former.

The remainder of my journey has been up and down high and unwieldy masses of hill, to within five miles of Basle,—and from the final brow of which I have obtained my first view of the snow-clad Alps, in raggedness low on the horizon's edge. Across the moor intervening from thence to the Rhine, all is sluice and channel for irrigation; and storks in great number pervaded the flat fields, or roosted on the chimneys of the houses up to the streets in this quarter, of Basle itself.

SECTION II.

BASLE, JULY 25.

I have passed nearly two days in this large and loose-lying city, without much interest. Its Cathedral is plain to clumsiness, while aspiring to ornament through ugliness of trappings: yet it is a grand pile, and is associated with the memory of Erasmus, and of certain ecclesiastical events of leading importance. Of its University, I am happy to learn, that vigorous exertions are employed to establish it, not merely on an extended plan, but on a soundly respectable footing. Of education generally, I find that by positive law, it is not left to the option of parents to send their children to school or to withhold them from it: the truant urchin who would wrap himself in the indulgence of his kindred, is ferreted out by the magistrates' authority, which also visits with legal punishment the encouragers of his sloth. Here is tyranny in the strictest sense, though in a country proverbially free: if end ever justified means, it is in a case of enactment such as this.

I here take my leave of the Rhine, that most noble river, which at this distance from the ocean is of many hundred feet in breadth, and, with a current as impetuous as a strong sea-tide, sweeps before Basle in depth in some places of forty feet: then its livingly translucent color, greenish, but inimitably sweet! The river in its course here, is the separation between the Black Forest and the Jura mountains, through which latter, my route lies by Arau and Zurich in progress to Schaffhausen—two sides of a triangle instead of

the base—consequence of some infatuation of Swiss Govern-ment Diligences, against which I received warning, though too late, not merely as to my being misconducted but maltreated.

I have had no reason to complain as far as to Arau. For many miles along my actual course has ranged a series of mountains of the lower order, deliciously, almost prodigally wooded towards their summits. These mountains are the side-screens to a suite of close valley, each one as soft, and the long succession of them as charming, as any my memory can just now compare with them. The skirts on either hand are invaded by cultivation in full activity; the houses brilliantly neat in comparison—I am sorry to say it—with the habitations of the Brisgau.

The road led us at length up a mountainous ascent, from the farther brow of which was spread the sublimest display of landscape grandeur I have ever beheld. Its main features, (the glaciers of the Alps ranging aloft though in the back ground) were a semicircular basin, whose interior surface was one headlong descent, dreadful in cincture of fractured calcareous rocks, to the imprisoned subject space below;—a chasm in the front of this vast framing at once discloses, and affords the proudest foreground to the immeasurable space without. The inner recess beneath, as well as the unspeakably mighty outer expanse, was broken ground in every possible variety of form, from soft valley to the wildest stormy abruptness that mountains, short of the utmost Alps, could be thrown into, contending with the luxuriance of a most populous and richly cultivated plain which everywhere largely intervened.

Directly opposite, on one sharp crest of mountain which ran athwart, at perhaps, two leagues distance, frowned the remains of an antique castle. On the descent, some two hundred yards down, two magnificent rocks, as if split asunder and with corresponding faces, afford but passage to

the road, to whose tortuous and fearfully rugged, monstrous, descent, they seem the giant portals. During the whole progress downward, this blaze of mingled awfulness and beauty is presented to the eye, with still some new variety caused by the frequent change of the point of view. At foot the river Aar sweeps with impetuous course; we crossed it at a town called Olten, by a wooden bridge, lined along the sides and completely roofed with substantial timber: this covering I learn to be of general usage in Swisserland.

To Arau through a few miles of softer country. Here the coach conductor (who happens not to be of this district and speaks French) joining me, I find him repeat what had been distinctly stated to me at Basle, that in this country Germany is held cheap in estimation. The cattle here are housed separately, not as there; the population better circumstanced; in every view a higher civilization. The detail of good feeding in this tract, as given by this personage, is more ludicrous than refined—"Always eating; breakfast at seven; second breakfast at nine; dinner at eleven; *gouter* at three; and at seven a solid supper." All this is vouched to me as sober fact.* The females he laughed at unsparingly; "their faces like horse-face for breadth; their legs, oh, oh! and as for strength, their breadth bespoke it unequivocally." Certainly, with occasional exceptions confirming the general position, there is hereabouts a new school of female shape; half-height, with almost three times a fair average of breadth.

29th July.—Through a country of high tillage—by one, to ZURICH—with the statements abundantly confirmed to me of the discomfort of my Diligence, of which the hours of stoppage have been so irregular as to lose me my night's rest: for being under orders to depart from Arau at eleven at night, this hour was adjourned to one; then to day-break;

* I have since reason to believe that in this and some other districts, it is but matter of fact.

and finally, I had to pace the streets outside my vile inn for two hours before it started, at six in the morning. And this is the regular Government Diligence.

Zurich is so wonderfully picturesque, without and around that, notwithstanding its being German, I had determined to fix myself here for ten or fifteen days, and out of the bustle of its great inn, l'Epée.* The usual spare accommodation of the town, however, is occupied by the Members of the General Diet, numbers of whom generally attend our *table d'hote*—and by the Ambassadors who have shifted hither their residences during the term of its sittings. In consequence of this, all the inquiries I have set on foot for three days, including from back garret rooms to villa situations on the lake—have been met by mis-statements so disgusting in tissue, as to dislodge me from Zurich in a shorter time than I might otherwise have remained at my inn. Yet I know no town, whose site and accompaniments are so striking. In front, the Alps at vast distance, seen from the ramparts, from the bridges, from the inn windows: then such splendid opulence of water;—the Limmat, of very bold course and great body, translucent to its utmost depth; and the Sihl, more furious far, and vilely turbid—running in the same channel, side by side, for hundreds of yards after their junction, the filthy distinct from the pure. Again, through all the city, up its different heights—of which it has several superb ones—fountains of water spouting to prodigality: I have never seen any city which makes so noble a display of this element.

Of Zurich lake, fine as it is, I do not join in the general admiration. It has, certainly, perhaps twenty-four miles in

* "We are not slaves here as the people are in England," was the very calm expression to me of a *laquais de place* at this inn, to whom I had been referred for getting some slight repairs done to my umbrella, a delay of which might have lost me a long afternoon's promenade. It is but fair to say, after this, that no coarseness of manner of any kind attaches to the people themselves of the inn, which is excellent.

extreme length, and its shores are in range of farm and woods of exuberant luxuriance, displayed in swells to the water's edge—which, in remoter stations is backed here and there by nobly fractured mountains. But these forms of precipitous majesty break not into the margin, and the entire sheet of lake, undiversified by an island, is seen from almost every station in the shape of a weaver's shuttle a little contorted, but so free from concealment at any one stand, as to give no stimulus to view it from any other. It is a lake not dissimilar in character, but exceedingly inferior in accompaniments, to Windermere.

In dudgeon of disgust, at the deception from all varieties of untruth that thicken round me almost since my arrival at Basle;* tired also with being among a people whose language estranges me almost from human communication, I have left Schaffhausen and Constance behind—and proceeded (29th) in a voiture for Lucerne; the road measuring through a series of highly-wooded mountain elevation ranging southward, and which I had before become acquainted with as forming the noblest portion of the lake's back ground.

The progress was as if through an umbrageous lane, until our arrival at its extremity of ascent, Mount Albis, which, in lake phrase, is one of the grand stations from whence the surrounding expanse of lake and wooded mountain and opulence of farm largely intermingled, can, with utmost distinctness and map-like effect, be viewed. It is a spot which merits its reputation; I add that it gives the definitive seal to my appreciation of Zurich lake.

Descended through a country of very inferior beauty and meaner husbandry, but with an immense son of the Alps confronting us—Mount Pilate—his name indicating his legendary history, inasmuch as Pontius Pilate became here a

* The Cigogne inn there excepted, which emulates Brisgau honesty.

hermit outcast from mankind, and finally put an end to himself by drowning in a little lake aloft among its precipices. Of such evil fame was this lake, through many centuries, from the mischiefs perpetrated by him and a retinue of attendant spirits, that the Cantonal Council prohibited approach to its vicinity under the severest penalties. By subsequent grace of the Government, permission to make such a visit was accorded to travellers of especial distinction, the favour to whom is recorded in the state records.

Crossing the rivers Reuss and Emmen, arrived at LUCERNE, an old irregular city, and distinctly inferior to Zurich; yet with that city and Berne, honoured in annual rotation by the sittings of the General Swiss Diet.

This city also is most superb in site, amid mountain steeps, clothed in wood, that rise like walls around and on high over it; and it has a lake, in form and accompaniments utterly superior to Zurich.

Here has been just raised a monument in commemoration of Swiss gallantry and good faith, which has kindled my enthusiasm to a haughty pitch. The subject is the slaughter of the Swiss Guard at the Thuilleries, by the Parisian revolutionary mob, on the 10th of August and 3d of September, 1792. It is the work of Thorvaldson, a Norwegian sculptor of illustrious name, and a denizen of Rome: it represents, cut on the face of the living and perpendicular rock, a lion become victim to death of overpowering assailant force. The simplicity of the conception, and the dignity with which it strikes, are quite sublime; while the total absence of frippery in the finishings sustains to the full the tone of mind which the emblem has excited. In this moment of enthusiasm for so grand a work of art, so unexpectedly presented,—hallowed from being called into such exercise,—I have not hesitated to copy its inscriptions.

Without the little Chapel which is attached,

INVICTIS PAX.

And also,

10 August.	2 and 3 September.
26 Duces.	16 Duces.
760 Milites.	350 Milites.

PER VITAM FORTES, SUB INIQUA MORTE FIDELES

Within the Chapel,

Juratæ fidei decus est perstare tenacem;
Perstantem decus est in statione mori:
Hæcce monere meum, seclis memoranda futuris,
Perstando fides et moriendo viros.
Ne temnas monitum, generosa nominis hæres,
Helveta gens; prisca stare memento fide.
Stabit tuta salus, stabit tibi nomen avitum,
Si tibi perstiterit virtus avita—Fides.

Firm on its post sworn faith is stedfast found,
Though myriad rabble trample it to ground.
Ages unborn! from me the lesson hold!
Of plighted faith in guard, to death be bold!
Revere my words, heirs to a spotless fame,
Keep faith unspotted, and the' Helvetic name!
To virtue of your sires acquitted stand:
Sure then shall last your fates—proud rest your land!

And it was among the slaughtered corpses, here particularised in number, that Helen Maria Williams, an English female, and then a young one, was seen the morning after, hanging on the arm of an English gentleman, and leisurely promenading over the scene of carnage. At least one witness of the fact is still living; who was near enough to be struck with the contrast of the wincing of her conductor at the horrors which politeness to a lady compelled him to loiter through, and the perfect ease which reigned over her deportment. Such were

the *sensibilities* of a woman who was just then deafening the world with uproar and huzzas for philanthropy! Nature remains ever unchanged. Agave and her Bacchants were religionists: the sister zealots of our day started forth politicians.—Fanaticism is thus potent to convert the means of consolation into gall—the angel charities of woman into the rabidness of the mad dog.

Tuesday afternoon, embarked on the lake for MONT RIGHI —a mountain isolated in position, its face on all sides precipitous, or so nearly so, that it can only be ascended by a painful zig-zag staircase. The lake magnificent in surface, yet unfolding itself only by parts; while its barrier shores, reaching some thousands of feet perpendicular, are the noblest in prominence and wall-like erectness that ever delighted my view. Nothing of flat is visible in any part of its outline: a very moderate proportion is adorned with gentle eminences, crowned by villas embosomed in rich woods; but even those swells are buttressed closely behind by abrupt and immense mountains. Even in the naked rocks, there is an absolute contrast of color; strong red on one side and in face, while the purest calcareous white distinguishes that lengthened mountain front against whose base the water beats on the off-shore, and in whose fractured features grandeur supreme acknowledges in submission some superior and exquisite power of elegance. Then the water-views!—on the left, towards Kusnacht, a large branch of the lake itself; and backwards towards Mount Pilate; and on the right, the long continuation of lake up the Valley of Sarnen—these are scenes with which nothing within my knowledge can compare.

On one of the wild rocks, frequently isolated by water, which congregate in closeness to margin as with tracery one tract of this glorious shore, the Abbé Raynal, that blown-bladder in oratory and political science—whose flights to fame by help of both have borne him into oblivion—under-

took the erection of a structure in puff of himself, though declaredly monumental to William Tell. But so abominably at variance is this sooterkin of a fool's conception with the stupendous majesty, in union with the softest loveliness, that reigns here, and at the same time so outrageously at jar with the recollections with which it sought to identify itself—that the Swiss resented the project as an unmanly and intolerable insult, and by special edict, stifled the abortion.*

Landed at Weggis—a two hours and half climb of severe fatigue, varied with frequent pause of gaze on the stupendous and bewitching scenery around. The path is very usually on the ledge of a monstrous precipice,—up to the inn of Staffel, from which, when arrived at it, you think you could precipitate a stone, not to be stopped by any impediment from rolling into the Kusnacht arm of the lake, 4200 feet down beneath, in perpendicular measure.

Instantly on my arrival, had commenced without any previous symptom, the most awful storm of thunder and sheeted rain I ever witnessed. No precaution of window-shutter availed to keep out the quiver in constant play of the broadest and brightest flame. The inn is constructed exclusively of timber, which did not strike me at the time, as inducing danger of its being set on fire; but it certainly rocked to the storm magnificently.

Wednesday.—Have been so fascinated by this my newly acquired mountain domain that, though I had engaged a seat in the Lucerne diligence of to-morrow morning, I decided to forfeit it, and have sent away my guide under an arrange-

* I have since detected that the rebuff which the Abbé of eager ambition received, was from the Magistracy of Uri, in whose canton he had first desired to plant this monument to his patronage of Swiss heroism. The wretched needle which he did raise on Lucerne lake, guarded as it was atop by an arrow with cleft-apple—whose single shaft had the two-fold aim of emblem, and of lightning conductor—has been the mark of thunder in such frequent disport, that every one of the inscriptions on its four several aspects—in different languages, and bearing the names of William Tell and his two associates, and the name of the Abbé of course—has been blotted out by the lightning's repeated conflagration.

ment for his return to me on Saturday. To borrow lake-phrase again, Righi is the great station for Swisserland in mass; and the extent and variety of expanse seen from its summit, through some especial happiness of position, is quite beyond rational anticipation. Sunrise and sunset are the favorable times for distant vision, with the adjuncts of roseate color on the distant Glacier chain to southward, which no other hour of the day can supply. The gradual progression of light over such an extraordinary breadth of dread mountain, and deep valley, and inequality of earth's surface, such as Europe beside can but faintly imitate, is, of course, a study deeply interesting. The weather is rather inclement; yet each moment free from rain-fog, presents a scene uniting contrarieties I had ever believed to be irreconcileable; for landscape satisfaction is here combined with bird's-eye view over immense map extension. I had heard of the fourteen lakes which can be seen from hence, and had, from all my experience, decided that they must form fourteen white plashes on the earth's surface,—their accompaniments of lofty shore, (where such might exist) going for nothing when reconnoitred from so unfavourably distant, and almost aerial a stand. I have counted these lakes myself—Zurich figuring as an individual, and not the most remote one—frequently enough to vouch for their being palpably under command: and, I know not how it is, I have shaken hands for this special occasion, with my previous theory, and felt cordially, that instead of marring, they enrich the view: grandeur to vastness it wanted not.

Even the home scenery of Righi is enchanting. The air is of an elasticity and kindliness, in which the animal spirits luxuriate into exhilaration. The objects are all new—the life pastoral; for here during the summer, a population of a hundred or more families, is distributed over the extensive and undulating surface, that is table-land within its boundary precipices. These people occupy houses of timber,

broad, wide, but with their eves low nearly to the ground—called chalets: their cattle at milking time, and it may happen for the night, are stabled in buildings of not dissimilar construction. The sound of the large bells hung round the necks of the leader cattle is borne through the air as they rove at their pasture: but towards evening is heard, in frequent reverberation around, the whistle or the chaunt of the national air, the Rans des Vaches, by which the herdsmen and women call home their charge for milking. This is that air, of such sorcerous effect on the Swiss auxiliaries in foreign service, as to have induced the special prohibition of it within their hearing.

That herds of black cattle so numerous as to require tending by such a population, should receive sustenance from a surface of soil thus elevated, was to me another wonder. Benlomond, much less Skiddaw or Snowdon, or any mountain in Ireland, cannot come into competition with Righi, whose summit is 4646 feet above the level of the lakes which wash its base: yet round this highest spot, bullocks of great size graze and fatten: and the whole surface sod of Righi—that is clear of forest—is fat to rottenness.'"

This forest is exclusively of spruce fir. My poor home-experience had induced firmest acquiescence in the planter's doctrine respecting this tree, that "when the brains were out the man was dead"—when the trunk was felled the tree was gone by; and even its root submitted to destruction; at all events, when the leader was destroyed, the stem was seriously injured. Here I have learned a different lesson: rioting in the plenty consequent on such extent of forest, they fell here their trees at several feet upwards from the ground; and a tree so cut down sends from forth of its trunk a shoot that grows into fresh timber stem. Often also, the center of a competently rotted trunk becomes the receptacle of seed falling casually into its hollow, whence a vigorous

tree germinates—by process of grafting, the like of which never entered into gardener's brain. Again, wherever thinning by the woodman has permitted the atmosphere to create a sward, young plants, from the droppings of cone, luxuriate in such force of numbers, and with such vigour as to triumph over the utmost mischief cows can perpetrate in a plantation—which is a phrase of large acceptation: these rapidly supply all vacancies with a dense population of timber, as well as a succession of strong plants that have the effect of underwood, and undergo from season to season the same discipline of the hatchet, as beech copsewood does in England.

My favourite walk here has been the lesser culm or eminence, from which the lake is seen in expanse towards Weggis, and the distant Sarnen lake lies secluded in a long and majestic Alpine vale; and, remoter still, the Glacier range is stretched in marvelous pavilion. Greatly nearer is a line of headlong cliffs, thousands of feet in altitude, which in the approach by water to Weggis, had been in front:—somewhat removed from them, and to their left, the noble pyramidal rocks, with the grand valley at their feet; and other snowy mountains largely beyond. The wonders here, at each wreathing and disrobing of these mighty masses by cloud in all variety—from froth-white in color to angriest black—from mere vapour to density and severe harshness—and in countless shapes or shapelessness;—the pictures they framed and then obscured, but to create and frame quite new ones from the same materials, so as to mock the gazer with the imagination that he must have shifted his own position, and had to do with a fresh region of objects;—some few of these pictures I shall long remember: but to commit them to paper were a vain attempt.—Of humbler landscape,—the little valley in flank of my inn, a ravine which runs down deep and increasingly important in separation of the pasture surface, and to whose sides the villages

of chalet cluster, as for the protection of its shelter—this has continued to exercise on me its charms.

Righi is one of the grand shew exhibitions of Swisserland. Besides my own inn, there is another, 400 feet above it, on the highest culm, as it is entitled, or summit of the mountain; from whence is a sheer headlong lapse into the lake of Zug, which on that side washes the base of the Righi precipices. There are, as I am told, three other miserable inns in the ravine I have just mentioned; all in high business in the summer. In the topmost one, I was informed, 24 persons were bedded on one of the nights of my being here. I have seen the Staffel equally crowded: and on coming down one wild and stormy morning, after an endeavour to catch the first lights of day-break on the culm, I counted sixteen men and six females—attended by four guides—who had ascended with the same object. In winter these inns are closed up, and left without human occupant.

Saturday morning, 3d August. Descended from Righi to Kusnacht, very safely indeed. This descent I had rather dreaded: but how people, even females, go on horseback up and down these ladder paths—for they often run into long succession of, literally, rungs of wood—I cannot comprehend.

Opposite, on one spot of the descent, was pointed out Goldau, where, so late as the autumn of 1806, the whole face of a mountain fell to the valley below—destroying several villages, great numbers of cattle, and property generally estimated to the amount of £150,000. Between four and five hundred of the inhabitants were crushed in the ruins, and, with them, sixteen strangers then on a tour of pleasure to Righi: a small number of this party, who happened to be detached, were lookers-on of the catastrophe. The drear waste is even now glaringly strong on the eye.

A slight turn from the road led to an ornamental chapel-building, commemorative of the spot where William Tell—

I spell his name at length—killed the tyrant, Geysler. I hold in delight the hereditary gratitude and still-subsisting deep reverence, with which his name, and the names of his noble confederates against a robber, foreign authority, are worshipped. I have occasionally heard the story of his steadiness of hand in cleaving the apple on his son's head, treated with more than scepticism, on the ground of its impossibility. I once witnessed as singular an instance of dexterous aim: it was in boyhood, when standing in an open field, close by a servant whose skirt was in my hand, I heard the report of a fowling-piece—a minute or two after which we were joined from an adjacent field by the youth, who, unseen and unthought of by us, had discharged it, and who with apparent carelessness, inquired of the man why his hat was so ragged? The wearer asserted his hat to be a perfectly good one, and was with difficulty persuaded to take it off, to put his assertion to the proof; when its crown was found torn to a riddle by the shot discharged against it by the youth, whose marksmanship it had tempted, in the mere instant that the man had raised it perpendicular to his forehead with one hand while he scratched his head with the other. If there was no bias in Tell's case from a father's yearning, at least the scatter of small shot—not one of which had touched this person—may be set in balance against the simplicity of an arrow's shaft: and I remain convinced of the literal truth of this story of ancient Swiss renown.

From Kusnacht, in two hours and half delightful sail, to Lucerne; where I found that, with extra-honesty, a seat awaited me in the Diligence, in lieu of that I had forfeited. Proceeded on Sunday for Berne, by Aarbourg; again two sides of a triangle to achieve the distance measured by the base; which here, however, a vast Alpine tract makes it physically impossible to effect direct. In winding up the lofty hills that confine the Reuss and Emmen rivers, the

road gave frequent farewell views of Righi: and notwithstanding the strong delight I had felt through four days' stay on its elevation, I am unable to explain the exuberant satisfaction I feel, now that I am descended from it and actually in the world again. I was in rapture with my situation when aloft; I am penetrated with gladness in feeling released and below.

The road leads along Sempach lake—which, pretending to nothing like Zurich—with all the faults of that lake, and without any of the beauties which form its pretensions—is still a sweet scene. It is margined to large breadth with richly cultivated and largely wooded and populous shores. Sempach lake was the scene of a battle of frightful carnage, gained by the Swiss in an age whose heroism bequeathed rest and immunity from wrong to their posterity, down to our day; when the existing generation, at rest indeed! is unblest with national independence, of which the soap-bubble is, on their own confession, burst.

The country, as seen in passing on, is a continued garden, as is all of Swisserland I have yet visited, wherever the hand of man can operate: but often, as here, it is a garden dirtily kept. Not a spot, nor a corner is left without culture; yet I never saw such filthy collections of weeds as their grass fields—if grass they can be called, where the predominant growths are sorrel, blacktops, and other offspring of a sour soil; crowfoot, too, in exuberance, and the various trash that are its wonted companions—old acquaintances of mine at home, and there of detested intrusion: docks in proudest glory! Such cartloads of crop of this kind, the third mowing too, as I saw hereabouts, awaiting the drawing home!

By ZOFFINGEN—a very well built little town, many of the houses spacious, with the appendage of pleasant gardens—to Aarbourg. And here, by some hitch in the connection of diligence communication, I am left from Sunday till the night of Monday, when the course is to be resumed for Berne.

The site of Aarbourg is romantic, at foot of a range of an inaccessibly steep brow over the Aar. In coronet to the town is a grand National fortress, with cannon and all the pretense of modern war; but with that ignorance of it which preceded the invention of gunpowder, and placed ancient castles in sites where their garrison might be kept in cow by horse-pistols. Even the picturesque effect of the long embrazured parapets, bringing into relief the rocks from whose face they bristle, and of the various irregularities of outworks and mightier tower—is a mean palliative to the disgust at that stupidity, which can keep up this apparatus of strength without power of warlike means—laughing-stock to whatever visitation, in these days, of poor musketry.

Restrained within my village inn by most inclement weather, I turn to ruminate on my recent observations.—An Irishman is, assuredly, a very different being from his English fellow subject: at least the latter will bear me out in thinking so. A Scotsman is quite dissimilar to either: and which of us three will say that he resembles the Welsh? At home we are familiar with this main distinctness of character, and with all the subdistinctions of it: but here I find it hard to give faith to the evidence of my own senses at the almost parish diversities I meet. Not exactly, I admit, as to my own sex; but the other runs—substance, and accidence both—into an endless variety. The dames of Basle, whose thick squat forms are sustained by mill-post limbs, which their economy of petticoat conspicuously displays, and surmounted by a head invested with a cap, the caul of which is to the edging, as a nutshell to its kindred leaf of hazel;—the real investiture of the head, Lilliputian, and the vans floating from either ear so immense as to redeem into babyism even their prodigious visage;—these were succeeded at Zurich by a race of comely, tall, truly handsome females, creditable to the beauty of the sex in any country, and quite sufficient to redeem womankind from any reproach

on the score of Basle. Then as to dress, the women of Zurich wear no caps. At Lucerne the figure changes once more by a subtraction of two or three inches in height, for which ample amends is made, by an increase in the breadth: a cap, like a pair of butterfly's wings, is appended to a most gorgeous cushion, which cases a grand knot of hair, perched on the crown of the head—not forgetting the weighty, double-plaited tail that depends quite below the waist. But the grand distinctive badge of a Lucerne female is her straw hat—flat as a tray, forming a vast awning, with four very broad ribbons framed into a cockade, and laid down in their extreme width over its extensive surface, in alternation of pale red and green;—the effect exquisitely gaudy and despicable.

Every dozen miles of route exhibits a change of race. At and after Sempach, comes again ugliness of shape—tall, certainly, but abominably masculine: no dress could conceal, and even theirs does not distort its mal-proportion. Two strapping females, ambitious to figure in the long-waisted garb that is just gone out in our English mode, distinctly exhibited, through their Grecian robes, an ugliness of person which identifies them with the other natives. These changes of figure, and nature, appear even more frequent than the changes of costume: for the flat hat of Lucerne, of umbrella diameter, with its decorations of broad ribbands commensurately bespread, continues on to Zoffingen. Its Sunday accompaniments are a gorgeous stomacher, that from either brawny shoulder tapers down over the man's breast which disdains it; and from protuberance of hips to abomination, jupes in dependence, which it requires no pains to count, to the number of three—each being of a different color from the other, and all of different lengths—the innermost red, the second yellow, the outside pale snuff-color—the innermost, lowest of the three, and that lowest reaching but two or three inches below the knee, so that, from my seat in the

cabriolet, the rich red garter of the female pedestrians was an object of distinct display: the stockings, invariably white, shewed great thickness and a grenadier's length of leg.

At Zoffingen and Aarbourg, where the canton of Berne begins, all was changed instantly on the canton's boundary line, quite as if by trick of juggler's wand. The form large still, but graceful; but the garb changed still more: the habiliments black—even the head-gear is black, being no other than black horse-hair wrought into crape, and into lace also for edging to that crape! From a cap of this material—with the simple addition of a caul, or rather crown-piece, of black velvet—depend two lappets of three-inch-wide black ribband, one over each shoulder, and reaching below the waist. I have achieved the purchase of one of these caps; the garnishing of which, attached to this diminutive caul, stands perpendicular over the wearer's forehead, and at right angle to either ear—like the semicircular screen to the flame of a candle,—so broad either side-screen as to equal the latitude of the full face. This species of cap is worn universally here, as are, each within its own puny parish limits, all the other costumes of which I make mention: grandames, matrons, six-years-old infants—all wear this uniform. I see I am forestalled in this detail; for I now learn that these matters are so generally understood, that their diversities are exhibited in sets of engravings of every size and merit. At Berne it behoves me to procure a set of these, which shall cut short my labours of detail for the future.

In this village nook the whirl of the Diligence in opposite direction brought me, adreamed of no such calamity, into clash, for the hour of its stop, with two ardent politicians—who volunteered for my benefit, and in demand of my sympathies, a virulent philippic on the cannibalism of the Turks, and lauded to the skies the Pythagorean exemption from carnal stain of their Grecian slaves. Indiscriminate execration of the one, and a doating, undistinguishing admiration

of the other, would alone be received from me; and to decline any conversation on the maddening topic, was as bold an offence to these sons of liberty, as to controvert their positions direct. I hold both parties to be deep sunk in the dregs of vileness—the Turks who enchain, and the Greeks who have so long been enchained. I found myself on a doctrine recognised for truth back even to Homer's days:

" ——————— Jove fix'd the day
" Made man a slave—took half his worth away."

I have a horror of slavery incomparably more strong and rooted than that of many who disdain me as a Tory. Slavery inflicts on its victim a deterioration of mind, that not even the magic of Paine's and Mirabeau's maxim, " To be free, it is to a nation sufficient that it wills it," is powerful to do away. It cannot expunge the leprous blotches of which the misery has infected his exterior: far less can it expel the ichor, corroded into poison, that holds his veins and himself in inflammation, and renders disease habitual to his existence. The first presence of the Doctor here is not renovation to his patient; nor can the Surgeon, by amputation of whatever limb, give immunity from a jot of his sufferings to what remains of his frame.

To decline figuring—as I very quickly, and with best formality, craved to do—in this session on Greek and Turkish affairs, availed nothing for my peace. They shifted at once their deliberations to the grievance of Englishmen in such multitudes overlaying the Continent with their selfishness and their " gold." On this last word they laid severe emphasis—to the discomfort of their diminished dignity, as was vouched by their boiling indignation.

Tuesday morning, 6th of August.—To BERNE. About nine miles from it, crossed the angriest river I have ever seen—of amazing width, the bridge appearing nearly two-thirds of that over the Rhine at Basle: much of the bed gravel, deeply ploughed by the torrent; but three times

more in breadth was water, sheeting the rough pavement, over which the current, of dark brown or dirt color, scoured most fiercely. The name of this river is the Emmen, second of that name I have met. The country onward to Berne swells into large and cheerful hills;—farms and houses in substantial style: the road magnificent, alive with market people; the women in their best dresses, their farming produce made up in baskets or little bundles—the men with loaded carts;—all onward to the fair to be held at Berne this day, as being the first Tuesday of the month. By degrees a broad footway, with curb-stone regularly cut, claimed notice long before the city came in view—of whose consequence my anticipations became excited by every object. And far has Berne been from disappointing me: all within and without proclaims it a capital of substantial, though unassuming, dignity. In this respect I have seen nothing like it since Brussels, to which, though inferior in some points, it has a majesty superior impressed on its small compass. Its site is a haughty peninsular cliff over the Aar, which washes, in elongated and narrow horse-shoe course, the base of the chasm that severs it from the surrounding cliffs—the brows which crest the outer precipices replying, in faithful cincture, to those whereon, in interior, the city stands. Of the character of these interior brows suffice it to state, that the Cathedral—that is close on the main street—stands on a precipice, in direct wall to the river, of 115 feet.

The houses are all of a cream-coloured stone, and of construction most solid. A piazza extends along their front and covers the foot-way, in the manner of Covent-Garden. Their elevation is regular and uniform; and the streets they compose run in right lines; crossed by shorter ones at right angles, not always adequately wide, though the buildings are lofty: the effect thence is somewhat heavy, but certainly grand. Every feature breathes consequence; and many a city of rank, with triple its aggregate of buildings, would

figure as of village meanness when compared with the grave and sustained dignity of Berne. The ramparts command, as I have been repeatedly told, the grand glacier range of the Alps, close on the eye: unfortunately, heavy clouds at this time shut them entirely from sight. Independently of their sublimity, the views of the ravine beneath—the Aar, large and in maddening speed along its channel, which is almost trough of stone—the walls of that ravine a precipice, with contrast on the outer margin, of a nearly headlong steep of carefully nurtured grass or hanging wood,—the mountains directly closing on that margin, and wreathing themselves into such variety of grand form;—these altogether compose a home prospect, which, to a city, I conceive to be unique and unrivalled.

In the afternoon, embraced the opportunity to go to Thoune with an English family—the lady of which justly observed, that Berne shews itself as if risen in conformity to one bold plan in one single and most brief space of time. The road, sixteen miles, lies through a populous country: much wood-cutting, and much drawing and piling of it, for winter fuel;—large buildings, which here, as throughout the rest of Swisserland, household the entire crop of corn unthreshed, the family occupying a very confined portion of the covert;—a succession of dirty meadows; apple and other fruit trees in countless numbers;—in one tract of the road, manufacture at last, namely, of crockery-ware. The features of the country are a long vale, of which the boundary mountains, by some perversity, are too loosely hung together, or are at too lazy a distance from the road on its either hand, to give spirit to the scenery.

Wednesday morning: crossed Thoune lake, in its length thirteen miles; our boat rowed by two men, and a female of fine figure and beautiful features. Still the clouds reign over the great mountains, whose glacier recesses it is our purpose to visit. The shores of Thoune lake, though of

good outline, are usually not precipitous, except towards its eastern bounds, where the mountain screens are majestic, and fall direct into the water. At distance from the southern shore, too unsatisfactory for just boundary, is a mountain called Niesen, reminding me, by its conical form, of our Wicklow Sugar-loaf. This Swiss potentate is 5,935 feet in height above the lake; that of which it recalls the memory is 2,002: yet such is the illusion, whose causes it remains for me to explore, that the lesser mountain produces as potent an effect on the landscape as this which is, arithmemetically, almost three times its altitude.

Over the lofty face of a precipice I remarked a fall of water pouring, just then, in exuberant supply into the lake at foot—its first appearance being in burst forth from a hole on the front of the rock within whose recesses must be caverned its reservoir and its channel. The appearance was wild and peculiar: I take it however to be but a fitful cataract, its effect rather dependent on the recent inclement rains.*

With whatever pretensions Thoune lake can derive from its mountain neighbours for back ground and its more immediate craggy screens—and though its margin is abundantly rich, and frequently embellished with mansions and villages and village spires; in my appreciation it falls decidedly below the rank allotted to it by tourists. Perhaps its frequency of mention, and its praise by them, may be explained from its being the routine track to the recesses of Lauterbrun and Oberland;—whither my course is now directed.

Landing at Newhaus, proceeded in a course of 20 minutes through that straggling, enormously uncouth, wooden-house,

* I find that the cavern from whence this stream pours was the retirement, and contains the remains, of a certain St. Beat, an Englishman, the first preacher of Christianity among the Swiss: its regular orifice, inland, has been long walled up, to preclude the celebration within of the superstitious rites of the numerous pilgrims who flocked thither on the Saint's annual festival day.

river-girt, river-trisected town, Unterseen—to INTERLAKEN, a spot of enchantment: fields almost oppressed with the denseness and grandeur of walnut groves; and mountains direct in rere and in front—being a continuation of those which hold in Thoune lake. Here they confront each other in dread loftiness and severity; their valley giving course towards that lake, to the Aar, deep, full, and in rage as usual, in its progress from the lake of Brientz: the intervention of valley, of three miles, is richly worth the waters of any lake.

Quite satisfied at the inn here with the apartment I was shown into, and the look-out from its window, the waiter's pause after my declaration to that effect, induced an interrogation, to which he replied, that I might desire one in the story still higher up. This I declined, until he explained that the charge for it was higher, from the view being finer. On proceeding thither, I found the difference fully worth the additional expense. Direct in front is the Jungfrau, the highest calcareous mountain in Europe, and that acknowledges but two granite mountains superior in Swisserland. The name, done out of German, is I believe, Young Woman; her French title is *la Vierge*. She has thrown off her veil just now, and with one small cloud athwart her bosom her habiliments of snow are in purest silver display, set off brilliantly in sunshine. This mighty picture is put in frame by two mountains, which in the direction onward must nearly approach her, as hitherward they are almost contiguous to my station. The disclosure of the Jungfrau results in fact from a break in the continuity of one of the two side-screens, which form Interlaken valley. My information is distinct that up this break a road runs to Lauterbrun, and the base of the Jungfrau: but that it is distinct, I should have thought access by such a chink to be matter of wish, rather than of possibility: for it has all the appearance of a chink or crack of a mountain once whole; either jaw of the

orifice being sufficiently perpendicular. Whether this perpendicular measures much under, or much over 3,000 feet, I am unable to guess: yet high aloft over that cliff on the right, and sloping to its precipice, is spread an extent of cleared ground, with its cattle I presume grazing, certainly with a chalet conspicuous even here below at a distance of abyss utterly frightful. Framing again—and a grand one—is formed to this first framing of the Jungfrau: it consists of the enormous walnut woods, which seem to choke the close vale they grow out of; and which, however that may be, blot out, right and left and to their summit, the receding ranges of the longitudinal barrier: but they leave amply disclosed, through a grand opening in the centre of their cumbrous shade, a portion of the rocky or forest breadth of cleft mountain. Such a recession I never witnessed: the walnut woods heightening into force the wild mountain close at their back; and a chasm, from the lowest base of that mountain, bringing home on the eye such an object as the Jungfrau.

Let me not forget, before I quit my window, the village spire, which, though very lofty, overtops but little the vast trees amid which its appertaining church lies hidden.—Proceeded in the afternoon in a stroll through a hamlet of most industriously-occupied people; their work generally carpentry, which must be a leading trade: all the houses hereabouts are of timber. Every thing in this close valley is more mountain-like, clumsy, strange—more utterly Swiss than I have heretofore beheld. The villagers are all benignity of manner, frankness, kindness. Aarbourg, Berne, Thoune, Interlaken, are all in the Canton of Berne; and of the inhabitants of every one of these places I am impressed with favourable recollections. From an eminence beyond this hamlet, where is still some remnant of a castle, I had the view of Brientz lake: its screens are less cultivated, and descend with much more direct mountain roughness to its shores than those of Thoune; yet without produc-

ing boldness or variety of margin. I judge it to be two-thirds of the surface extent of Thoune.

Returned to Interlaken, and to my window: from which, though close to nine o'clock, the features of my picture, if somewhat darkened, are little impaired in loveliness. Beneath, among the groves, an association of females of the country, whose vocal performances are in high request among tourists on the lake of Brientz, are in rich mellow chorus of our British air, "God save the King." This is charm in superabundance.

Thursday. The Jungfrau's admission of me to her afternoon's converse was but a passing courtesy. And here has been a landscape-painter for nearly three weeks, waiting vainly for serenity and clearness of the atmosphere. The evil hour—like that which shrouded Sir Walter Scott's creation of Mertoun, the recluse of Zetland—still shrouds in gloom, to their base, every individual of this array of Alps, here congregated in majesty, in awe and terror, beyond aught else that Swisserland can shew. Departure therefore is peremptory on me, to scenes level to man's every-day opportunities, and in unison with the tenor of life's ordinary enjoyments.—Returned over the lake to Thoune, and thence to Berne.

Friday, 9th August. At breakfast, heard of a recent occurrence, in which a countryman of ours figures as the hero—and without the self-destruction which he seemingly courted—in leaping, from vagary, across the chasm of a precipice, so vast in width, and so appalling in all the circumstances, as to make the performance impossible in the eyes of all other men, under whatever urgency or impulse. A Swiss, to whom the feat of this leap was recounted, and who was acquainted with the fearful localities, made on it the quiet comment that the person, thus adventurous, must have been either mad, or an Englishman.

From Berne to LAUSANNE, in an open voiture; stopping for the night at Payerne. The dignity of Berne is as well preserved on this side as on my first line of approach, by a magnificent road and footway; and by all other external circumstances which can bespeak opulence in the people, and, I would say, a Roman loftiness of character in the government.

The face of the country onward is broken into rounded swells, the expansive views over which are frequently impeded by large woods. From the crown of one of these undulations, Bienne lake is remotely seen to the right; but the road bears direct to that of Morat. This latter lake, which is five and half miles by one and a fourth, has for boundary to its farther shore, a low ridge of ground that is unwontedly bare of trees, though every inch of its surface is cultivated. On the off side of that ridge ranges the lake of Neufchatel; of which, and of the marshy termination of whose northern extremity, from the eminences I had passed, I had command to satiety. Morat town, petty as it is, and on a cliff over its lake, is illustrious from the destruction before it, and on the lake, of an immense Burgurdian invading force, by the Swiss patriots of the 15th century: it yet retains its encirling fortress walls of ancient time.

From Payerné, a sweet vale to Moudon; whence the road is an ascent of the long slopes of the Jorat mountains, that no where gain any crest elevation—the views are consequently confined to the farm scenery and pine forest intermingled with it, which are exhibited in front or flank by these lazy slopes. The summit eminence at last gained—at a league from Lausanne—spread before me the Lake of Geneva, which from this first view of it, I set down as beyond all I have seen, and all I had supposed possible in lake scenery. To any past reality, or any picture of my imagination, it is indescribably superior. It is invested with the full luxuriance of lake beauty, in unison—magic it would seem—with that

quality, foreign to it, the magnificence of ocean,—a world of waters in itself, yet no where without definite shore; throughout all its boundary ever various, from swell of champaign cultivation to mountain savageness immense in range and transcendent in grandeur;—in one tract to the east, its mantle of snow, not now in August laid aside—and therefore eternal.

In the afternoon, at Gibbon's house, now in possession of a family, the old lady-mistress of which required admission-fee to be paid at the entrance to her female servant. The sum of three-pence obtained for me a stroll in the garden; from which the views are as lovely, and as surpassing in all manner of magnificence, as Gibbon himself has described them. There is somewhat of drawback in the sere and formal vineyard, spread everywhere over the near grounds, in direction down to the lake at Ouchi, a full mile of descent—the effect of which, as contemplated in expanse, is worse than that of a dressed plat of raspberries. The summer-house is in disrepair; the accacias are gone; the present growth of trees is of mean species; and this unrivalled esplanade is neglected to desolation. The mansion itself—a fashionable banking-house—is substantial, handsome, and in full repair.

Sunday: A church is allotted by the government for the large English congregation here. Mr. Kemble now holds at Lausanne the distinction which Gibbon possessed in his day when other English residents were next to none, and is supreme among his countrymen. At church my station brought, under positive observation, the earnest and quite unaffected ardour of his solemn attention, and gave to my hearing his distinct responses throughout the service. I felt exaltation in claiming to myself, in a foreign land, this fine old gentleman as my countryman.*

* By the demise of this very distinguished person, the suppression of this minute is now unavailing from any view of personal delicacy.

Monday, 12th August. To VEVEY, 11½ miles. The lake on the right, with the Meillerie headlong mountains for boundery on this part of its opposite shore: the Jorat, in fantastic irregularity of peak to the left in front—its character reminding me of that home range of mountain which impends over Bantry Bay, and that ranks among the highest of our Irish mountains. Between the Meillerie and the Jorat, and receding aback of a large low-land recess, or land-bay, another family of mountains holds itself apart: two individuals of these are pre-eminently elegant in form, though the loftiest that the eye commands in any direction—the Dent de Morcles, and the Dent du Midi; the latter of these, that snow-invested form which has claimed my awe since my first knowledge of this lake. By a pass between these two mountains—of which the extreme narrowness is distinct on the eye, notwithstanding a distance of some twenty miles—the Rhone has but room to force its passage hitherward, where it deepens and enlarges into this sublime expanse of lake.

With the mere road-side scenery from Lausanne to Vevey, I am, as scenery, sorely displeased. It is utterly without tree—and bare to the sun's rays, which are vehement, literally to burning. Its slope to the lake's verge is laid out, stair-case form, in tier after tier of vines; each narrow tier is a horizontal surface, supported by a wall in front, the perpendicular height of which is far greater than the breadth of the flat on which the vines stand. I have in some spots been at the pains to count the number of steps formed by this odious accumulation of wall after wall; in one instance I found them amount to forty-five. Over Vevey and beyond it, the spread of meadow, or pasture, or forest displayed in mountain grandeur, must afford subject for expatiation, without need of running the gauntlet of stone walls aloft on one side, or mere water, however nobly bounded on the other, in frequent visits to Lausanne. That city

is a scene of stable ordure and bad smells; of bustle and extortion in various and active practice on strangers; a large town without one corresponding satisfaction; as ugly a collection of streets as any town can exhibit, huddled on a surface so irregular, that, in bad weather, the communication must be matter of positive danger.

SECTION III.

September. VEVEY. I had, in the first rudiments of geography, known that Swisserland presents, in mountain inequalities, and in exuberance of lake surface, the utmost landscape capabilities. I am now to learn the potency of other and heretofore unthought of agents, contributing an unforeseen effect to land and water combination—purity of atmosphere, and the sun's effulgence; the one giving to vision every object, however remote, within the range of the horizon—and the other imparting an intensity of colour and diversity of tint to which our grosser latitude is a stranger. It is as if a force of lustre were superadded to the potency of our sun, as much beyond its former brilliancy as its present gladness surpasses the sobriety of clouded weather. I can in no other way explain the glowing and endless variety of colouring on the surface of this lake, that is quite beyond any thing of lake or sea surface in our climate. The decision of the colours, ranged often in right lined breadths, side by side of each other, is truly extraordinary: jet black, bottle-green, reddish brown, verdigris of the liveliest glow—this the most frequent; blue, as rich as on the peacock's breast, and breaking into sapphire and every other exquisite hue; and in bold spread and endless mutable form that displays vast breadths of coloring, there is at times a grandeur, and at others a vivacity of disport, of which our dull watery expanse—with all its aids of cloud's motion, or curl from breeze—is utterly devoid.

Not but that in this bright climate are to be met the illusions also of a vapory atmosphere. I have seen the Creux

du Valais—that semi ellipse of low land at the bottom of the lake's eastern extremity—with the mountains that tower over it, so suffused in haze, that their prominences came into relief as if in parallelism; each remoter mountain moulded into distances so just as to compare, one behind the other, with the managed arrangement of the side-screens of a theatre. Each one of these projecting screens, rising to the height of thousands of feet, yet, at almost the same angle of elevation, approaches boldly to the perpendicular; each interval of them after other—to the number of thirteen on one side—compelling the imagination to body forth within its extent regions of sublimity and wonder.

Nor does this atmosphere refuse any of those illusions under which the boldest mountain droops at one time to the level of the earth, and at another assumes awe, added to its own, of crest erect to midmost sky. With milder play the mountain's surface is known, at the caprice of this viewless power, to recede to a strange remoteness or to press immediately on the eye; while water similarly assumes various modifications of extension—removing at one time the Savoy shore far without the eye's accustomed purview, and, at another, narrowing the intervening expanse from the actual breadth of above half a dozen miles, to the seeming of a river's width.

Of evening darkening into night, the pomp is often dazzling, from coruscation in untired play, through many hours, from the bosom of a cloud that is black on the south and west—the rest of heaven's vault being serenest blue, whose skirts are in radiant fringe of incessant quivering flame. Night after night, week after week, may the eye gaze on these splendours—a sort of exercise of the heavenly armory, as harmless as are the field movements and the blank cartridge exploded in rehearsal of battle mischief, compared with the horrors of actual conflict.

But the sunsets of this climate leave us most of all behind;

and no where have I seen a spot where sunset shews as from the terrace of St. Martin's Church, or whatever other of the numerous eminences over Vevey. Directly below is the lake, nearly seven miles over to the Meillerie range of precipices, that are 6,000 feet above the water:—lower grounds, in onward direction to west, are the lake's boundary for 32 miles of shore. On the side with the spectator, mountainous swells spread in corresponding boundary. Athwart the termination of both is the Jura chain, distinct and bold on the view, though forty miles distant: this chain stands up apparently in wall from the off margin of the lake. The evening array in blaze of every richest hue, and at once in every glorious and fantastic display of aërial, yet almost substantial effulgence, I consign to the effort of imagination, working on past recollections, to embody: the attempt would be futile to realize in minute the splendors which float through and fire the westward tract of sky. It is a strange phenomenon, however, that the Jura chain, on which the embodied effulgence seems enthroned, stands distinct in heaviest blue—the lustre above and around being an emanation from the luminary receding to his western bed, and his influence, therefore, withdrawn from this eastern aspect. Strange too it is, that this dark blue shadow of mountains, forty miles off, is seen, in distinctest reflection, from the watery expanse that apparently bathes their base. And such being the potency of vision in this atmosphere, what must not be the distinctness and effect of the unspeakable lustre of gold and flame and the whole remainder of the celestial ornature of colors, reflected in largest extent in the same wondrous mirror! and this with change of glories from moment to moment!

I have seen these reflections rendered in nearly the entire extent of liquid plane, from the foot of the Jura to the margin below the brow on which I stood: and not merely on evenings when panoply of cloud accompanied the sun's going

down: in the clearest sky a roseate hue has suffused the whole atmosphere, and been given back again, in inexpressible vividness, and in the same vastness of extension.

Another mirror like this lake of Geneva, in any similar purity of atmosphere—in such aptness, and at the same time such marvellous magnificence of framing—I conceive there is not on earth's surface;—such a liquid plane under command of the eye—such sublimity, softening into such beauty of accompaniments on either hand, and to such remote extent; so arranged the whole; the outlines most few, the vast canvass full.

It is thus, that unbroken as this lake is by projection of promontory or inroad of deep bay, it has ever novelty on its surface. Its colors, vivid often as the colors of the vegetation on its shores—its Alpine barriers, and, again, the potency with which it calls within its bosom the repetition of these—from the snow-crested Dent du Midi, fourteen miles from its margin, to the Meillerie, superincumbent over its margin—one, and other projected in their shadow, often far more than half way athwart the lake;—the luxuriant swells, westerly, which sometimes are massed together in guise of mere vegetable nature; while at other times, by change of atmosphere, their immense folds are seen in distinct embossment of numerous towns and villages,—and the actual zone of garden fertility, between the foot of the Jura and the water unfolds itself, with its villas, and farms, and woods, and all the riches with which the industry of man can clothe the earth's surface. In change of object the eye may dwell on the animation of human life in the various boats—some borne by sail—others, in utter calm, propelled by oars: and in those island stretches of liquid surface, which appear as if of heterogenous fluid, however mild, yet refusing to mingle with all around it—as though oil were diffused, over an irregular extent, and glistening through leagues in length and breadth;—or as though these extended planes of repose

were living silver;—in all that extent distinctest perception is had—at twenty or thirty miles from the spectator—of the ripple in the long line of every boat's wake, when the boat itself is but a black speck, with difficulty to be discovered from the path it has traced.

It is with especial perspicuity that, in an island of purest quicksilver—such as I have mentioned—when it spreads contiguous to the Jura, the evening shadow of that range is beheld in exquisite repetition, at forty miles distance. No drawing-room mirror can yield more satisfactory reflection of an object in its proximity than the lake yields back, on such occasions, of this far remote mountain.

The Meillerie line of mountain has long been given—shall I say?—to notoriety of fame. Its precipitous front, rising direct from the lake's edge, runs along the water's margin for ten or twelve miles—its breast clothed with chesnut forest, unless where the prominence of headlong steeps or beetling crags preclude vegetation: its summits are broken into naked peaks of beautiful raggedness. Towards the centre a vast ravine breaks backward into the recesses of this desolation, but penetrates not to the base—whose unity of heavy line is no where interrupted. Space is here and there found at its base for a village and its precincts of garden enclosure. And it is strange to view, across the expanse that separates the spectator from the Savoy shore, the village smoke, large in volume at certain hours of the day, but how puny in aspiring into air! some six score feet, as measured on the tremendous wall of six thousand feet behind it.—Another phenomenon I have often remarked here is the range of clouds thrown in scarf across the mountains, sometimes for twenty miles of continuous length, from the inmost eastern recess of the Creux du Valais to the utmost western flank of Meillerie;—this scarf at times very low down, at others along their mid-height or athwart their breast. I have occasionally marked two ranges of these strata of vapour, the circum-

stance which astonished me in their appearance being the mathematical directness of the lines confining them. Sometimes breaks occur in their continuity, or the upper margin is serrated into jaggedness; but never is a single portion detached above or beneath the mighty bound which invisibly contains their ribband-like breadth. It is the aspiring of these Alpine heights so many thousand feet beyond the daring of our giant mole-hills of Britain, that gives a gauge to the atmosphere, and furnishes a scale on which the parallelism of its strata is put into delineation and measurement; while the clouds but cap our stunted masses of mountain, or blot them out altogether.

Not but that thickest cloud can wholly blot out at its will the mightiest Alps from summit to base, and reveal them too, in such fragments as its wrath or sport may please. It is to one of these sublime forms, cloud and tempest-clothed below, and clear above, that Goldsmith's simile alludes. I can conceive it literally to refer to the Meillerie:

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from beneath, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

But it is especially strange that the otherwise stainless simplicity of Goldsmith's idiomatic diction should have admitted the collocation "eternal sunshine," after the artificial construction of ancient language—pardonable to other poets by the score—but so wide from his own pure practice, that the departure can only be accounted for from his having been bewrayed by the solemnity of the subject to which his simile refers. His description simply contemplated the unclouded shining of that luminary which is of eternal grandeur, and aimed not at the eternal exemption from cloud of the mountain's summit: he meant but to say, the shine of the eternal sun. This his solitary sin of ambitious foreign ornament

betrayed him into an error that falsifies the truth of his picture, an error that is partially compensated by the noble close it gives to the thought; that close addressing itself to superficial and not to just conception.

The simile of which I attempt the illustration—just as at this time it occurs to me—has been always to me of especial interest; a favorite one as it was with a father, of whom, not speaking of accessaries of situation, it was in strong and justest prototype.

The unvaried narrow line of road along the Meillerie base presents but few temptations for expatiating in ramble along that shore; and the flatness of the strath,—once part of the lake's actual domain, and now its eastern boundary, being the arena of that mighty amphitheatre, the Creux du Valais, that is meadow in marsh, spangled, however, with groves of fruit trees and finest timber—this range is still less tempting, unless I withdraw altogether from the lake's precincts. But from Villeneuve round to Vevey is a tract of scenery combining water, Alps in precipice and in ravine, forest, grove, softer grass ground, mild little vale, busy village in one spot, silence that speaks in another: there is every thing in the half score miles along this shore, and back from it to half that extent, that can claim the poet's or the painter's eye, or strike across his imagination.

Perhaps a little less rage of the sun might be desirable, by whose scorching rays, in one of my excursions to Chillon, on taking off my hat for half a minute to let the perspiration pass, a blister was raised which went through as regular a course as if it had been produced by cantharides—and took beyond a week to heal.

This Castle of Chillon was built by Peter of Savoy, a Nimrod of the 13th century, who also built the castle, in one remaining portion of which I am accommodated in the town of Vevey. The Jorat mountains, a family of the Alps of very peakish display of precipice and pinnacle—clothed in

chesnut, here rush headlong to the lake's verge, leaving no other site for the fortress than a rock within the water's range and almost below its level; and of this rock advantage is taken for the basement, flooring and dungeon cellerage. In an apartment thus deepest down, the prisoners were secured to the stone pillars which range in its centre, by chains that allowed to each the liberty to move round in contact with his own pillar.

The view of the lake from hence is the very worst I have seen; and with all my partiality for Vevey, I must say that Lausanne presents the best. Gradually as you go eastward from this last station the lake suffers. I admit that from Lausanne you have the Meillerie mountains greatly to the left; but their majesty supports them still:* and in front is a lower range of Savoy mountains, beyond that most noble breadth of lake, which, noble range and breadth of lake you lose when Meillerie is abreast of your station. Then, west of Lausanne, is an expanse of water, so vast as not to be susceptible of enlargement to the eye by all that it gains in extent from removal to Vevey: this is matter of measurement, not picture. At the eastern termination all is taken in flank, and the liquid plane, onward to west, presents no grandeur of range additional to that exhibited in the same aspect by the enchanting immensity of waters at Lausanne, at about three-fifths of its full length from its western and almost sea-like shore. Worse than all this, athwart the lake's whole length, the Jura mountains without any foreground, stand so erect, and are so distinctly seen, as to control the eye into belief of their not being at half their actual distance: they thus degrade the dimensions of the lake utterly beneath its natural dignity.

* I ought to have added, that even from Lausanne you have to the west of the lake the Creux du Valais; of which I fully admit the justness of the remark I have since been favored with, that the view of Borrodale from Keswick—of course, in miniature dimensions—bears a marked resemblance of features to it.

Montreux, cresting a steep brow, half a league westward of Chillon, is precisely on that site and in that combination of structures which, if it had been its founder's purpose to create a picturesque village as an object in termination to the lake, could not be surpassed. The interior of the place is mean; but its bridge—over a yawning ravine of cliffs, with the play of the mountain torrent among the vast fragments of rock below—is study for the painter quite endless. Then its Church spire! The Church itself is steadied on a most narrow ledge of several hundred feet in perpendicular face—the mountain upwards being a nearly inaccessible precipice of several thousands. Just within its esplanade is planted a poor-box, of which the inscription in stone exhibits a dignity of demand not usually displayed in petition for alms. The poetry, putting forth the conception which it is meant to dovetail into honest connection, is not superabundantly classical: but I have copied the words on the score of the singularity;

"Toi qui viens admirer nos rians paysages
En passant, jette ici ta pitié;
Et le Dieu dont la main dessina ces rivages
Te benira des Cieux."

In rival church-yard English:

"Stranger, whose gaze our landscape's charms explores,
To want that pines even here, thy dole be given;
So He who robed in grandeur these bright shores,
May deign thee blessings from his highest heaven."

Mendicancy is prohibited in Swisserland: this beggary under sanction, as it were, here, proceeds from a versifying parish clergyman, whose zeal in the muses' cause has incited him to this—I conceive—breach of municipal law. The trespass may claim forgiveness on the ground of its being a first offence. Swiss versifiers are now as rare as Swiss poets—neither one nor other intrusive, if they exist.

Nearer again to Vevey, is the ancient mansion of Châtelard, once the residence of the heroine of that most true history, the New Heloise. Undoubting tradition declares this: it even designates the death-bed apartment of Julia. The castle is a square building, perched on the summit of a staring hill, that has no covering save vineyard on all its sides, as viewed from the lake side, from the vicinity of which it rises. The house therefore looks as if placed there to scorch and calcine under the blazing sun, and, as if sensible to its own pain of burning, to protrude itself for complaint or sympathy on the beholder's eye. Yet when, by an avenue which winds round the cliff's base, the eminence is gained, you have not merely in front one of the noblest views possible of the lake, but in flank you overhang a precipitously steep valley, through which runs, and often maddens, the river Clarens. The back view is over a sweetly undulating surface, rich in wood and even in turf, as well as vines. Closely impending are the pine forests and precipitous pastures of the ragged Jorat. It is widespread sylvan scenery, bursting as if from magic's instant creation.

Nearer the Jorat's feet is another noble site, occupied by the castled mansion, through 700 years, of the family of Bloney, by whom it was founded. Such prospects as it commands, far and wide to the horizon's round! And such home landscape in endless variety of glen, and hanging wood, with such luxuriance of multiplied stream! Yet all these accompaniments are to be had also at a mile thence in appanage to the modern chateau and its extensive English grounds of Hanteville. From a Rotunda which crowns a knoll here, is commanded perhaps the loveliest scenery in creation. Each one of the six views that are obtained by the framing in of any couple of the columns of this little temple, successively as the spectator turns round, is a picture distinct from every other: and all are, in loveliness as in grandeur, matchless.

From this spot a grace is imparted to the lake which it often wants ; I mean a fore-ground in sport as of a mantle upborne on the air in every gracefulness of multiplied fall and fold. The lake of Geneva has two great wants : want of islands, and want of a boldly indented coast. But it results from this absence of all break on its surface, and from its outline running thus every where in the large, that it is able to expand an extension which imitates ocean grandeur. Such grandeur is unmanageable in landscape : and the precipices that beetle over its waters in vast range line, serve as little for stations to put it by parts into picture, as do the more receding mountains from which it is thrown rather into map. Want of break, or almost of undulation, in the glacis in which its milder shores too usually slope onward, shews the whole lake there, ever in presence, and ever in sameness of dimensions. But of Hauteville the vicinity, rather than the contiguity, is so happy ; it has such bold hill and knoll, and soft descent of ground, and abrupt dip ; of that diversified surface much of the vesture is the velvet green, which the Swiss course of from three to five annual mowings gives to meadow : there is such richness of wood and in tuft ; such variety and such plenty of material, or I would call it machinery of all kinds, as to subjugate this vast plane of water to every form caprice can ask ; to disunite it from its accompaniments, and to combine them ; to break its outline ; to give any one portion of it into partial view ; to diffuse it in fullest exposure, or blot it out wholly from the sight : and all in any two or three hundred yards' movement through this garden paradise.

SECTION IV.

October. It is time to turn to the moral world; in transition to which I must notice the mingled illusion and delusion which Goldsmith has shed on the theme of Swisserland. If storm be found here, there is also long continuance of genial serenity: if there is mountain, there is very much soil that is not churlish: the hills afford abundant food, to say nothing of vines: and though snow rests on the mountains through the summer, melons, and peaches in more plenty than apples in his native Roscommon, ripen in the gardens and orchards in open air on the slopes beneath. What time all this blooms I know not: but I know that two crops of hay had been cut and harvested in July; and at this present writing, I feel comfortably warm without idea of fuel, and with my window broad open; and the trees shew so little symptom of dropping their leaves, that a noble lime-tree contiguous to it, continues to hide from me too much of the landscape. Meteors I have not seen; but a sky more intensely blue than for these several weeks past, with little interruption, I have witnessed, I cannot expect even Italy shall shew. As to the peasant's little lot being here the lot of all, it is mis-statement as utter as is his description of his habitation—if that be not also miserable mis-nomer: a hut exists not in Swisserland: even as a dwelling, cottage exists not. The dairy-man's house includes space for his cows on the ground-floor; its garret is spacious enough to store the winter's provision of hay: the rest of the house accommodates his family. The agriculturist, besides all this, has room for his corn crop, not an atom of which is ever stacked

out of doors. Those who cannot afford a house to themselves club with others to obtain and occupy one: but hut or shed or cabin in Swisserland, I have not seen one. Then Goldsmith makes the countryman's employment to be hunting and fishing, fully as much as driving his plough at venture of his neck. Lakes are numerous here assuredly; but fishing would be piteous waste of time to a people devoted to their cattle on the mountains, where fish are never; or so devoted to their agriculture below, that their country is one great garden, and of course gives not covert for game, or amusement to the hunter: whoever hunts must go for his prey to the highest Alps, and out of the reach of man's accustomed or possible habitation. The line

"No product here the barren hills afford,"

is as foolishly unjust as that succeeding it,

"But man and steel, the soldier and his sword,"

is cruel burlesque on the Swiss character. In short, Goldsmith's description of this country is got up exclusively for the picturesque; and I shrewdly suspect his knowledge of it was obtained by peregrination made within the season of winter.*

* The justness of this conjecture I have since been able to verify: the life of Goldsmith prefixed to the London edition of his Works, in 4 vols, 8vo. 1801, supplies the data. His entire course of perigrination was about *one year*: his arrival in London was in 1756, and in January: the commencement of his tour, from Leyden, was of course the mid-winter preceding; and his knowledge of Switzerland is distinctly stated to have been obtained before he passed into Italy, where he was for *six months* in the single town of Padua: time also must be given for his expatiation over other parts of Italy, as well as for his course in return across France—together not so little in possibility as two, and probably exceeding three month more. It follows that he left Swisserland in April, if not in March; no power of calculation can bring down his knowledge to a practical one of the effects of Winter lingering in the lap of *May*: these he could have known but by poetical anticipation. He left Swisserland, it is clear, the instant the roads were practicable. And his whole description of it smells of an Alpine winter, or rather a Greenland one, not to be supplanted by Summer's luxuriance, or by Autumn's prodigality of bounty.

I turn to the conversations, in their result, for which my residence here gives opportunity—on subjects of national institution or usage. The education of the Vevey females of genteel family is excellent: geography, history, eloquence, belles lettres;—so it is detailed to me, and not as of rote. Of languages they are required to study their own, the French, scientifically; and to learn German, some English, and perhaps some Italian: music also and drawing. Indispensible is held for them a course of religious instruction: and a range of general reading is established for their study, comparatively more deep and extensive than for the men—which it may easily be,—so that they are substantially instructed.

The course of religious instruction for young ladies is of two years, as it is for young men also. This duty is allotted to one Clergyman in the town as his exclusive charge, with a full and regular stipend from the Government for its peculiar performance. A gratuity, suitable to the circumstances of the instructed, follows its completion: but this is wholly optional, and matter of complimentary civility. My informant paid for her son, four Louis.

For the young women who have not fortunes, and are not early married, a constant opening offers as governesses, principally in Holland: that country also absorbs a number of respectable and valuable females of a lower order, as nursery maids of the best description. Each year a company or two proceeds, in voiture, for these destinations. The morals of these young persons, their propriety of manner, and other qualifications—results of a well cared-for education—are oftentimes so highly estimated, that many of them return to their country with the provision of a handsome life-annuity from the families in which they have lived,—so very many, that the obtaining of it is an object of calculation: in every view, as well to employers as employed, it is of beneficial consequence.

The young men quit their country on similar speculation—not so much as formerly with a view to England; but, as far as opportunities afford, with purpose of a similar kind, and similar eventual provision.

Swisserland, though nominally one nation, is in reality a confederation of various distinct countries; the nature of its union, is like that of a bundle of sticks, loosely tied, and with slender twine: even that poor band rather goes round than draws close; and the faggots, thus congregated, are not merely of quite different lengths and thicknesses, but of different species of timber. Each member meddles only with it's own affairs: none knows or cares for those of any other:—beyond this, each views every other with the prejudice of home against a stranger. To say nothing of the three divisions in matter of language—the German, the French, and the Italian—it is of more immediate, yet natural and human, import to state, that the Germans dislike and are disliked by all their neighbours;—that the Bernese contemn the Vaudois, their former vassals;—and that these latter—in wilful pride, or in that ignorance which each canton displays as to the concerns of every other,—are ever prompt to deny to the Valaisans the designation of Swiss.

Besides the mischiefs done to Swisserland in common with the water-drinking places of England generally, there is inflicted on this country a farther one, from its being a poorer nation. Any thing other than golden opinions is purchased by Englishmen here, by the large outlay of English money. With the contempt for the pigeon that is plucked, is associated the abhorrence resenting that English pride which to foreigners on their own ground—I speak not of exceptions—is overpowering to indecency. With these two special ingredients in influence, and with the whole system at work of exaction common to places of fashionable resort, the organized frauds of the innkeepers and their swarm of retainers, the deceptions and brutalities of the voituriers—who

are here a drunken and mulish fraternity—and the tricks and wilfulness of guides ; a course through Swisserland is a thorough abomination to the sentimentalist. Of consequence, Swiss demoralization is a constant theme of eloquence with our disappointed countrymen.

The mischiefs, resulting from this origin, are not confined to the traveller from inn to inn, or to the resident for the season. The native inhabitants feel largely a rise of prices consequent on the numbers and ultra-wealth of strangers.

And whither go the twenties and fifties of thousands, which the English spend annually—in however most various shape —in Swisserland? In the northern towns, and places on the great road, where the expenditure is mainly confined to the inns, it ever creates a large demand for the commodities of the gardener, the grazier, the cultivator of the soil, if for no other purpose than provender of the draft horses employed in post on the road. Within each town are the coach and the harness-makers—and a set of craftsmen, needless to do more than hint at. Much as is all this, it is as nothing to the new face of things in towns of resort for English modish residence. With all this increased activity and accelerated circulation of money, no permanent wealth accrues to any other class than that of innkeepers, who are so gorged with custom and profit, as to become wealthy in their own despite. To almost all beside applies that law of all watering places, which dissipates the wealth it draws together—often with a doubtful honesty. Luxury has in all these towns, and among the Swiss too generally, struck a deep and baleful root. A taste for expense has been every where excited. The gardener without town, and the gardener's daughter, enjoy luxuries and spend money in wearables, of a description quite other than heretofore was in their usage. In town, servants' wages, at call of the same new wants, are nearly double what they were eight years ago. The mischief runs upward in every link of detail: and a residence

on the lake of Geneva, with any thing of English comforts, is now more expensive than in many districts of England. What, to the Swiss, is far worse than all this, is the appetite confirmed to them for luxuries, and the habit of expense. Should the present resort of English fail them through change of fashion, or be forbidden by political changes, their poverty and sufferings under such an abdication must be miserable—perhaps despicable.

Of the tracts of Swisserland not frequented by the English, I know that the manners are abundantly simple still; and, doubtless, much simplicity and moral propriety remains among a large portion of the Swiss generally. But, for Arcadian feeling, for inborn generous sentiments cherished into practical effects, or for exterior polish, a man must travel elsewhere. If this people be not vicious in manner, they are almost as repulsive as though they were. They have not bad intention to you: rather they lack for you intention altogether. They have no bent that can carry them beyond transacting with ordinary care, and in a coarse way, the affairs of jog-trot life. In their dealings within that dull round they are plain and honest: and in their domestic duties, and the attachments of kindred, they are, questionless, exemplary.

I believe the Swiss to be largely imbued with the domestic virtues, and to enjoy their blessings, as intensely as human nature can, or human creatures any where do. Being thus the home of family affections, this country must be a country of happiness. Superadded to all this, the Swiss are a religious people—whether Catholic or Protestant;—not with a propensity to put religion into parade, but treating it as a matter strictly influential on conduct—a something for best home use;—home-bred, perhaps, and plain in appearance,—indeed rather scouting appearance, and having nothing to do with taste;—matter, shall I say again—of within-doors, and even kitchen utility.

Given up thus to the indulgence of their home-bred propensities, the Swiss have little to do with strangers: and if strangers are not much taken with them, no pact on their part is broken: they had much rather be let alone. Certainly, of the stranger's share of the kernel within their repelling husk little can be said in praise. As society for persons of intellect and enlarged knowledge, they are not to be thought of. No general topic of paramount dignity awakes in them interest: local trifles alone can stir into poor dimple the surface of their sympathies: they are—of course I now speak in wholesale—a people in humdrum.

One characteristic of the Swiss is specially offensive to foreigners. Since the days of William Tell, so to speak, they have ceased substantially to have a history. They have not had events, nor men to create them, nor a desire for one or other. They have, in all the centuries since, remained in a torpor of human passions, in dead eddy, close by and quite out of the torrent and dread turmoil which has, with reason or without it, embroiled all Europe else. I say they have remained in torpor of the passions; for without embroiling themselves in wars on their own score, they regiment themselves—on a national scale, and under their national cognizance—to fight the battles of others, and spill their blood in quarrels of whose merits they know and can care nothing. They have not sympathy therefore with any one member of the grand European family, since what does not come home to their actual touch, it is not in their mental temperament to study; melancholy proof of this abeyance of manly feeling for the fortunes of man, when printing and the post-office put under each man's eye what his fellow-creature is doing on whatever part of earth's surface,—proof and punishment at once it is, of the desuetude of thought that has lapsed into decrepitude as the measure of mind here; that their ignorance has prepared and perfected their nation's subjugation. They knew nothing—and would care nothing ever—of the

wars between England and France;—of the competitions between France and its neighbour Continental States;—of the contests of those States among each other. Of Italy they would know but as their trading concerns forced on them facts; of Spain nothing whatever. Washington is a name unpronounced among the descendants of William Tell. Yet in what poetry of politics do I not remember these Swiss to have been robed! At the outset of the Revolutionary War, this land of Republican virtues was, by prophetic strain, hailed as proof against possible irruption of calamity, and as mediatrix, through compassion for the miseries that convulsed the world beside, to conciliate universal peace.* And what was the fact? This people became, after a puny and inglorious skirmish of a few weeks, thrall to France, and its land-proprietors and merchants were squeezed into poverty by unresisted, sorest French exaction. Its land of mountains and defiles was degraded into the battle-field of French, and Austrian, and Russian grand armies:—in one campaign, Massena, of detestable fame from Genoa and Portugal—and Suwarrow, of truculent notoriety from Ismail, were the leaders pitted against each other in ravage through this neutral and neutralized country! And now, that these things are gone by, their national diets, and thence, their cantonal directories and councils of village communes are mere register-offices for the mandates of the Czar, distinctly understood to be such, and to admit of neither qualification

* Since my return I am able to refer to the passage in the pamphlet of Jasper Wilson, (the late Dr. Currie,) which I cannot but quote, page 64:—"Men of Swiserland, how I respect you! While the hurricane of human passions sweeps over France, Italy, and Germany, elevated on your lofty mountains, you are above the region of the storm. Secure in your native sense, your sincere patriotism, your simple governments, your invincible valour, your eternal hills—you can look down on the follies and the crimes which desolate Europe with calamity, and with pity anticipate the happy æra when you perhaps may mediate universal peace. Sea-girt Britain might have enjoyed this situation"!!!

nor protest:—bitter retribution for having suffered the high endowments of man's nature to merge into stupid appetite and mean care of man's ordinary and coarsest wants.

The subjugation of the Swiss being palpable to themselves, inasmuch as it is brought to the evidence of their bodily senses, their political duties derive thence great simplification: for, with implicit submission for their guidance, they can now indulge in their cherished apathy. Yet will these boasters declare all the while, with book-talk, that they are the only free nation in the world, since they only among nations have no King. These vain-glorious declaimers sink, or speak not of America; they but recite a chatter that dates beyond Columbus, and in the same set phrase, unaltered in one syllable by his discoveries. Not one of them will hesitate to admit that whatever the Imperial Minister demands must be put into immediate enactment, and become of force through all the parishes of Swisserland. Their Imperial masters, they will say, are Imperial monsters. Be it so. But can the epithet of tyrant be more odious than that of vassal is despicable?

There are departments of legislation in which the Swiss luxuriate, unrestrained by foreign authority. For instance, besides an assize price for bread, which they enjoy in common with the subjects of certain *kingdoms*, they have an assize also for butchers' meat—in order, as they boast, that grazier and butcher may be restrained from mutual injustice in their bargains, and that the public may be put into similar equity of standard exactness. Of course the butchers' customer has no choice of the nicer or coarser parts of the carcase: he must take the portion he wants as it comes, in the hope that if he has bone to-day, he may have meat to-morrow. Besides this, the number of persons allowed to exercise the trade of butcher in a district is strictly limited. And for the benefit of the traveller, the number of inns is rigidly restricted; not as with us, by license for this or the

other house within a set number—but to certain houses in a town, and none else, possessing that privilege. No innkeeper can transfer to another house, or to a house built for the express purpose of an inn on a new site, the privilege of his primary station. To give a farther instance, an innkeeper, removing from one inn to another, is not permitted to hold both on his own account, or, by shutting up his former house, to preclude competition.

Again, among scores of strait-waistcoat guards against any and every man's going wrong in his own private affairs, the exact day of the commencement of the vintage is designated by the government; which punishes as a heinous offence, the previous exposure of grapes in market, or their sale in private: this to protect the interests of landlord and tenant, between whom, by the usual tenure of land, the crops are divided in moiety to each. Should it be pleaded that the landlord had given his consent, as well he often might for his personal profit, to an early sale, his will avails nothing in this land of liberty. As little avails it that the landlord occupies his own ground, or that the grapes, grown on a wall, are over-ripe five weeks before the day arrives for their being convertible into money: so much the worse for the owners and—as in American-English it would be expressed—for intending purchasers. Wholesale wisdom rates exceptions of all kinds, as wilfully non-conforming and punishable follies. Besides, the sovereign legislature has in view the enforcement of one general occupation of hands in one mightily busy week, in order that each farmer's family-force being employed in his own ground, and the whole population a-field in mass, none may with impunity intrude to glean along the verge, or pilfer farther within the precincts of his neighbour's vine-ground.

Then, if the crops have not turned out very productive, restraint is put on expense in the matter of public recreation. An elephant which has been travelling this season for exhi-

bition, was denied hospitality by the municipality of Vevey, and ordered forthwith to begone—not because he was under ban of the Russian emperor, but for the distinctly expressed reason I have stated. The six francs levied on strangers as fee indispensible for sufferance to them to remain beyond four days in the district, was spurned at in comparison of the mischiefs his stay might induce. Even in ordinary times and as matter of standing law, no family is allowed to give a little dance in its own household circle, without special licence for that purpose had and obtained. And nothing in that licence expressed extends, or will be construed to extend, to the prolongation of this amusement in one's own drawing room, and in the quietest way, after the hour of midnight at latest. And in the case of Madame ——— having collected for an evening's enjoyment a dozen young, among elder persons, if one of the latter, fond of the violin, should begin to scrape, and the younger persons spring up impromptu to foot it a little together, my poor friend must stand forth to stop the frolic, as under ban of legal consequences—or let them have their way and, next day, be called on, as without fail she will, by the police officers, (how their ears are thus ever on the alert I know not, unless they have a share in the profits,) for the fine of half-a-crown—money, as she justly says—but nothing in comparison of the annoyance involving a sort of disgrace, of a bailiff's visit.

One other legal proviso I must not forget, for family comfort. In contracts between servant and master, it is in vain that the latter shall stipulate, and that the other shall be thereto specially consenting, that misconduct on the servant's part shall be justification to his master for an immediate termination of the connexion. The law here says, that all such contracts are null in themselves, and that the servant, under whatever circumstances of mal-practice, shall receive his full quarter's stipend.

Our English grumblers against the tyranny consequent on

their own poor laws, will here receive a practical rebuke from the law of local settlement, which is so jealous, that an English gentleman and his wife, after a summer's residence, and on the eve of a six week's excursion into the northern parts of Italy—were compelled to lodge, as caution-money that they should not leave in definitive abandonment their three little children and nursery-maid, or, in the event of such abandonment, should have secured to the municipality a provision for the future wants of the infants as paupers,—the sum in cash of one hundred Louis. The lodgment of this money, under these precise circumstances, has been just now made under my personal knowledge: all this in vigilant severity of poor-law enactment. And all these things taken together amount to neither more nor less than slavery—not the less such, that it is vassalage to dead unmeaning letter of statute-law: a strange display it is of prank and freak of legislation let to run random-mad, and worshipped in its madness and mischief by this most grave people.

These sage cantonal communities would almost make one a believer in Tom Paine. But the temperament of this people, or rather their want of it, explains their institutions. Add to this the due supply of home-wants, and the satisfied feeling of competence that is diffused through all classes, and gives to all an interest in the preservation of the existing quiet: hence, every tendency to restlessness is smothered, if any son of restlessness should, for bad or for good—like the blithe wight who found his way into the Castle of Indolence—make chance-entry into this home of the dullest virtues.

Add another great cause—effect and cause mutually—the education, compulsorily enforced, of all classes, from the very poorest upwards. It is surely not so much the reading and writing and arithmetic, learned by the poor at these schools—truly valuable acquisitions though these are—as the

moral discipline inculcated in the process of their acquirement, that constitutes the main utility of this education. The moral lessons thus taught and the habits acquired during several years' training, are efficient for life. The man upholds for his own control the restraints first imposed for the comfort and welfare of the child. And the universality of the discipline is the establishment of propriety, sobriety and morals, co-extensive with the State's population. Combine with this, as they ought ever to be combined, the lessons of religion: and then, with all man's proneness to depravity, what a basis is there not laid for a whole nation's prosperity, and the pursuit of man's loftiest destinies! Would that in my own country, the peasantry were not forbidden the portal of moral instruction, as conjoined with school training, by one portion of the class who assume to be its spiritual Pastors.* Irishmen ought, even in national rivalry, to

* But see the petition of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland to the House of Commons, of the 9th of March, 1824: diffuse in its averments and explanations certainly, but bringing forward one novelty, under their voucher of its truth. "*The literary and religious instruction of youth are "universally combined, and no system of Education which separates them can "be acceptable to the members of that communion.*" What a wall of separation between that communion and us their fellow-subjects, as unfit for their contact! But let two things be observed; first, that the "universal combination" is in absolute non-observance wherever children of Roman Catholics, able to pay their way, are sent to school in ordinary course;—and secondly, that the poor and the peasantry of that communion in Ireland have been, up to now, educated in Irish fashion, by halves. Their literary instruction has been left altogether to themselves: they were not taught to read: when they did contrive to learn it, they were left, without any check, to batten on such books as the Adventures of a Highwayman, and the Biography of a Prostitute. On the other hand, their religious instruction was so sedulously cared for that, with the sole exception of Spain, the Irish poor are the most besottedly bigotted people that can claim to have to do with the Christian faith. Their intellects were left to ripen or to go to seed as they might: their morals were abandoned to corruption; but their religion, that ought to have leavened the lump, was of orthodox effeteness, of ritual observance, and of unqualified vassalage to their spiritual masters. This made bounteous amends for all beside.

One Roman Catholic Bishop, Kildare and Leighlin, fusing chronology and facts in declamation that is half wish-wash, half gall, gives us quite an opposite view of the matter; and protects his averments by quoting the practice

establish at home the training which has given to Scotland its highest dignity. And Swisserland, like Scotland—only still more universally, and with a still more strictly combined system of religious with moral training—derives from these best sources whatever makes the Swiss name estimable. But that it stands redeemed by this institution, Swisserland would be a nation mean beneath mental as well as moral vileness.

In matters of literature there may be some resemblance nationally between the Scots and Swiss—a mouthful to every one, a bellyful to few. But I do not any where here meet the self-sufficient and disputatious spirit of which our northern brethren stand accused. Like all other matters of property, what the Swiss possess in this way they keep for their own purposes.

In another point of comparison, there is here small symptom of that ambition, which carries forward Scotsmen to the front stations in the foremost walks of life. Both nations send out their emigrants—but with very different aims. One reason for this, doubtless, is the right of primogeniture in inheritance among the Scotish aristocracy, whereas in Swisserland, the parent's property must descend in gavel. But the main cause for the Scotsman's aspiring restlessness I take to be, his being accustomed from infancy to consider society under gradations from the lowest, perhaps his own—to the supreme; and to see the highest stations filled by men born to the meanest fortunes: in Swisser-

of a predecessor Bishop, who "in his shed of mud instructed youth *with his* "*own tongue*, and shared with them the crust which he had first watered with "his tears." Boarding-school institution this of course! and not luxury extended to the peasantry. And this stray precedent does away the fact that such Dublin booksellers existed within the last thirty years as Cross, Wilkinson and Fleming: it disproves the circulation by any such booksellers, as a main part of their trade—by the agency of pedlars, and on the stand of every possible country fair—of the sets of *tracts*, of 3 dozen in the infamous catalogue, some of which are particularised by name in the Captain Rock of Mr. Thomas Moore—which last gentleman of course, J.K.L. clearly substantiates to be in this instance a defamer!

land, there is no field for ambition: all is the level of a nation of farmers; and the Country Justice who makes the greatest figure here, would be sorely annoyed when drawn away from his family pursuits, had he not a stipend of fifty or sometimes a hundred pounds per annum, in compensation for his trouble. Their army is a mere yeomanry corps: and their bar-practitioners are like our village lawyers—with the farther clipping of wing to keep them to their own dung-hill; each bar being limited to its own cantonal jurisdiction, in disconnexion with every other of the twenty-two. Their National Diet—the only thing national they have—is a conversazione with closed doors, of staid country gentlemen; each set of whom proposes to the rest of the company what it may think worth suggesting for its own interest; and no decision, however peremptory, of this company can bind any dissentient member. Of course, when the purpose of no man, or set of men rather—in bare proxy of their state—can be compromised, no man's ambition can be excited. It is what the North American Indians call a talk, that is held; and the talk concluded, the company disperses.

I have looked through the school course that is preparatory for the Academy, or as we would call it, University of Lausanne. It is a very mean one, confined from beginning to end, to excerpts in the manner of our books called Selectæ. No author is read in the entire, nor of any author more than a trifling portion. Greek is all but in name neglected; substantially it is unstudied. At Lausanne, a seven year's course is indispensable for the bar, and one of nine years for the church. What the precise subjects of study, or the text books used in these courses may be, I have failed in my endeavours to learn: the only distinct information I have gained is, that the preliminary basis of learning is little, if at all enlarged or confirmed there, and that the substance of the lectures delivered is regulated by the ex-

temporaneous pleasure of the professors. I am sure I have felt annoyance, as though it were my own affair, at seeing that inborn enthusiasm which ever displays itself where knowledge unrols her page to the youthful student—when I have witnessed the aspirings of some of my young Vaudois friends, who would

"O'er Bodley's dome their future labours spread"—

which must, after a few years of luxuriant shooting, be powdered by mildew of a lazy air, in ascent to manhood's development, as surely as trees of however healthful temperament, and in whatever kindliness of soil, perish from marine atmosphere and storms.

It is so regulated here, that the masters and assistants in the schools, from highest to lowest description, receive as the main part of their emoluments a public stipend, and are dependant on their pupils for so very moderate a payment, as can scarcely make any increase or diminution in their numbers an object to them. But it is to be recollected, that of these pupils each according to circumstances of life, and including all classes of it, the attendance is compulsory on the parents; to whom in return the expense of their children's instruction is a mere nothing. Modes of expense can alone explain whether the stipends, thus paid, are a competency to the parties or not. The advertised stipend for the village school of Tour du Peil, near Vevey, is 400 francs per annum, (about *£16.*) with house, vine-ground, and two gardens. In the principal school of Vevey an assistant has 50 louis, the second master 100; and, I think, double that sum to the Principal. Each has, besides this direct endowment, various sources of emolument: for instance, the Principal gives private courses, and has a boarding establishment.

Of the Clergy, a suffragan has for the first two years, during which it is indispensable that he should fill that sub-

ordinate station, 750 francs, viz. £30 per annum. A Clergyman placed has 1800 francs, or £72. per annum—which stipend receives at triennial intervals, or thereabouts, a progressive increase, until it reaches the maximum of 3,000 francs, or £120. per annum. With such an endowment, the Clergyman may be relegated to a mountain seclusion, away from all human intercourse, except the neighbouring peasants, and at a toilsome distance from any thing in the shape of town. In towns, the Clergyman has various means of consulting his comforts, and enlarging his income. I believe no body of Clergy any where to be more exemplary, and surely there is none more respected than that of Swisserland.

16th of October. I grow each day more into rapture with the climate and scenery of this country. The real Swiss season for these matters seems to be but commencing: the oven-like heat is gone by; the breadths of shadow are increasedly majestic; the air is tense and clear, and the sun still so surpassingly bright, that no brilliancy of effect has in the least degree suffered, while new and remarkable ones are called out. For these five days past, of which part has been very fine and part stormy, the surface of the Meillerie and Dent du Midi mountains, has exhibited a soft aerial veil, to which my eye has ever till now been a stranger. The hue is that of the plumb, rich, full, deep, decided; but it is of a brilliant glow, which extracts from the mountains all their materiality, and gives to their extension the appearance of color spread athwart the sky. This effect is heightened by the contrast, wherever white clouds spread in wreathe over detached portions of the general surface. How it is produced, or what share in producing it falls to the season, I know not; and admiration of the novelty stifles any desire to speculate. Observer as I have been from infancy, and worshipper, of mountain coloring in all its diversities and combinations of tint and hue, I see here, for the first time, substantive color, and surface of mountain in the ab-

sence of mountain matter; as though the grain of the material substance were expressed thence—were put into absorption, or absolute solution—mountain spiritualized, yet object of gaze, in astonishment almost to distrust of the senses.

29th of October. The moon nearly full; and the mountain ranges shewed, under her influence—as though it were day—in the same aerial brilliancy, supplanting their materiality. A haze in one tract injured the effect, as did also a touch of frost, setting in with the advancing night.—I infer that this mellowness of hue owes its perfection to a sky equally remote from either extreme of weather—rich light, whether of sun or moon co-operating.

Besides due temperature of atmosphere, the intensely blue sky of this climate is indispensible. That intensity of azure throws the magic mountain robing into absolute relief from the grand canvas, and specially where the monntain outlines are traceable in their minutest irregularities on the sky—cutting it, as the sublime Blackmore might have said, into indenture. The phrase is as mean as the statement it involves of fact—if facts can be associated with surface so etherial—is untrue: this wonderous shew of mountain form, void of substance, springs buoyantly forth from the blue vault, instead of being delineated on it; not blotting out that part of heaven to whose summit dome it claims to aspire;—an essence rival to the empyrean, unembodied as itself.

The town begins to fill. During the summer months the affluent householders of Vevey repair to the mansions on their estates in its vicinity, for the purpose of superintending their cultivation and crops. This fact bespeaks competence to luxury; for the villas in all the contiguous district are numerous, even to crowdedness; their construction substantial, and their condition of absolute family comfortableness.

Within the town—which counts 430 numbered houses, exclusive of the suburbs—are some very spacious mansions; their fronts and wings suitable to property among us of many thousands per annum. Of one family the head possesses £3000. a-year: the lady of another brought her husband a fortune of £25,000. At Lausanne, individuals rate at double this extent of property. But these instances are rare. The usual occupation of these persons of property is the speculation on their wines, which they export in large quantities to the German cantons: they combine, therefore, the distinct characters of squire and merchant.

Of the winter evening amusements here, there is but one opinion and feeling; they are a continued round of unexpensively pleasurable sociality. The *soireé* begins at eight, and concludes by eleven: it is an assemblage of the inviting family's selection for the evening, with little games, conversation, music; and with abundant refreshments of tea, coffee, confectionary, fruits, liqueurs—a sort of tea-table supper; sometimes, with leave before-hand obtained, a ball on a large scale for that class of society with which the inviting family associates. These classes are held severely separate; and such distinctions trace not at all to English aristocratical interference, though the English enjoy prescriptively the rights of the principal society. For introduction it is the preliminary form, in direct reverse to our mode, that strangers shall pay the first visit. As a reason for this, it is alleged that to the resident gentry it is a matter of prudence to satisfy themselves as to the pretensions of those who claim admission to their society; and again, that it is fit they should have notified to them that the stranger distinctly desires such introduction; since travellers many there are who, from health or from temper, are disinclined to general company. For my own part I should, in the event of a stay for the winter, have recoiled from the infraction of our national habits, fortified by personal temperament:

but this would not have proved a bar to my intercourse with the best society—in triumph of self-gratulatory feelings I have it to say, and in much gratitude for the kindness of not less than half a dozen families, from whom has proceeded to me, in first instance, the obliging intimation of their desire to pay me all hospitable attentions.

Yet strange and most unfavourable is the impression that is made on this respectable people by the pride, too often put into offensive action, of the English. The horror it excites, as it often finds expression to me—I am happy to feel as being regarded in the character of a neutral between them and my countrymen—partakes, to a degree, the character of rancour, with a tinge of the ludicrous. It is believed that many of us descend to indecencies, which at home we should consider debasing to the dregs of our mob, but which here we indulge in, as displaying how utterly we contemn the foreigners, with whom, for the sake of novelty or whim, perhaps of temporary convenience, we mingle. Thus it is that, with much bitterness—and I think most just scorn of the delinquent—I have heard it stated of a lady, of not merely title, but absolute rank in society, and besides, of really estimable qualities; that she would degrade herself at table in the mere matter of taking salt, by thrusting her fingers, and almost fist, into the salt-seller—as it was thought to put to proof what an unconscionably vulgar people these Swiss were held to be—beneath being hurt by whatever brutality. This is but one instance out of dozens or scores. Worse again;' it is credited that we descend here to a detestableness of immorality we should hold loathsome, if practised among, shall I say, the human species as we regard it, in Britain. Such is the horrible impression excited by English seduction of Swiss girls, through a wantonness in wickedness, as to induce the conviction that it is rather result of contempt for the natives than of any other incentive—of a notion that they are inferior to us in race, Blacks

or Hottentots. English virtues grafted on English pride, if they had no better stock, ought to have taught—and, I trust, do teach—many of us another lesson.

It were unpardonable in me to forget the extremely pleasing qualities of the genteel females here. The education they receive is a foundation not merely for the best virtues of woman, but for much and varied, elegant acquirement. No where is good taste in manner—strictly including the style of dress—more striking than in this little town. Their persons are rather under than exceeding the middle size; their figure remarkably nice; their features altogether regular, and of right good-natured and good-humoured expression, in unison with intelligence, and that air which is the effect of good breeding.

Of the gentlemen I cannot say so much: their ladies will say for them that their outside is their worst. I believe it; or rather exterior propriety is with them a non-existence. Their life long evaporates in lounge, or in billiards, through morning after morning of wearisome forenoon—with beard unshaven to brutality of three day's growth! I have tried to preach the ladies into insurrection on this last text. But shaving regularly is a recognised English oddity, which continental beaux wonder at, and assuredly will not imitate.

A yawning gaze at the dry bones of the French newspapers is also, with the gentlemen, one desperate resource for getting quit of ten minutes of their forenoon; with exactly the same interest in weighing the vicissitudes of political events that they feel in discussing the state of the weather. Their speculation on either topic is by no means that of the moralist or the philosopher. Either presents but a question of pecuniary profit or loss;—in respect to the seasons as affecting their vintage, which is, in other terms, their rents; and with regard to the political atmosphere, its fluctuations as shewn, by the barometer of the French funds,

whose rise and fall they study with the anxiety of the inveterate stock-jobber.

Such being the habits of upper life, we cannot be surprised at any coarseness in the lower orders. Yet little can be added, as marking them beyond what I have stated of their betters—farther than that, even to the children, they indulge in smoking a home-grown tobacco of vile quality and peculiarly fœtid odor, which, wherever you go, poisons the atmosphere; and that they torture your ear, equally in all the streets of the town as on all sides in the open country, with a never-remitting whistling, that is utterly without musical sequence The Welsh, I well recollect, are also ear-piercing performers in whistle—let the inference thence be what it may.

Can it be possible? Yet I believe it strictly true, that one-fourth or even one-third of the females here, are affected by goitre, more or less; that of the better orders much concealed by dress, and perhaps seldom so bad. Among the lower classes this hideous excrescence is usually much exposed, and often immensely protuberant: on market days it is as common to see a peasant with, as without it. Of two English families the young ladies have, in no protracted residence here, been visited by it. Males, though far from being exempt, are less frequent subjects of goitre. Within these last three years the application of loud has been found efficacious in counteracting its formation, and even in its alleviation almost to removal, in cases of not inveterate growth. Respecting its cause there is such a mass of contradictory allegation, that I feel even a guess beyond me.

Of the mountain peasantry it is stated to me, that superstition rules them with sternest force, and by illusions, I plainly see, the same that prevail in Scotland and the north of Ireland. The Banshee is here in full jurisdiction;

as are all our other old acquaintances of the goblin and fairy world, without the least variety of costume, or change in the revelation or exercise of their mysteries. It were easy to account for similarity in traditional mythology; but this identity is astonishing.

The Swiss have one habit which is peculiar to themselves, and almost the only symptom of an enlarged nationality that they evince. It is the practice of peregrinating their country on foot, throughout its various districts. I have been in few parts of Swisserland, where I have not seen a swarm of school-boys, from ten years old upwards, with their master at their head, each individual equipped with his knapsack and long walking pole, in progress of this kind. Of the utility of a fortnight's march of such a brigade of puny boys, I cannot detect a possible element; and to the victims, thus dragged through the relentless jaunt, there can be as little pleasure, however one and other may accrue to lads of more advanced years. For the behoof of these latter, there is an extraordinary stated assemblage in the October of each year, at Zoffingen, a town twenty miles to the north of Berne. The muster takes place from all parts of Swisserland, under the semblance of a half literary, half-patriotic congress: the whole crowd joins in grand mess at meals, and associates in every way that can promote among them personal acquaintance with each other, and, in so far as these opportunities will admit, the formation of future friendly connexion. I put thus into my own words the ideas that are communicated to me of this remarkable convention.—But what are the phrases, demi-official, in which they are delineated by the body itself? Thus they run:

"Lausanne, 22, October. La reunion de la societé des "etudians de Zoffingen a eu lieu cette année, le 4 et 5 de "ce mois. On y comptoit 200 membres presens, la plupart "des Cantons de Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Basle et Vaud.

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"L'harmonie la plus touchante, l'amour de la patrie le "plus ardent, re-unis a la plus grande DECENCE, ont presidé "a cette reunion comme a celles des années precedentes." Etudians! Is this mawkish, or maudlin, or beneath epithet?

19th of November. Grand market day, as usual on the Tuesdays, in the Place. This is the most spacious square in Swisserland; one of its sides being a quay along the lake, to the scenes presented by which perhaps no other quay in the world can shew the parallel. It has its flotilla of from twenty to thirty market boats, that arrive from the east end of the lake, or from Savoy that lies opposite. These boats move with oars—or with two sails, each attached to its mast, and in form like the wings of a butterfly in repose, if one wing could be supposed placed in line before the other. Occasionally these sails are worn a-jee, or one set with its reverse end opposite to the other, like the cocked hat of an old beau with its grand flap worn jauntily over the forehead. The lake boasts also a species of large merchant boats: of one of these I find the dimensions to be ninety-seven feet from stem to stern, by twenty-four feet in the breadth of the deck: the keel is rather flat. Either of its two masts is somewhat shorter than the enormous yard, that slants it, and that in fact measures one half of the vessel's extreme length; the lower extremity of either yard, when the sail is spread on it, is strained down to a direction not remote from the perpendicular; and its upper and longer portion is thus made to serve as a topmast, in prolongation of the mast that is fixed fast in the hull. The effect, in both large vessel and lesser one, though simple, is very picturesque.

The market concourse of peasants may rate at 600; and among them count not less than four distinct costumes:—First the Savoyard:—then that detestably ugly one of the

Fribourgers, with their tête of horse-hair, or wool, stuffed within a cloth-covered roll, resembling a black pudding: over this roll the wearer's hair is arranged in peruke form, and so remains undisturbed through a week's clattiness. The waist is in meet ugliness—being of a bed-gown form—the material, brown ticken crossed with pale red stripes:—below this the skirt, that is neither brown nor black, hangs in drip: and thus the human figure is exhibited in disjointment, or rather it is scattered into as many fragments as the human frame has parts. Then come the Valaisan females, of whom the distinctions are a hoop-like petticoat, and a diminutive oval hat of white silk: this hat is of the shape of a shallow baking-pan when upturned—its inch-wide rim scarcely sufficing for the breadth of a thick garland of parti-coloured ribband, (but predominantly black) which serves as the hat-band.—Lastly, the Vaudois, of whose costume the sole remaining vestige, and an ugly one, is a round chimney top, or shield's umbo, that surmounts their straw cottage bonnet: their attire in all other respects much in the style of our English ladies' maids, though with less frippery and more taste. Certainly in comeliness of person and regularity of features—they may challenge competition with the very choicest specimens of English peasantry.

21st. November. As I sit this morning at my window, I am occupied with wonder at this noble winter climate—the casement wide open as occasionally I read, write, or gaze and enjoy. Sometimes the sun appears; sometimes he is hid by the many flickering clouds, of a flaky, indurated looking consistence, that at palpably various heights, and of hues of all diversity—from purest white to darkest umber—enrobe the sky, of whose azure an eye beams forth here and there in intensest blue. The vault above is furnished in fitness to the lake at large below, and to the partly umber, and partly snow-clad Alps; which rise aloft in front,

and on either side to form this chamber of glory—of a loveliness as exquisite as its majesty is transcendent.

My continued study of the mountain forms that confront me, has led me to remark along the range-line of ragged precipices that crest the utmost elevation of the Meillerie mountains, one interval in the outline of a broadly truncated cone. This vacancy is the more striking, inasmuch as all to right and left of it composes a shivered series of abortions of pyramid. The entire summit of the Dent du Midi is a line of similarly barbarous serratedness: it is the same with the Dent du Morcles, opposite; teeth all, or rather tusks, as their very name bespeaks them to be. This sole smooth termination of cone truncated towards the base, which lies to the right and aloft of the grand gorge over St. Gingolph —is indication sufficient of the enormous pyramid that once capped that cone, having slidden off at some remote epoch in the olden time. Referring, on the moment, to my guide-book of Ebel, I see recorded, and by a cotemporary episcopal historian, Bishop of Avranches and Lausanne, as having taken place in the sixth century, and justly from these rocks, a fall of the mountain "that caused a most frightful inunda-" tion of the lake. Not merely the castle and town of Tau-" ritunum," an old Roman colony of which no trace exists, " were crushed with all their inhabitants; but the lake rose " considerably above its level, to the ruin of all the towns " and every habitation on its shores, and the immense loss " of human lives, and destruction of vast numbers of cattle. " Even the bridge of Geneva, at the far extremity of the " lake, was destroyed by the calamity." Among the shore-towns that were ruined was the original Lausanne, half a league distant from the present, to the site of which latter, the inhabitants who escaped thought it prudent to remove. I had often vainly endeavoured to discover from the forehead and face of this part of the mountain the traces of this lapse,

of which even Keller's map gives intimation: but now, when not thinking of it, the study of the topmost precipices detects this to be the spot from which a dislodgment must have taken place, from Pelion of its Ossa, into the lake which it overhangs, and whose consequent undulations of madness spread into deluge of its utmost extent of shores.

SECTION V.

24th November. This day puts me to the severe pain of quitting Vevey: it is a sort of second dislodgment from the comforts and charities of home; for such has been to me the family society into which I have had the fortune to be, accidentally, thrown.—My course is for Milan, by the valley of the Rhone and the Simplon. The bearishness and extortion of the well-known coach-owner at Lausanne reduces me to travel by the Government Diligence, which, though carrying the mail, travels but little in the night.

Passed Chillon and Villeneuve; the headlong steeps over the road covered with chesnut copse, separated through the force of torrents now dry, by parallel and close furrows—as if by giant industry ploughed as deep as the rocky core of the mountain would suffer. Beyond Villeneuve is not merely privation of the lake, but, as if in lieu of it, marshes with cross lines of trees and deep fosses. The plain then roughens into bold champaign, of various product. The Meillerie, here taken in flank, shews a range of precipice, pyramidal still in spikiness, yet often razor-like in edge. On the left, in winding round the utmost southern base of the Jorat, vallies are disclosed in their rere, of chasm-like depth and more savage cragginess than on their lake front. Specially before coming to Aigle, opens a fearful ravine of this description, bare of all vegetation.

Aigle lies in the bottom of a sort of bowl, of which the sides are monstrous in savage forms, while lower down, their

clothing is exquisitely soft: the luxuriant strath below is alive with a population, intelligent looking, healthy, and contented.

In thridding upwards this stupendous valley, the mind reverts to the period when this tract of it was flooded by the Rhone, in continuation of the lake. Athwart the level lie two most picturesque swells of ground, which, when wave-encircled, must have formed two nobly featured islands: at present they lie stranded on the strath; one of them is crowned by castle ruins, St. Trifond. In front beyond them is that Dent du Midi, nine thousand feet and upwards, in altitude over the valley, spreading its breadth almost into zenith of the sky—which now in evening, is so purely blue and so delicate in that hue, that the effect thence to the mountain is an elegance at variance with its grandeur. To the left in front, is that other Dent de Morcles, on the extreme crest of which, nearest the road, a mass of pinnacle like that summit of the Meillerie which excited the lake to inundation, is perched, as if tottering, or rather in the act of movement in fall, with destruction of fragment over all the valley below.

Though night set in before I could get to Bex, the moon shewed distinctly the closure of this mighty valley by the contact at base of these two mountains of Midi and Morcles: so home do they approach each other as to leave mere space for the Rhone to find passage between. It is crossed by a bridge of one arch, of which the roots of the two mountains supply the respective abutments: the farther, or Valaisan, bank rises in a perpendicular face of rock of several hundred feet: the hither, or Vaudois, is in bold glacis, terminated by a building, of which one flank is on, or in, the water—and the other gable is inserted in the mountain side. By a gateway direct through this edifice, which is the cantonal guard-house, lies the High Road,—which, coming on the bridge that immediately succeeds, is there crossed by a second gate.

On the farther bank is an ancient Valaisan castle, still used as a fortress.

Arrived on this bank, we come into the grand military road constructed by Buonaparte, which conducts from Geneva by the south shore of the lake, and proceeds to and over the Simplon. At first sight there is ample proof of its magnificence: it runs with the Rhone far below one of its edges, and with monstrous precipices, beyond the perpendicular, bounding its other edge: there is, therefore, bare room for passage between the river and the rocks for some hundreds of yards, till you get to St. Maurice, part of whose street has its puny, baby-looking, yet two or three story-high houses, backed by the base of this dread steep in lieu of a wall of human masonry.*

Left St. Maurice before day, with the mountains on either hand subtending an angle, as I could clearly see them do, of perhaps sixty degrees. High almost to the topmost brow of one of them, blazed a forest fire—possibly employed in reducing the wood round it into a charcoal—but more probably the effects in conflagration of the woodman's fire for cookery or refreshment, spreading, through neglect or accident, into devastation of the trees within its reach: the sight of the flames in night, thousands of feet towards the highest vault of heaven was greatly sublime.

Arrived after day-break abreast of the celebrated cataract

* Since my return from Italy, I have met a very able account of the Simplon road, in a thin pamphlet just published—"La route du Simplon," Basle, printed 1823; from which I shall give a few excrepts in the margin.

"At St. Maurice, the Valais is on a sudden closed up between two immense "mountains, the Dent du Midi of 10,458 feet, and the Dent de Morcles 9,766 "feet over the sea's level; and the bridge over the Rhone, occupies the valley in "its utmost width, its abutments being based on these mountains respectively. It "consists of but one stone arch, of 170 feet in span, built, or at least re-constructed "in 1482, by Jodocus, the military bishop, who rebuilt the Castles of St. Maurice "and Martigny. At the entrance of St. Maurice, a rock that jets out remains yet "to be taken away; it overhangs the perpendicular, and its base leaves the passage "very narrow." In reference to the above statement, which I give in English measure, the lake of Geneva is 1,226 feet above the level of the sea.

of the Pisse-vache, which is on the very road-side. It was in rather beyond moderate fall of water, on the abundance of which it relies for display of its magnificence. This must only be expected in summer, when; the accumulated snows of the preceding winter being dissolved by the solar violence, every river channel in Swisserland rages in the utmost madness of torrent, and every lake's bed is swelled to its brim—quite in contrast to the effect of our northern seasons: in the lake of Geneva, I have witnessed the consequent difference between the summer and the now winter level, to be equivalent to that between a moderate neap tide and low water in our sea. In its summer pride the Pisse-vache, as I am informed, bursting from a very narrow chasm, comparatively low down on the face of a precipice, though at 250 feet from its base, and by a channel not unlike in character to that behind Lodore—breaks in vast mass of wave and spray over the rock, that here ranges for miles in confine of the road, which the Rhone narrows on its offside; so that it is impossible to pass without undergoing a thorough wetting. The iris phœnomenon in such circumstances must be superb.

Nearly a mile onward, a break at length occurs in the boundary precipice: its either side within is perpendicular as far as the eye penetrates; its width some twenty-five feet, giving issue—with not an inch to spare—to a river in progress to the Rhone which continues close on the left, and with which its junction is at right angles. The height of either cheek of this rift is specified in the guide-book to be 1280 of our feet. Yet can this be possible? It is declared to me by a person assuming to know it, that it is practicable to wade on horse-back up the bed of this river, winding for a a quarter of an hour (after which the ascent becomes too steep) within walls of rock, giving not more breadth of passage than at the portal-orifice.

Two miles further is an advanced pyramidal brow crowned by an antique fortress, La Batia. After winding round the base of this height, the river Dranse is seen advancing from its close valley to join the Rhone. A brief turn up its bank takes the town of Martigny into the road's course. Here is present to me the horrible scene of a number of houses thrown flat down through a deluge, four years ago, of this Danse. The fall of congealed snows from the surface of a mountain, some miles up, had dammed the gorge that gives passage to the river, and had created behind this portentous barrier, of 400 feet high, and 2,000 feet at the base, a large lake. This obstruction the country people, alarmed at the consequences of its bursting, had been for some time occupied in gradually breaking away. But the operation of the elements was fatally instantaneous in its removal by a burst from the bottom. The sweep was tremendous. I speak of the spot where I have witnessed its ravages, which are at this moment conspicuous, high in the heads of ancient trees in the street of Martigny, whose firmest boughs it has twisted and torn away: some scores of houses were prostrated in this single town—the ruins of several of them remaining as the flood left them: and many of the inhabitants perished. The career of the deluge may be inferred from the fact, that in the first hour after the out-break it had swelled twenty miles onward: and though it took place at five in the afernoon, it had swept, and ruined, all the valley of the Dranse, and had, in destructive accumulation of the waters of the Rhone, attained by eleven, the lake of Geneva. Thus, in this fearful region of the Alps, the casualties with which, ever and anon, it is visited—peculiar as they are portentous—are diffused with the force of the electric fluid; and the calamity which befals one spot spreads destruction as by pulsation.

The direction of the Rhone's valley had been hitherto S. E.

At Martigny it turns by an elbow, somewhat to N. E. for nearly seventy miles,* to Brigg, at the Simplon foot. Along the nearly perpendicular sides of the enclosure mountains hereabouts, are seen pressing aloft over each other, mountain farms, chiefly in grass, the cultivators of which groupe for habitation into villages, that are usually hid from the road by a projecting screen of rock, or nestle, protected by a wooded bank, in a corner. But there is one farm on the left of the valley, of perhaps thirty, or it may be sixty acres, since accurate guess depends on the elevation, which also it is hard to estimate: there may be in this case 2000 feet in the height of the precipices, which exalt it from the vale: it is closed in by naked and precipitous sheets of sheer crag on either side and aloft in its rere. It shews one most comfortable looking farm-house; but the access to it, after an hour's study—for so long I had it in view—I was unable to trace; plain before me, as was the mountain's face, on which not even a path-way mark, if such existed, could elude the search. To chuse among impossibilities, I am reduced to the supposition, that the climber thither must take to a ravine that is now dry, though palpably after rains the bed of a vast suite of cataracts; from up the front of one rock of which to that next above—each step of this monstrous staircase being perhaps twenty or forty feet in face—there seems no alternative but to strain in frightful clamber. It is stated to me, that whatever be the approach, it can scarcely be once needed for years—a family so circumstanced having their cattle, their food in variety, and for man and beast, their

* "The valley of the Rhone is the deepest known on the globe. This depth is "especially observable in the vicinity of Brigg, which lies between the Finsterar-"horn 14,116 feet, and Monterosa 15,552 feet above the sea. Brigg itself is 2,244 "feet above that level; so that the northern barrier is 11,872, and the southern "13,308 feet in net height. The valley of Chamouni is but 12,300 feet below the "summit of Montblanc; that of Lauterbrun 11,116 below the Jungfrau; and "Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes, rises but 10,647 feet above the valley of "Quito." Route du Simplon.

home-grown and home-woven clothes, and generally their home-made matters of furniture—all a peasant's wealth to luxury, in previous store or regular supply within this islet of verdure, like bird's nest in the bosom of inaccessible precipices.†

After passing the Rhone at Riddes, a nobly savage view is had of a very lofty mountain in the form of a trilateral pyramid: two of its fronts are of absolutely naked white stone; the third rather larger in breadth, and somewhat convex in form is not so utterly steep as the others; and it is clothed, as a change in the road's direction enabled me to ascertain, with spruce firs, of which in long first approach the margin seen, on either verge, had the fantastic effect of black lacing to either front precipice's edge;—an edging I had often remarked in other situations in this country, but no where so singularly regular. The two naked fronts of this pyramid are of almost chalk white, and as resplendent as they could be in a quarry after first opening.

To SION, the capital of the Valais. The approach to it is very striking, surmounted as it is by three lofty masses of precipitous crag—the third not seen separate till leaving the place on the other side. That to the right is crowned by an ancient cathedral, with a seminary attached for instruction of aspirants to the priesthood—the religion here being Roman Catholic: the remaining and highest pinnacle gives station to the handsomest ancient fortress—in all the detail of keep and lesser towers, connected by curtain of embattled walls—that my memory can just now recal having seen since

† "There are villages in this course, several thousands of feet high from the "river, and secluded several months of the year from the rest of the world; and "others are inaccessible, but by help of ladders raised from precipice to precipice "in ascent." Route du Simplon.

Here is removed, and scarcely, the difficulty as to the human inhabitant; and naturalists have achieved the explanation to us of the fry of fish animating the remotest moisture of mountain rill. But who shall expound the manner in which a mountain farm thus circumstanced was first put into stock of black cattle?

leaving Mentz and the Rhine. But that these two crags, that alone shew in the hither view, are disparted lower down, they might somewhat resemble Dumbarton Rock in form, while surpassing it in picturesque boldness.

Going out of Sion the first instance has occurred along this noble road of locking the coach-wheels, and that on the mere descent from the gate. The course onward is under a savage range of precipices to the left, with the Rhone directly below on the right. Beyond the village of St. Leonard's there overhangs a craggy face of evidently loose rocks; each mass of this ill compacted beetling precipice is of enormous dimensions, and appears so ill poised that the slightest gust of wind might bring all down. The road is now incumbered with one vast mass, smashed into fragments, which fell with astounding noise about five years ago. A loaded waggon had just passed; a voiture, which was coming up, had not quite reached the spot! No actual calamity took place. For several miles, the same symptoms of impending destruction give terror to this road.

At SIERRES, crossed the Rhone again; and were soon lost among a crowd of conical mountains, that run subordinate to a forest side of mountain yet higher. Very considerable tracts of the trees are sheeted with a thick cobweb of some species of insect, whose lodgment is destructive of their soundness. I never saw any thing approaching the universality of the ravage they exercise here.

Emerging hence, and across an ugly strath, a view is obtained on the breast of the barrier mountain opposite, of a battle-field of extraordinary achievement by the brave Valaisans, in resistance to Buonaparte's usurpation. Its site is hither of the gorge leading to the baths of Loesche; the general scenery is a tract of forest outlined by enormously precipitous crags; embosomed in which the theatre of action, or rather of sufferance, is hideously conspicuous from its being totally bare of vegetation. A French

force of five or six hundred men, hemmed in on all sides of the mountain skirts, had dragged hither their cannon and baggage for concentration during the night;—under protection of the darkness, fire was set to the trees closest to their posts, by which, with the wood that harboured them, they were involved in such dread conflagration that not one remained to describe the fate of his companions—even their last straggler having been made victim in war's murder.

And if war is ever lawful to man, this havoc of it was hallowed: exactly as in the case of a highway leader and his gang, it was in self protection against Buonaparte, who played the same heinous robber-game in the Valais on a lesser scale, that he did in Spain on a large one. And the Valaisans behaved like men, and like what ought emphatically to be called Swiss. And after a protracted and uncompromising resistance, alike to his intrigues and his armies, they succumbed like brave men. The British arm could not reach them; and, except by a portion of the Bernese, of true magnanimous spirit, they were left unsupported by their countrymen, to the lasting disgrace of the degenerated inhabitants of this land of mountain bulwark, and the forfeiture of the inheritance of their nation's old renown. Modern Rome, with the protection of its streets by our 12th Light Dragoons, of which it was glad in 1794, has as much right to claim the triumph of Rome of old over Hannibal, as the Swiss can have to quote the name of William Tell, or to utter that sacred word, Freedom.

The seizure of the Valais by Buonaparte was made, according to his own Manifesto, on the state plea that it was needful for the consolidation of his Italian and French sovereignties, by giving to his armies an uninterrupted passage through this valley, which formed the line of communication between them. He had projected such a road immediately after his first splendid successes in Italy, and had proposed its construction to his then masters, the Re-

publican Directory. His subsequent Imperial greatness enabled him to realize that plan, in furtherance of the Babel dreams of universal empire, which have for him so miserably perished. It is an awful instance of retributive justice, that the first and only use to which this Grand Simplon road was ever put, was the giving passage from Italy to an Austrian army, pressing forward for that concentration of force that destroyed him.

The eye, as well as the mind, is now so satiated with this lengthened valley as to admit the belief that its barrier cliffs are of diminished grandeur. But every now and then, an opening on their flanks disclosed the dread glaciers behind, which are the valley's actual bounds, whereas the screens that close it in, to a breadth sufficing only for the river, and the road—without parape tthat overbrows its course, though lofty to magnificence, are the mere mountain skirts. Ignorant as I am of geology, I was forcibly struck with the suddenly new arrangement of this dread skirting, which begins at Turteman—the road's direction by the compass continuing unchanged. Hitherto the mountains uniformly rest with their front to the river's course: thenceforward they present to it their flank; the effect being as diverse, as if in a city the houses had shifted their fronts into the position of side or division walls, and presented to the streets their gable ends.

At Visp, a river of this name joins the Rhone, almost as ample in volume as that to which it resigns its dignity and fame. At the head of the valley through which it flows, stands, nobly in view, as I learn, in a clear day, Mont Rosa, the rival of Mont-Blanc: but the evening vapor shut it from my view.

Brigg, which we reached by nightfall, is a handsome little town, exceedingly well built, in the style of Sion and some other Valaisan towns. The houses have an air of scientific design; the stones are justly squared and in true arrange-

ment; the windows are of exact propriety, their outer framing of cut stone, their sashes handsomely glazed; the quoins clean; the whole elevation set off in fairest plaister: quite contrasted to that fashion of harsh corner, mean pinnacle, high roof, and straggling galleried outside of every human habitation, which prevails from the Brisgau onward hitherto. It is a fashion so extravagantly grotesque, so much in hump and ugliness, as to be fitly described by the epithet, 'Barbarous.' I have seen, however, in the Valais, many log-houses coated with plank, erected from the ground on posts like those which sustain our cornstands, such as we may figure to ourselves would be the first essay towards domestic accommodation of our Canadian back-settlers; but in their edifices of stone there is a positive merit of chaste design; and the streets which these compose are quite handsome. One unsightly peculiarity the houses here have, in a tall heavy tower surmounting their summit elevation,—a remain it must be of some antique fashion of building, though now an appendage to structures of a style far more modern, and in all other points surpassingly elegant. I am told the inhabitants occupy the chambers which this tower supplies, as family storerooms: the convenience does not redeem the incongruity.

Industry and personal cleanliness, are said to be qualities not distinctive of the Valaisans. This has been a high holiday with them: the morning was ushered in by vollies of musketry from the market square of Martigny: throughout the day, in every town we passed through, the villagers exhibited their grandest and most showy costume. But it was shocking to be compelled to witness, among these gay crowds, instances of goitre, and, very often, monstrously loathsome.

26th November. On the road at three this morning—the night clear as a summer one. The appearance to me in progress was often, when the road was in zig-zag, as if

under the illusion of putting forward for the face of a precipitous mountain, and as though no way onward was practicable, unless by means of some passage vaulted through the mountain's entrails. Again, when the road was a mere ledge along the face of the headlong mountain, it seemed impossible to disengage one's-self from this aerial gallery, winding on like a mathematical line, length without breadth, and, by postulate, producible to infinity.

Day light shewed a ravine, abreast of which the road had lain, so closely approached by an opposite and corresponding precipice, that we crossed it by a bridge. The Saltine river runs along the bottom of the chasm at vast distance below, though it is there not greatly narrower than at the roads level, or even at a thousand feet above it. By various zigzags, after about an hour's progress, the road gained a hamlet called Persal, the chief house of which is for travellers' accommodation.

From a window of this "Refuge," as it is called, the eye looks down on the bridge, at a hideous distance beneath, towards which the torrent is seen rushing through a chasm, in form of an irregular Y greatly narrowed at the top; the elevation of its jaws of stone so tremendous aloft as to mock any guess at their height. All around else, and wherever forest tree might plant its root, was larch in utmost venerableness. I had been on the look-out, through Swisserland, for this tree, without seeing, taken together, above some forty in all, scarely one of them beyond what my own practice has proved to be of safely transplantable size: these scattered strangers were stuck in gardens, perhaps designed to be *a l'Anglois*. Here they are in tens of thousands, of giant dimensions, and patriarchal age, and palpably hardier than the spruce fir, which sickens in this lofty region, while the larch out-braves the most inclement snows.

Within doors of this refuge, all is uproar of torrents numerous, and in descent headlong: the ear is inces-

santly assailed by the roaring of the torrents; while the eye is attracted to three awful mountain pikes of inaccessible height, the sides of which are sheathed with everlasting snow. These monstrous cones are seen across the dips of fir and larch-clothed foregrounds—magnificent mountains themselves—without taking into account my present elevation, and rating their base as on the level with my shoe.

It is only thus, by piecemeal progress, that man's bounded powers can measure themselves with the dimensions of the Alps. The ambitious mortal who, in a human edifice would plan a superadded hundred feet of elevation, to the three hundred of which the effect was already impressive, would find that fourth hundred to count on the eye as but sixty, and the hundred beyond it again, as a supplemental forty; the laws of vision thus laughing into nothings man's haughtiest darings, or capabilities. It is the same in the scale of creation's dimensions; the mountain summit of six thousand feet looks, to man's eye, very little superior to the crest of four thousand; that of eight, or even ten thousand, by no means looks into littleness the other of six; and so on, even to Mont Blanc of fourteen thousand, whose majesty is apparent only comparatively with its subjects, and not absolutely from its effect on the eye.

Thus it is that these Alps, with all their elevation of feet, in thousands so many that it sounds like legend statement, and though in such precipice and terror of front, do not, from the Rhone side, convince the senses of the mathematical fact, of their absolute grandeur. Even now, after a four hours' ascent, I have below me such chasms of ravine, that their depths diminish into a map-like miniature the objects they enclose; yet the stand I have gained is the ground-work of Alps as impressive on the sight as their topmost height appeared from the vale. Still more—from that vale the robe of snow they wear is in the manner of scarfing to their crests; while here, from the hem of that snow is a re-

gion upward, in which, spread forth in vastness as amazing as from below, the mountain's face clear of snow could, down to its roots, be supposed to measure.

In the progress of ascent the road runs along the face of the second ravine in a counter direction to that on the opposite one. Every now and then it penetrates recesses, like marine bays, that primarily were formed by the action of caterácts from on high. Along these depths of mountain bosom the road coasts on a shelf of merely its own width—all above being perpendicular, while below the path is sustained in various places by a masonry-wall of tremendous elevation from its foundation, that is on the summit of crags —the base of which it were a vain effort to search out in the monstrous abyss.

This tract of road passed, an immense field is presented to the eye, of the Grand Valley; the Rhone for many leagues' length through it; Brigg and other towns and villages on its nearer bank. On its farther side ascends, for apparently a mile and half's slope, a smiling extent of farm as far to the right as the bend of the Rhone's valley above Brigg admits a view, and to those mountains with gable end to the valley, on the left. Beyond this luxuriance of rural wealth, far in point of fact, but through illusion of the sight towering closely—extends in eternal snow the proudest range of Swisserland's glaciers, from Finsterarhorn and the Jungfrau to the Guemmi.

At some 2000 feet, very possibly a vast deal more, at the foot of a forest-clothed steep of which the road threads the uppermost margin, rolls another mountain river, the Tavernette; its junction with the Saltine is at the point of this promontory. The road turns up the brow of the ravine which it creates, and which becomes soon so contracted in width, as to induce the belief, that a carbine would reach point blank across: its depth the eye refuses to measure—I had read of such things.

Forward, beyond another Refuge, the road pursues its way, unnarrowed, through a vaulted passage in the rock, of one hundred and eight feet in length. Here the fine weather began to fail, and all above was wreathed in dripping fog: the tracts below and onward continued so clear as to shew, while moving round a horse shoe bend of road, which took me thirty-six minutes of smart walking, numerous effects of the storms and avalanches which in this spot are peculiarly frequent and formidable. The ground hereabouts was all snow; yet in one place the marks of ravage were frightfully visible,—the ground upturned, and very many trees uptorn and smashed.*

Of the main fork of the Tavernette the fog concealed the course beyond about two hundred feet upwards from the road, which here bridges it: that course is, literally, *upwards*, and in precipice, over whose face it divides into two falls: its waters, through their entire fall, are lined in the front, the sides, and all their contiguity, with most fantastic icicles—pipes in mighty resemblance of that majestic instrument, the organ, whose form is loosely traced in repeated tier above tier of the ice's descent.

Home on this cataract comes a second gallery, pierced through the bowels of the rock, of one hundred and thirty-six feet: it is not dry like the preceding one; for from the pourousness of this rock, its whole vault is exuberantly hung with icicles, whose constant dropping sheets the floor, i. e. the road, with most slippery ice.† And here the fog, now in sleet, was so intense, as to show but the road's breadth; which running in deep snow over a table-land that is its summit level, the Voiture's celerity of speed

* "In May, 1811, an avalanche falling here overwhelmed eight persons, whom "it swept over the parapet of the road into the bottom of the valley beneath."

† "This gallery is sometimes blocked up by the snows which precipitate themselves from the Schonhorn pike; and the water which filters through the rock forms within it a constant rain."

compelled me to discontinue the walk I had enjoyed from Persal. Passed the vast shell of convent—begun by Buonaparte, but left unfinished—intended to have been suffragan to St. Bernard, whose brethren watch over the security of travellers in these regions of danger;—and arrived at the village of Simplon, which is surrounded with deep snows: in its front a torrent rages, at some hundreds of feet below the brink of the precipices which controul its waters in progress to rivers in Italy, tributary to the Po. In this forlornly situated village is a comfortable inn, over whose saloon, in papering of large French fashion is, with strange selection of subject, the whole detail of a great sea-port town, its merchandize and shipping, and the sea. If ever whale was stranded in metaphor, it is in this spot where I write—mindful to audacity of Gray's precept to a friend entering on the Italian journey—"Cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge."

The road, when resumed, recedes by long zig-zag from the chasm in front of the village, through which its stream dives from one mysterious depth to another, usually unseen, though constantly heard, even at such profoundness of abyss. Having gained the bed of another stream that proceeds from an opposite direction, the road reverts along its valley and regains the first which, after the junction of both, has the name of the Doveiria. By these traverses we were placed just beneath, and—in bird's flight distance—very near Simplon village, and in enfilade of the first stream's most dread descent in most short course. That course, in all its terrors of close and deep chasm, is but a prelude to the quite new scenery of the rest of this Simplon road for eleven miles, as taken without curve by measure on the map: it is the passage through a rift between confronting cliffs, not more wide asunder than the river's breadth with the road on its brink; and of a height exceeding in many places 2,150 feet.

" I state the height as 'tis stated to me :"

the larger portion of these cliffs being an absolutely perpendicular wall. Such, in few and faithful words, is the remote part of the Simplon road,—utterly more savage and sublime than its western counterpart.

At first entrance here, is a vault once more, of 230 feet, through which the road passes. It proceeds close on the bank of the river, that runs from ten to thirty feet below: the water is glass-green where the fury with which it runs through the crags, that are every where in interruption, has not converted it into white. Even here the road is smooth as a garden avenue, quayed with cut-stone in as high finish as whatever magnificent terrace any European seaport can exhibit.

Farther on is the spot where—before the construction of the present road, the bridge of beams having been crushed by a fall of rocks from the cliffs aloft, and its materials swept away by the torrent into which they fell—a passage was effected by a French force of 1,000 men under circumstances the most frightful. The holes into which the beams had been inserted in the rocks on either side being the only remains of bridge, a rope was fastened through their means on the hither bank; and an adventurous soldier letting himself down the precipice, and crossing the torrent, strained the rope to a similar fastening on the opposite side. The General, Bethincourt, was the first man who crossed, by passing his arms over the rope, and working his way by its means high in air. After him every soldier, man by man, with his arms slung, and his marching baggage, performed the same feat. Five dogs they had with them, when all had gone over, leaped as by concert into the gulph below, to follow their masters: three of them were dashed to pieces; but two were able to make good their passage alive, and to crawl after the column.

By means of gunpowder these precipices have yielded

a less hideous passage, and from which the torrents dizzying career may be safely contemplated. All on the road's inner edge, and all on the river's farther brink is cliff inaccessable, unless by the eagle's flight. More than once the road shifts, by a bridge, from bank to bank, to avail itself of such ledge as it can find, or best create for its continuance. Dreadful crags every where beetle over, so as to preclude the eye from pursuing the course of this chasm in the mountain bowels, even when it runs directly onward : but frequently it is abruptly sinuous. At length these crags become absolute wall. Before they assume this latter character, another vaulted gallery is passed through, the greatest of all; it is somewhat winding in its course, for the express purpose of military defence. Its length is 728 feet; its width twenty-six and a half, which is the accustomed front of the road's march : its height is also twenty-six feet. Two monstrous orifices, practised in its side, admit the requisite light.

Beyond this, and beyond Iselle particularly, the walls, as I have said, of the ravine are really walls; as of a palace in ruins, that had been constructed originally by manual labour of the giants. Super-human they must be held, even in the attempt at a tower of Babel ; yet their strata, broken into blocks, have the appearance of dread masonry. To say that they are as perpendicular as human masonry could aim at, were, however, to say not more for them than the miles that had preceded them of less regular face, though not yielding to them in perpendicularity. Wherever here a broken nest occurs for the reception of vegetable seed, as in the ruins of man's labour; in every such rock is a tuft of forest growth : but the effect is often as puny as that of wallflowers on our poor works ; for, as I have said, these walls frequently exceed 2,150 feet.

Latterly these erections of creation's magnificence, shattered by the profuse explosion of gunpowder, have in various places received an under-prop of actually human masonry.

Most remarkable, in a way contrasting with this, is a fourth gallery under whose vault the road passes here; for security of which and stay of a vast face of naked rock, high to heaven above it, a solitary pier of the ancient granite is appointed to remain.

One circumstance alone fell short of my expectations in penetrating this awful crevice in the mountain's entrails—its waterfalls. The summer snows had exhausted their supplies before my arrival: I saw but one fall, that was a burst, from beyond a thousand feet aloft; but its waters were dissipated into rain, and thence into mist, long before they could reach the cliff's base. Yet I cannot conceive a more tremendous scene than this valley of Doveiria, during the hurricanes, so frequent among the Alps. I have witnessed such; —thunder, sheeted rain, blast irresistible: our northern climate has not, in the excesses of its stormiest winters, any thing to compare with them. But in this lengthened, contracted, profoundly deep pass, the thunder, repeated and reechoed in roar until the succession is upheld by a fresh explosion; the rains, in sweep of water and foam and smoke over the whole enclosure-cheeks of precipice; the wind, in blast so furious, that its force is like that of gunpowder confined in a tube, compressed in this long and strict defile; and where there is a break in the defile's direction, its eddies, more terrible than all, uprooting trees, sweeping in fury the loosely-poised crags of rock, and hurling in air all the wrecks of its madness—such a scene as this, no rage of the elements elsewhere can equal. Here, however, it often occurs,* and I should think no rage of ocean-storm can match its terrors. "Oh!" exclaimed repeatedly in a land-

* "Storms often, and sudden hurricanes are not less dangerous here than the "avalanches. Just before my first journey, an immense mass of granite had "blocked up the roads; one hundred and fifty persons from the villages of Sim-"plon, and Gondo, were busy in removing *the fragments*."

storm, and in bed in his own house in Dublin, a gallant Admiral,* "Oh! would that I were at sea!" The exclamation, in the case I have described here, would, in a traveller's ejaculations, have all propriety.

For the benefit of my Dublin friends, votaries of our Wicklow scenery, I must note, that to figure to themselves this valley of the Doveiria, they must suppose our Dargle to be of a dozen times its length; its sides incomparably more steep; spruce-fir intermingled with the deciduous forest growth, instead of oak, for its clothing—unless where, as ordinarily is the case, the cheeks of precipice, close together as those directly beneath the Moss-house, are headlong as the Lover's Leap, and confine the torrent's course;—their front, thus perpendicular, exceeding the altitude of the Great Sugar Loaf, which stands but 2,000 feet above the sea's level. In other words, it is as though the Sugar Loaf were lengthened out to the extension of a dozen miles, with a continuance of its summit elevation; and that being rifted centrally to its base, a road were carried through its inmost depths. Beyond all, this 2,000 feet of depth, and this continuity of ravine, the narrowest that the absolute disparting of the sides will admit—must be held as in subservience to the mountains that, not retiring as with us, tower superincumbently close, and towards the sky's zenith, crowned with perpetual snow, and with pre-eminence of height as far surpassing our highest mountains as these exceed the height of their little subject gorge. It is true, that in the depths of this tremendous ravine, its cheeks are so erect as usually to shut out every object, except the breadth of sky directly overhead; yet an occasional shift of the course in the ravine's onward drift affords glimpses of those ice-cuirassed and snow-robed regions that, refused as they may be generally to the eye, must ever dwell in awful presence on the mind.

At length, the mountain on the left retiring, space is

* The late Lord Longford.

given to a lovely little plain, of two miles diameter, surrounded by gigantic mountains, that embosom villages of new aspect, and strikingly cheerful white, thickly scattered over the profusely rich robe of grove and emerald grass. The elegance of these village groupes is not more remarkable than is the style of their churches, that are distinctly conspicuous from the square tower of tall and elegantly fine dimensions, that stands by the side of each, instead of its flank façade. Round the brow of the mountains is a continued forest of spruce and larch, varied, lower down, by groves of chesnut: and, infringing on the skirts, or invading the depths, of the less elevated spread of timber, are tracts of vine that rise in terrace, or cleared spots of luxuriant pasture. This charming valley has the name of Davedro.

Another course of chasm then commences, in some places as narrow as that preceding, and with a gallery of 180 feet through the granite, in the side of which an orifice is pierced for the admission of light. Fatigued with the renewal of these horrors, I hailed, after a league's course, a second expansion into vale, larger than the former, and still more delicious—the vale of Domo d'Ossola. Its entrance is by the brow of a bank, beautifully soft, but of great elevation: a bridge that crosses the ravine bed of a river, which breaks the bank's continuity, is, perhaps, without parallel for plan, and admirable for elegant effect—the bridge of Crevola. It consists of two arches, each of 73 feet in width, their supporting pillars, rather than piers, being 76 feet in height: a house, close by, presents its front to the flat below, while in the uppermost of several stories is the coach-house, with a coach standing in it, on the same level with the road over the bridge—which also it faces.

Of this spacious valley it is not so much the loveliness, though surpassing beyond any thing I have seen heretofore, as it is the novelty of all the objects, that disconcerts my

„endeavours to fix its features in my recollection. Its surface is an absolute plane of transcendant luxuriance, crossed in various directions by rapid rivers, each fresh from its Alpine cradle; and the process by which the almost oppressive wealth of vegetation all around is produced, appears subjected to nearly the cognizance of the eye's power. Egyptian fertility, I conceive, cannot exceed it: and over all this fair surface is scattered a crowd of villages and towns, wearing an air of happiness that brooks no inundation; churches, and their very tall and graceful towers or "campaniles" attached each to its own clustering groupe of habitations.—Groves every where give to the ground a picturesque appearance; and the trees composing these groves are individually clothed with climbers of vine, after that manner which we English worship, while we vainly strive to train woodbine up through some single tree contiguous to an ornamented cottage. Here, vines protruding their multiplied shoots through each branch and spray of boughs of every tree, are thus trained in ordinary peasant practice, and are the usual garden produce, if not the weed, of the country. Besides this, vines are largely spread, in many of the village grounds, over a horizontal trelliage, that is parallel to the earth's surface, at various heights from it, according to circumstances, and as with us they cluster the roof of a conservatory. With respect to the framing in which all this fertility is set, it is an enclosure round of the Alps: in front are those mountains down whose face I am just descended; and answering them are mountain forms as noble as the appendages of the Lake of Geneva—the rocks of Meilerie. For drapery, it is like the Vale of Davedro, which precedes it—forest immense, of which the skirts are repressed below by man's daring in very lofty, but comparatively puny, height of terrace in vines, or by his larger success in the spread of pasture.*

* I have since seen Italy in length nearly, and in breadth; and the impres-

27th November. Proceeded for MILAN; still along the Simplon road—or Sempione as is the Italian word—which does not terminate till it reaches that capital.* A rich flat winds here through lesser Alpine forms: its surface is often mean looking, but often also striking, from the extensive sheets of horizontal trellis for vines, at from four to a dozen feet from the ground: similar trellis is frequently spread over the orchards of fruit trees, or tracts of elm, planted in orchard regularity—squares always, not quincunx. These trees stand up through the trellis; and those of them that are fruitbearers, are lopt already, at uniform heights aloft, for sake of the fuel which is yielded by the last third or more of their boughs. Beneath is sod, or tilled ground: thus the one spot teems with living complication of vegetable wealth, meadow or corn—grapes—stone fruit, or in lieu of it, crops of timber for firing. Up the mountain sides run vines in terrace, far more pleasing to the eye, than the staircases in stone of Swisserland: for here the facing of each step is green sod, perpendicular not the less: the flats are often but the width of a footpath; of others, that of a narrow or broad corn ridge. Over the strath was diffused a humid haze, not reaching to a tall tree's height; silver in color, veiling every thing, but not hiding any thing within its influence. The dead level is too sure a witness of its

sion continues as fresh on me as at first of the luxuriance and loveliness—and grandeur also—of the scenery that spreads in basin round Domo d'Ossola.

* "The entire cost of its original construction cannot be estimated at less than seventeen millions, i. e. £680,000, sterling. The annual expense of keeping it up amounts, to the canton of the Valais for that portion of it within the Swiss territory, to from 35 to 40,000 francs." £1,400 to £1,600.

The distances over the mountain itself are thus stated:—"from Brigg to Persal, 6 leagues; thence to Simplon village, 6 do.—to Iselle, 3 do.—to Domo d'Ossola, 5 do.; total 20 leagues," *viz.* almost 56 English miles. "The effective distance from Brigg to Domo d'Ossola is about 14¾ leagues," *viz.* 41 miles. "The height of the summit level of this road is, above Brigg, 4252 feet; above Domo d'Ossola, 5,575 feet; above the level of the sea, 6,579 ft." Route du Simplon.

„being no stranger in this valley, and its effects cannot but be insalubrious.

Came to the shore of the LAGO MAGGIORE, and its Borromean islands. The prominent object of curiosity, Isola Bella, covered by a palace and its gardens, is disfigured to the view by the former, which rises in as rigid regularity as any of the store buildings over Liverpool Docks. A fine theatre in its centre, which is left an unfinished shell, might have somewhat redeemed the stupidity of the square flanks: but the whole concoction ought to have been thrown into even fantastic form, to suit the fairy character of the island, and to consort with nature as seen all around. From the windows, one after another, all this delicious scenery, with its large dignity of lake-domain in accompaniment—is enjoyed to luxury. But the grotto ground-floor, which is a suite of appartments in palace multitude, realizes the fancies one might call up of magician-built structure for the use of Sultaun, in the tales of the Arabian Nights. The gardens are an extraordinary edifice—and edifice literally: they were raised some 140 years ago from the level of the lake, by tier over tier of arches, like a bee-hive filled compact with cells to the shape of its enclosing cover, and to such height, that the summit—100 feet above the lake—greatly overlooks the lofty appurtenant palace. Up this artificial mount, rise, one after other, ten tiers of terrace, by means of which the whole surface is formed into a grove of orange and lemon trees—that are now hutted for the winter. In other parts of the garden, and also in the wilderness of the Isola Madre, the growth of ornamental vegetation is extraordinary; the common aloe beds itself every where in the rocks on the lake's brink; the yucca is quite superb; hydrangea six feet high; the oriental cypress and our common laurel as tall, as clean in stem, and large in the head, as the noblest deciduous trees I could wish to see single on an embellished lawn. Isola Madre, given to nature unsophisticated, atones

for the extravagance of Isola Bella. The sail from one to the other groupes the northern and magnificent boundary of the Alps into much nobler masses than had presented themselves from any point of the latter island, or from the lake's margin. Certainly this lake has very far exceeded my anticipations of it.

Proceeded along the shore, through a succession of towns and villages, at foot of a series of hills ascending in terrace up to their summits, and attired in grass and grove, with treble or quadruple growth of crop, on my right; the lake, alive with boats, on the left. Behind I left the boldest margin of the lake, with villages and large towns in throng, as far as the Alps in the back-ground would suffer. Parallel to my course, on the opposite shore, was one hill of striking loveliness, ranging perhaps three miles onward, lofty, wood-clothed, and wood-crowned, its base washed by the lake, its termination a chalky precipice, surmounted by a castle-like structure; and on this scene the evening sun bestowing its richest colours. In front the hills soften into plain; and as they mellowed in the distance, hues were diffused over the whole breadth, to the horizon—such as, in fancy's dreams, I had been used to imagine might be poured over Italian landscape in the richest calm of an Italian sky. Arrived at the Ticino, which is the lake's outlet; and by a pont-volant crossed from the King of Sardinia's territory to Seste Calende, the frontier of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

In review of this recent array of town and village and single house—of which every appurtenance is, in every point, of chastest elegance—it is a plain matter, that no man should venture to build even a stable without previous rudiments had from such studies as are here, without exception, presented. The look-back on our English house-building is loathsome: but Swiss enormity of stone wall, from the torment of which I am just escaped, I treat as the baboon

airs of an impudent stone-mason ; their pavilions, their pinnacles pointed into spike and sheathed in tin, their roofs bristling into every horror of crookedness ! Then their detached non-descripts, with pranking in this part of red, and that other contravent set out in green. I speak not of the Swiss farm-house, with its roof as tall again as the walls that support it, the buttresses that stick out from these walls, and the granaries, or back-yards (but that they are in front,) that in story after story of gallery and lesser pendicle attainable by ladder, bespread in glory of clumsiness the house on all its faces—excrescences out of the house, and yet part of the house, often as much in area as the whole of what the absolute walls enclose in interior. I allude exclusively to the gentleman proprietor's mansion ; of the farther barbarity of which I would merely add, that in shew, as in in fact, the basement story is partly barn and partly coach-house ; and that, with cognizance of the nose, part of it comprehends all the beastliness of the stable.

28th November. The Austrian police here is at once felt. Its officer demanded and enforced a strict search of my baggage, even—as he specially stated—to my books and written papers. This demand, involving delay of my journey, and though previous search had been, slightly enough, made last evening by the custom-house officers, was met by me with much but ineffectual resistance : yet, though his inspection was strict, and as ungracious as tyrant's task must be, it was conducted by him with perfect good temper, and I must say propriety, and finally with much complimentary courtesy.

Delayed by this officer for some hours, the result to me was the tenancy of a back seat in a new voiture here provided for my course to Milan. But with the alchemy every traveller ought to have and put into use, I had pleasure in finding spread before me, while traversing the copsewood that is in long and slow ascent from Seste, the horizon from

the right to far round on the left, barriered high to heaven by the Alps in chain. It is palpable that these mountains are utterly more precipitous on the Italian than on their farther face: no where in Swisserland have I had a view at all comparable to this, in extension or grandeur—seen too over an expanse of vapor, with the effect of spread of the sea, that wrapped all the intervening plain home every where to their base. Of the mighty masses thus rising direct over the off-shore, the colours were strangely various; some milk-white, some the moon's argent, some that higher lustre in which the moon's mildness assimilates to the sun's golden richness; others again saddened into color of rock-salt; many rising from that shade to the red of burnished copper; and, diverse from all these, vast surfaces were intensest black: all this, with play of seeming veins, intermingling, as their precipitous faces or the breaks on their surface gave change to the lights, in such sport, that even through the purest white could be traced like appearances to those we qualify as the Man in the Moon,* in figuring out the inequalities of that luminary's disk. Why all these very various colors thus give themselves at once into display, I can only account from the extent of the chain, that includes, as I suppose, part of the Tyrol on the one side, and the mountains ranging to Turin on the other: I say I suppose, for no one of my company could define distinctly so much as one of their names. For another cause, the weather must have been in various mood along this dread line of front, since in two or three tracts it was in that fitfulness as if pur-

* Popular opinion in Italy makes this Man to be no other than the first murderer, Cain, under a load of thorns that give him torture. Dante, from this very text labors the subject of the moon's surface-obscurities for the greater part of his second Canto of the Paradise—though such a mire of schoolman's nonsense, in mixture with philosophical experiment so wide of the mark, and (except by resort ultimately to a great first cause) so unavailingly, and, far worse, so stupidly, as to have made me almost forswear the Poet's further company.

posing, and retracting every now and then its purpose, to break from sun to sunlessness, and again relaxing into sulky gloom preliminary to rain. I never had the opportunity to study light and shade on such a surface and to such mighty extent.

In our own climate, we have a something that in dumb shew looks this awful substance—I mean a range of cloud skirting the horizon of a sky else pure blue, and this cloud striking into those forms which more usually we liken—and with reason, for often they wear the guise of indurated matter,—to battlemented wall, and loftier towers, of mighty castles in chain; and which, with as little exertion of fancy by those who have once seen the Alps, might more aptly—in their masses, that lengthen endlessly, and start up in this place, and spire in the other in majestic or in fearful raggedness, with every variety of swell or of break in their fronts, that fancy can paint or clouds assume; and with colours, from skirt to pinnicle, strange and glorious as an evening's (perhaps more strictly speaking, a sour winter afternoon's) sun can impart—figure out as the eternal mountains themselves. Strange that of mountain mass and of mere vapour, effects to the eye should be produced so sublimely at one.

Stopping at a village-inn, the charge made me for refreshment was so impudently extortionate, with so little means on my part, in ignorance of Italian customs, of resisting it, that having discharged the bill to the waiter, he was emboldened to put on me a demand for his own fee, with a look of covetousness as if the John Bull who stood before him was one living purse of coins, into which he yearned to dip a finger—with an air as though my meanest droppings must be wealth to him, while he repeated, and re-repeated the ejaculation—"You are very rich." The scene was quite counterpart to that of the cat languishing on the cistern's brink for the gold fish below.

Through a luxuriant plain, thick with towns, to MILAN;

not however before nightfall, and with the weather broken into actual rain.

30th November. For these two days the weather has been as black at noon as, in the November of England it is at four in the afternoon. With every allowance for this, Milan has but the look of a vast village, or at best a great country-town, devoid of the stately air of a capital, for which it has abundant dimensions. Its immense cathedral is of most costly materials; even its exterior is coated with polished marble; and the whole is elaborately bespread with the richest ornaments: it fails, however, to impress admiration or even respect. The Grand Hospital, though in brick, is a structure vast in all its quadrangles; and its façade, running into upwards of sixty windows in the range, is superb enough not to demand stone materials for the increase of its dignity. The Sforza name is still to be read on the tablet over its entrance. I am given to understand that this institution is excellently managed, and that, immense as is its accommodation, it is adequately occupied.

Of Milan streets, I must minute the expedient for diminishing the friction of carriage wheels by track-ways in the centre, of eighteen inches flagging, at an interval from each other, of an axle's usual length; they are, in fact, a substitute for rail-ways. In some of the broad streets run two pairs of these flag-ways; pedestrians have the privilege of the general pavement.

Among the novelties of Italy, at least hereabout, must be held the construction of the houses. In the first instance, they exhibit very spacious dimensions: but the front presented to the spectator is but one of four, the stucture being quadrangular. Round the court within, story after story, are spacious galleries, into which, respectively on their own ranges, all the apartments open. Round the pillars that sustain the balcony fronts of these galleries, vines are trained which spread their loose awning over the court-area.

Around, on high above, is ranged a fair shew of flowering shrubs, in vast earthen vases. Of statues, in position of vantage, there is also good store. All these might have been held in course: but the strangest decoration is the painting of the exterior walls largely in picture, and with most vivid colours,—some done in gilding, and more in water-colours —as though it were with no other drift than to exhibit the triumph of their climate! As a set-off to all these novelties, the interior of the apartments—now in winter at least—is deplorably forbidding: the floor is a composition of brick reduced to plaister, into which oil is rubbed after the paste is laid on; it retains always the offensive red color of the original brick. Flooring of this kind, or very frequently of tiles, is universal; and not a board is under foot in any story of the house: no carpet, or substitute for one: and whatever addresses the other senses is of equally chilling discomfort.

Of Italian gew-gaw in dress—though in the meaner ranks —an instance is most noticeable here—a skewer of twelve inches, stuck horizontally through the knot into which the hair is clubbed behind; and, converging to its centre, from sixteen to twenty points of a supposed semi-circle, to which the skewer is diameter, are smaller skewers, or great bodkins, with conspicuously great heads;—these pass, like spokes to the stock of a wheel, through the same club of hair, so much of their upper half uncovered as to make a grand scolloped shew—often in pewter! Among the lower ranks this caricature of ornament is universal.

I am sorry to observe goitre no unfrequent malady here.*

Monday morning: To Como, in seven most slow hours; the latter part in heavy rain; the country insipid, though well cultivated. On the left, nearly at the entrance of Como, is a conical mountain of elegant form, clothed partly with

*. I have remarked different instances of *goitre* at Naples.

vine, but mostly with forest; it is surmounted by a ruin, noble, though not extensive—which the pinnacle site forbids. Its out-works and various portions of the main structure are broken into great fragments: but a very lofty square tower, that rises majestically from among these, appears to give added elevation to the mountain on which it is based. From this mountain, a series of others of similar form ranges in beautiful perspective, on the left of the lake;—which last with all its appendages, the rains, now set in with inveterate anger, make to me an utter blank.

Opposite to my inn, which is on the lake's verge without giving to view an acre of its surface, appear two cataracts foaming down their ravines, in the mountain's front, that overbrows the town; they are dry in all other weather than such as I now experience; but they afford some faint idea of the terrors, that in the like hurricane of floods, must invest the whole front of precipices, on either hand of the valley of the Doveiria in the Simplon passage.

4th December. After two nights stay at Como, without hope of better weather, returned to Milan; and learned at night, that I have escaped a set of robbers, who, at two o'clock in the day, on a spot of the road I had passed an hour before, stopped another coach: a young man of its company gave way to unmanly grief—not, however, to noise or alarm; but it so provoked one of the highwaymen as to shoot him dead: the other three robbers fled; and the murderer remaining, rifled the dead-man's pockets, and the pockets and baggage of three surviving travellers. I am told, notwithstanding this instance, that winter travelling here is safer than that in summer, when the thicket which universal foilage creates, forms an impenetrable shelter to the banditti, who may lurk unseen on the road's verge. I am now, therefore, to study the country in skeleton.

Such is the security against the movements of the lawless at their will, that is afforded by the passport system! Yet

its regulations present very numerous and most severe impediments to travellers on their lawful occasions. At Como I was compelled to make a half hour's walk through streets that were sheeted deep in all their breadth; and with torrents cascading in two or three spouts from every house's roof, and falling at all possible varieties of interval from their fronts;—and this in order to make a personal appearance at the Police-Office to obtain my passport, with leave granted on it to go back again to Milan. And at that office, in the minute or two my passport was referred to an inner room, happening to cast my eye on a bale of blank printed forms, for routine office business, that were lying on the counter, just as they had been received from the printer, I received a coarse admonition, that inspection of the kind was an offence under formal prohibition.*

* It is right to say, after having been through Italy, that in no other Office of Police, under the Austrian Government, or any other, have I met the slightest discourtesy. On the contrary, all persons, in every town I have been in, seemed to vie in active obligingness, and in giving all the facilities that their forms will admit.

SECTION VI.

5th December. Left Milan in a voiture, or vettura, in the cabriolet seat of which (that is covered and in front of the vehicle) the Vetturino engages, for three louis d'or to take me to Florence within five days—he paying all charges on the road of supplementary horses to draw up mountain steeps, tolls of roads, bridges, ferries, and so forth;—and moreover, of two meals for me per day, and bedchamber, fuel and candle by night: the engagement is vouched by a formally executed written indenture, as is this country's usage.*

Arrived, in four hours and an half, at Lodi; being the first day's march, and through the same deadly rains that yet obscure the sky. The country is all a plain; but that it has some inclination is made palpable to the eye by the torrent sweep of the canals, which, always at one side of the road, and sometimes on both, are fraught with supplies for irrigation. It would seem as though the land must be drowned by this power as a demon, instead of being cherished by it as a deity of tutelar bounty. Besides these lateral dikes, which are as large as navigable canals in England, and impetuous as mountain rivers, the road is also crossed, at Marignano, by a river; and, farther on, by an aqueduct course, of considerable magnitude. At Lodi comes

* Moderate in the extreme as this must seem to the untravelled in Italy, I have since learned that it was by a third too much.

the Adda, vast in breadth, and terrible in the volume as in the impetuosity of its waters—forming the sole outlet of Como Lake, and of the countless torrents from the contiguous Alps.

It is in this same country, that, with a fitness which to home-bred critics, is bathos, Virgil enumerates as one of the features of a storm-scene—"implentur fossæ,"—the ditches are filled. It is no descent from his majestic tenor of images and phrase; since, in this, his own country, the ditches—dikes far rather—are rivers under the influence of the season; and rivers too of sublime torrent, and multiplied swell and rage.

An Italian, whom I have in company, has been good enough to guide me without the town, to its celebrated bridge. Over it, at the interval of a road's breadth, rises on one bank, the town's cincture of ancient wall—on the opposite, which was that occupied by the French, spreads as absolute a flat as the mind can figure to itself of earth's surface—its level is but a few inches over that of the dread river. The bridge is but a simple wooden one; broad, absolutely horizontal, and close on the flood to whose plane it corresponds. The fire must have been altogether murderous; since along the whole bank is not the least cover of wall, nor any vegetation beyond the growth of grass. On the part of the French it must have been very much confined to musketry: cannon would have beaten down the walls, at the base of which the Austrians were drawn up, and which are but little shattered.

From my companion I gather, that there is here a rooted aversion to the domination of Austria: this dislike vents itself in execration of the climate, and the produce of the Austrian Hereditary States, into which it is the present policy to transfer the Italian conscripts, in exchange for German levies sent hither for garrison. It is urged to me that the Italian troops pine in an insalubrious climate, and starve

from the substitution for their accustomed home nutriment, of a scanty diet: unwholesome, if for no other reason than that it is alien to their habits. To my strained apprehensions that the world is now released from the murder of war, it was replied, that human beings were subjected, now as then, to premature dissolution, and that the death was more ignominious, which accrued amid the torpor of privation of human comforts, than that which was lost in the spirit-stirring conflict, when those who fell died like men, and of the survivors many rose in war's lottery to high distinction. The inference is, that here is discontent which cannot mend itself, and indulges therefore in irritational anger. From the unconstrained communications of this person, which exhibit no symptoms of the declaimer, or of the fanatic radical, it is clear that he speaks the ideas which are current among his countrymen.

Lodi is the centre of that district of rural occupation, where is fabricated, for consumption over Europe, the cheese that goes by the name of Parma: the misnomer is similar to that in the home instance of Stilton, or that meaner one of Waterloo—each misleading to the extent that names can set wrong as to localities.

My supper table was joined by another Italian stranger, who, I since learn, is a lawyer; with whom I have had much, and instructive conversation. Towards its close, some expression on my part, implying the statement of my being an Englishman (the conversation was in French) startled him utterly: "You an Englishman! You! Quite "impossible! Why, you talk. An Englishman never talks. "It is quite out of question that you should be English." It became necessary on this, that I should, as a possible solution to his wonder, put into plea the fact of my being an Irishman,* which to a degree quieted his surprise; but in

* His surmise had been, so far as he had formed one, that I was Swiss.

explanation, as well as proof, of his grounds for holding such an opinion of English taciturnity, he stated to me an instance of his having had, as one of a party travelling to Turin, an English gentleman in company, who for three days that they were together never uttered a word—had usually a book in his hand—in the frequent intervals not occupied by which, he seemed in sore throes of thinking, even to the swelling of the veins of his forehead. This gentleman, on their arrival at Turin, pressed on the company an invitation to dinner, with such seeming good-will, that non-compliance with it would, in all likelihood, have pained his feelings. Well; at the dinner, and during the full course of its convivial sitting, this English entertainer uttered not a word, nor gave play on his countenance to a smile!—one isolated instance—declared this my conversible, and I must say sensible, companion—of many in his experience, confirmative to him that an Englishman's sulk will not allow his thoughts to stray into cheerfulness, nor permit his mouth into movement of social talk.

6th December. Left Lodi soon after four in the dark of the morning: arriving about ten at the lordly Po, we found that its bridge of boats, leading to Placentia, had been swept away by the recent floods; and were detained in a muddy field for three hours, before we could obtain passage by a boat; which, though not large in dimensions, carried over in the one trip, our great vettura, several drays, a number of cattle, and the company composing the suite of all these. The Po in most majestic breadth, and a dense and very bold sheet of water;—its bank, as deep as the river allows it to be viewed, is an earth as fine as powder, and fat almost as that of a church-yard. Nearly at the point at which we landed, half a mile above Placentia—the Trebia, vast in its supplies of torrent, unites with the Po. We passed through Placentia without making any stop: its look is forlorn; and it exhibits no traces of having been at any time

magnificent. To a little place, called Fiorenzula, for the night; where in the one inn four vast vetture came into heap for several and collective plague: for me separate and excellent accommodation was procured: but how the pell-mell multitude of English found stowage, ladies and gentlemen, I cannot divine.

7th December. Through another miserable day, but by noon, to PARMA. The aspect of the country is changed since our passage of the Po: much agriculture; and each contracted farm has its distinct dwelling-house: beyond the Po, the cultivators are congregated into villages, or several families of them occupy one spacious mansion that is the metropolis of the property. The explanation of this is, that the soil is here stiff, and requires four yokes of bullocks to subdue a surface to which, in the other tract, one is fully equal. Vines, it is needless to say, have in great measure disappeared here, and, with them, the universal thicket of grove.

In the progress to Parma we crossed the bed of a torrent —the Taro; whether a quarter of a mile wide, more or less, I know not; but over that utmost width, are proofs of the occasional rage of the floods, descending from the Appennines, (which mountains, since yesterday, are in view;) more frequently its bed is nearly dry, as is at present the case, even after all the late rains, but with a surface of loose stones rolling in sand, that is abominable to the passenger whether in carriage or on horseback. Over this immense and dangerous interruption, a magnificent bridge has been constructed by Maria Louisa, the late Empress of France, now sovereign of this country, and highly and affectionately spoken of for numerous excellent qualities.

The unfavorable state of the weather precluded the view, to any purpose, of the Cathedral and Baptistey, the cupolas of both which are painted by Coreggio; they are said to have been master-pieces of that artist, but the freshness of

their colouring is gone. Some pictures, recovered from Paris, were, however, accessible in good light at the Academy. At the Public Library I witnessed another proof of Maria Louisa's well-directed munificence, in the noble augmentation she has made to it, through the purchase of a collection of books, and between three and four thousand manuscripts: for the reception of these, the apartment in which they are arranged was specially built.

A bust of this "fair imperial flower," by Canova—his latest work, and but just arrived—has given me high pleasure. The air is noble, the forehead and the other features fine; in particular the expression of the mouth has in it much, I fancied, of goodness. The entire, I have reason to believe, is a striking likeness—one of those triumphs in resemblance which only genius can attain; handsome, perhaps, beyond what the original can strictly claim. On hinting this to the person who shewed it, his countenance well seconded his expression of affectionate assurance, that if she be not a perfect beauty she is eminently amiable, and that the marble is an excellent likeness.

But how may I do justice to the fascination which I experienced, while gazing on the various typographical triumphs of Bodoni! His printed pages are pictures. Such beauty of characters, such disposition of the lines, such contrivance—obvious often, and often concealed—for facilitating the progress of the eye; giving mastery to that organ, and to the mind, over the most involved circuit of period through each successive maze, page onward after page, of whatever sized volume in whatever character. His Greek, beyond all, it were impossible adequately to praise. His specimens also in two large volumes of penmanship, in vast variety, and with all the beauty of engraving, though effected by moveable types;—and his specimens of the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty-five dialects of different languages—are substantive objects of admiration, as addressed

to the mere eye. A true son of St. Patrick must complain that along with numerous other Celtic dialects the Irish IS NOT included. Careless even about fine, and, far more, scarce editions, as Samuel Johnson himself, these creations of beauty in the abstract, as it were, of printing, held me spell-bound. And this monopoly of my time lost me the sight of Maria Louisa's nursery furniture, supplied by Buonaparte, and which is among the usual lions here:—the cradle, silver; great chair the same; toilet-table, and all the other items for child's or nurse's accommodation, solid silver, unless where mother of pearl could be intermixed for lightening the utensil:—the whole in some shabbily set forth apartments of the mean palace which she occupies. I say this on the authority of an English gentleman, who here joins our vettura for Florence: for missing the actual view I am to suffer the penalties of female reprehension, in family lecture at home.

Various concurrent circumstances, and the explanations consequent on these, pourtray to me Lombardy as under hideous mal-government. Here is a people quick of perception, of pungent sensibilities, poetic in talent—held under the rod of another, whose make, intellectual as well as bodily, is in contrast to all these—who are tramontane and outlandish to barbarism to the nation over whom they domineer with a tyrant severity that disdains appearances. All the functionaries, from the ecclesiastical dignity of archbishop of Milan, to that mean lay one of custom-house inspector, are Germans. The trade of export is chained with prohibitions; that of import is manacled by prohibitions also, or by exactions that are tantamount;—and all that they may be as drawfarm to their transalpine task-masters, who monopolize the supply of this noble region with their coarse and clumsy manufactures. German home-industry battens on them, and German extra population lords in it the exercise of every possible public trust. Hungarian and Bohemian and

Austrian regiments parade their towns; while the native youth are banished, in counter-change, to eat the bread they loathe receiving, from task-masters who have closed on them the path of military honors, that might exalt them nationally, as it threw wide the door to promotion personally amid the risks of war. I admit—and the admission is painful—that ambitious or even manly purpose is far less vigorous among the higher orders of whatever classes here than among the lower, who compose the valuable portion of the Italian people, and have capacities to run a noble race. A drummer, under French organization, became a captain, and soon returned as such to his native village. Right well I remember who instanced to me this one, among numerous facts that, wherever they were spoken, made the hearers alert for enterprise. In those times too, wherever war allowed commercial intercourse, the dominant policy smoothed the avenues to it.

Badged slaves as are the Lombards, from the Noble down to the husbandman, they are chained to their home. To seal hermetically the elements of mischief, it is part of the Austrian policy to hold their Italian thralls in virtual incarceration. No nobleman, in the Lombard States, is allowed to pass their confines for travel, or even for health: no merchant, unless on matter of mercantile business. To the former description of applicants the reply is, that amusement and health may be had as well at home, as abroad: to the latter, the strictest inquisitorial interrogatories are put as to the transaction exacting their personal presence: and they are required to exhibit their books and make disclosure of their accounts and the relevant letters of their correspondents. Even after all this, reference is indispensible to the Imperial Council at Vienna, whose decision must be had, before leave for a stipulated term of absence is accorded.

Sooner or later there must come an explosion, close-corked up though all be. Of its success, to any good purpose,

I see enough to induce despair. And then, the ill-will go on to putrify into morbidness, and into avenging, merciless mischief to Austria herself. The system, as now followed, I admit, to be traceable to the dread of Jacobin illumination and enterprise. But the Austrian government is strong enough to put down all Jacobins or Carbonari—as is their present Italian designation; it is also strong enough, if it were just enough, (wise enough is another matter!) to give full scope to honest enterprise, and receive its own reward from the blessings that would crown its accomplishment.—But knowledge is hateful to this tyranny—that dares, among other darings, to prohibit within its dominions the circulation of the Bible. Our Queen Mary had doubtless a laudable object in view, when, to vindicate Christianity, debased by ages of priestcraft into idolatry, she fed the Smithfield fires with victims of her zeal. Austrian power, of equally blind zeal, has the farther demerit of combining with it robbery, as sordid as it is flagrant.

The whole of this system is execrable. It is the self-same one by which past generations of English held the past generations of Irish in torment—which at this day is become a cancerous disease to both English and Irish. One Island is is equally unconscious as the other, of the sins, offensive or defensive, of the half-milennium of centuries that is gone by. It is the fervent study of all that are honest in our time—innocent of the past injuries, but heirs to their consequences—to redeem the deadly oppressive mortgage incumbrance. One portion of that incumbrance is our lazzeroni population, in locust cloud of multitude and mischief;—the mob-leaders of it, more vile, as they are more miscreant, than any of the vilest of the stragglers at its farthest fag-end. Ages past, how many and how blind! have created the misery: ages, how many to come! must rue the results, and live in dread perplexity how to obviate or escape from them!*

* I find, in course of studying Dante, that the present wickedness is but repeti-

8th December. Through a country not materially different, by Reggio, the birth-place of Ariosto: the walls of this city we rounded, as the passage direct through its streets would have occasioned much passport vexation, and an hour or two's expense of time. Passed the night at a house of homely but comfortable accommodation. Next morning to MODENA—a city in the propriety of streets and the aspect and architecture of its Ducal Palace, beyond any thing I have yet seen in Italy.

Passing hence towards Bologna, is a series of pretty and flourishing villages. Dispersed in their vicinity smile, most numerously, neat farm-houses; each house with out-buildings, its corn and hay stacked under a permanent roof—all the fronts being open. I have not at all seen such a sight since the Pays-bas: and it is now exquisitely refreshing.

Within two miles of Bologna, viewed from a bridge, is a most lovely picture on the right. A soft hill on one side, a far finer one on the other: the valley between them—bed of a river that meets the road at right angles—gives vista to a bold mountain, of which the sharp summit ridge is crowned by an edifice that, at a remote distance on the road, had appeared as the conical top of a farther mountain, whose mass was shut out by an intervening one of rival height.

tion on the part of Imperial Germany, of the infliction of miseries, which the poet mourned over more than five centuries ago, A. D. 1300. He strings together metaphors of unsparing invective against his country's forlorn debasement.

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello!

Thou servile land of pain and woe vast home,
Thou storm-beat ship, of pilot's skill bereft,
Dame once of subject nations! brothel now!

In addressing, in vehement apostrophe, the Imperial Sovereign, he hails him "Ger-"man Albert,"—an epithet, says his latest and best commentator, and also countryman, Biagioli, "that in the poet's mind carries with it a contemptuous hate, "which comes home to our feelings."

This edifice now declared itself a church, with grand cupola; its main structure hexagon, with a portico,—an exquisitely featured object below, and giving true Italian finish to the landscape. I learn it is three Italian miles (of which sixty to a degree) distant from Bologna, from which the progress to it is in ascent under a continued roof sustained by 650 arcades of regular architecture. Close towering behind, and ranging largely on either side of this magnificent feature, are the Appennines in mingled elegance and majesty of form,—their skirts sinking in many a fold of wooded loveliness, into the varied cultivation which rises from their base. This theatre of grand and pleasing objects in graceful arrangement is exquisitely framed in by the hills that run home on the road—of both which the finish over their whole surface down to the river, whose course they guide, is in adaptation to the picture they disclose.

Bologna is a large and noble city; its streets in the peculiar style of piazzas, that compose the front of the ground-floor story, so that the foot-ways are a continued arcade: in this respect it resembles Berne.

Viewed, in the evening, its two leaning towers, that are not worth looking at;—the noble bronze statue of Neptune, which gives pride to the grand fountain;—a church of Grecian architecture and of sweet simplicity of parts within—its chancel windows, however, in the set shape, frame and sash, of parlour windows in a bow termination, four or five in number, strangely and strikingly offensive to the eye, with which they are in level. Had time also to view the Grand Church, which is in full Gothic within; its very lofty and light vaulting of roof supported by massy columns that sustain gross semi-circular arches—shall I call them Saxon, even here in Italy.

Bologna is situated in a plain at the very foot of the Appennines. Having left it at the usual hour of four, day-light found us among these mountains—to me of new character:

no vast masses with intersection to their base of valley, either wide or in ravine, but rather a continued ascent over large surfaces, that had been withdrawn, as if by forceful undulation, from their neighbouring eminences; their forms beautiful, and giving repose to vales in large range around. Over a reticulation of such vales occasional loftier heights gave extensive command. One summit, pointed into sharpness that here was a singularity, was topped by a half-ruined edifice, which for three full hours—our course being a horse's smart and sometimes slow walk—stood in the distinction of a landmark.

Arrived at the region of snow; at least where, while rains were deluging the plains, snows had last week fallen to the depth of four feet: so far as their veil suffered me to judge, the mountains onward assumed a coarse and heavier appearance. Towards evening several of their summits were quite in cone, as if forming crater of volcano: and at dusk we saw bickering, yet very clear, at perhaps a mile's distance—the Pietra Mala, an exhalation as of flame, from the side of a little conical eminence, standing on a table land environed by mountains. I am told it is not seen in summer at all; nor in winter, unless in the dark, and then least bright when there is most wind; highest towards morning, when it reaches the height of a tall man.

To a post house where—unprecedented sight as yet in Italy! we were waited on by a bevy of five tall wenches—correct quite in their demeanor—daughters of the host and hostess. Men in Italy are the domestic drudges of all work, even to chamberlainship of the ladies.

Our course the following morning was through mountain tracts, freed from snows, and that are nobly broken in various and headlong valley: the wood no where profuse. In anxious look-out as we proceeded, for the site of Udolpho Castle—all the features by which its localities could be detected fresh in my recollection—I had at length the felicity

to hit on the identical mountain, on a brow beneath whose crest it unquestionably stood. I lament that time did not permit me to expatiate in tracing its massy fragments, that now are, of course, covered with lichen and overgrown with trees—or, perhaps, resolved into coating of the cliffs from which they had for centuries loured in tall bulwark. A single hint that could guide others to the spot, I will not trust even to my minutes. If the secret committed to a pit of earth, dug by the whisperer to receive it for his own easement, became disclosed by the contiguous and tell-tale vegetation, the stocking-foot, stealthy pace of the lead pencil over my tablet, might equally get forth into tattle to the guide-book manufacturers; and the public would be forthwith assaulted with appendixes thick and three-fold, in supplement to the existing editions of Udolpho, in which the important information was grafted—to say nothing of the substantive appearance, in two cream colored quartos, of a tour express to the place, with the accompaniment of some two dozen of aquatinta delusions. Sin of such uproar in the publishing world shall not lie at my door!

It is, by the way, justice to Mrs. Radcliffe to state, that the materials of her descriptions are genuine: her mountains and vallies, with all their drapery; her palaces and other buildings; the whole warehouse full that she spreads in such prodigality over her canvas—all is Italian, faithful to fact. But she fails miserably in the distribution: she puts things into chance-medley combination, into a patch-work, that mocks not merely perspective—that were a trifle! but possible Nature. Like a piece of clock-work, of which the glass vase that contains it, gives to sight every and each wheel and pinion and cog, and the pendulum in fair vibration;—but which shall be put into such capricious mal-adjustment, consistent with movement, as never to give any other indication of time than the reading of the dial-plate may furnish without the aid of hands, which may be attached

to the interior work: similarly, with all her apparatus of incident and description, she is always, unless by hap-hazard, at variance with justness of placing, and with truth in time: her landscapes are evermore out of keeping, as is the mind's tone on the part of the beholder, to dwell on them.*

This course takes us to FLORENCE, the time expended in reaching which from Milan, will have been seven days: how many English miles it may be, there are no means of computing, the posts here being measured by time and not by space: but unquestionably the distance could be performed in one third of the time by English stage coach travelling, and still allow the same length of nightly stoppage—from about six in the evening till four; and in defiance of the bad weather, and of the multitude of mountains since Bologna. Up their ascents our Vetturino's three stout horses—that come the journey through—received the supplementary aid of a couple of the oxen of the country. These are of a most noble race, in color always white, or deepening thence into dun—handsome, tractable; in the descents they kept in a smart trot in front of the horses. I ought not to omit that through these Appennines there is no want of a village population, however it may have been under the Udolphan sway of terror. And the villagers' houses are well built; while they are themselves well clothed, and appear in no way scant of village comforts.

Towards ten we had descended into a rich vale, animated with villages and villas. A river, running counter to our road's progress, seemed to draw in reference to its cheerful course the numerous hanging woods that intermingled with

* I must not be ungrateful to Mrs. Radcliffe, whose books, next after or along with Boswell's Johnson, (materials in delightful scatterment of thought, on men and manners) are indispensibles. It were hard that, from her profusely stored magazine of poetic landscape materials, I could not frame endless visions of scenery to my mind's eye, in that often recurring temperament which luxuriates in the sport of castles, and of human visages—that can be excited in twilight, from the exhibition of a sea-coal fire.

man's labors. Embosomed here, stood, with its appurtenant village, a summer residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in lovely and serene retirement.

The sun at length, after nine days' absence—even thus in Italy!—diffused his beams over this vale; up which, to its head, our road ascended; and after an hour's course over its table land, the view broke on us of Florence—the cupola of its great church, its other cupolas, its numerous tall towers, turrets and spires, of various architecture. I have seen not a few finely-situated towns, but never any comparable in site to Florence,—in the midst of what might be deemed a park worthy of such a mistress: for its vast and noble vale is in the style of a high-kept garden scene, appropriately ornamented with village, and town, and palace-structure. The cincture of this magnificence in amplitude is the Appenines, in range behind range,—answering in density beyond, to the tracts we had traversed, and on whose southern brow we now stood: either array of mountains as if withdrawn to give spread to the scene of man's triumphs in nature's embellishment below and high around.—Midway flowed the Arno—its course from the left, beyond some miles, shut from sight by mountains in close press: to the right, or seaward, the vale continued its display as far as the eye could strain.*

Two miles short of Florence, to the left, and separated by a close and very deep valley from the eminence we were descending, stands the most captivatingly-elegant mountain I have ever any where beheld. From its base upwards it is one scene of palaces on terrace-sites, amidst magnificent gardens. Aloft on its crest are numerous structures of palace front also—monasteries, I am told, and can well believe them to be: from amidst them rise two or three campaniles,

* Gray writes to his correspondent, then proceeding to Italy: "In your course "down the Appenines, you will see, if the sun shines, all Tuscany before you." Though the canvass is most vast, Gray—no exaggerator usually—gives it "verge too much."

very lofty, and of absolutely elegant expression. Their subject town is contiguous: but the vertex,—some hundred or two of feet above all this—receives its finish, and gives it also to the mountain's lowest skirts: it is the station of a quadrangular edifice, that is vast enough to answer the utmost demands of its immense elevation. This place of wonder is Fiesole—a name consecrated by Milton's association of its loftiness of stand with the midnight studies of the heavens by Galileo. It is, besides, the mother city of Florence—that is but the offset of Fiesole.

SECTION VII.

A grand triumphal arch—which was erected in compliment to the husband of Maria Teresa—gives entrance within the lofty wall that cinctures Florence. The first view of the interior by no means disappoints expectation. The streets are lined by houses of majestic elevation; and their surface through all their breadth is flagged, like our home footways, with cut stone. Along this surface, smooth and unchiseled, equestrians, as well as horses in draft, move safely and at ease.

12th December. The Grand Duke's square is a contracted space, environed with ancient and stately buildings. I should be slow to believe that in any other square in any Italian capital, I shall meet so many and exquisite statues as stand here in open air:—the bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo triumphant over Sienna, conspicuous in the centre; but the Roman warrior carrying off the Sabine female, in disregard of her father—who writhes in agony below—is a a groupe which supremely fixes the attention.

Thence, within the gallery close by, to worship the Venus de Medicis—the Niobe; and to gaze in distracted wonder for the first hour's view. I can testify its effects on myself, which were a thrilling of the fibres about the brain, that ended in head-ache.

14th December. One marked characteristic of the Florentines, (it is but fair to include the Italians generally, so far as I have gone,) is good-nature, radically and actively

alert. The proofs of it are abundant and incessant. A squalid man, that had noticed the halt and hesitation on my part, from not recollecting the particular archway that gives entrance to the gallery, approached me with the offer of his services, for whatever explanation—utterly gratuitous on his side—he could afford to a stranger; and was with difficulty dissuaded from foregoing the trouble of passing with me across the Place, and to the very stair-foot. I have already, and at frequent times in my search for one or other object of curiosity, applied to a passing stranger for guidance; who not being able to give the information I required, or as he could wish, has stopped a second, who has stopped a third or even a fourth; and a ring was thus formed round me of decent persons, studying to make out my best course. In my journey through the Valais, a Florentine who was fellow-traveller through a short part of the way, and of whom I had asked some local information as to the accommodations to be had in Florence—pressed on me, that I should give him a call on my arrival here, in order to his affording me his personal assistance; for which purpose he gave me his address. He has fully redeemed the promise of being thus serviceable to me.*

These kindnesses, that are are evinced in every way that is possible, remind me of the singular humanity so striking at Brussels, and the triumph over the grave of monumental gratitude, that still pays its debt to the population of that city, for warm-hearted courtesies experienced there, some seventy years ago, by an Earl of Aylesbury; who, by will, directed the erection of a handsome and very useful fountain, in memorial of the feelings which the inscription records; as well as that the testator's wishes were carried into effect

* This kind-natured and, I believe, very respectable person—Luigi Bardi—whom I found to be printer to the unrivalled enrgraver, Raffael Morghen—was subsequently so considerate as to furnish me with a reference to a correspondent at Rome, to whom I had occasion to be similarly troublesome.

by the succeeding Earl. Florence is alive with this more than courtesy, this saliently active benevolent feeling.

15th December. Behind the Grand Duke's residence, rise in steep ascent the attached gardens of Boboli. These are open to the public two days in the week; and as a specimen of Italian gardens on a grand scale, have been the object of my curiosity. Of course, they are extremely regular. The greater part of their surface is covered with trees, principally ever-greens: these are traversed by straight walks; one of which, sixteen feet wide, is in its entire continuance a bower of bay, laurustinus, &c., woven across in a living roof of great loftiness. In the shew parts, the ground assumes an amphitheatric form, with walks fronted by stone ballustrades in the ascent and on the level of its topmost elevation: statues and flower vases, immense store crown these ballustrades. The connecting tracts between amphitheatre and amphitheatre are numerous; and, in splendid vista up the whole gardens' ascent, are flights of stairs on either hand of the regular glacis which always intervenes. In midway height of the gardens is, of course, a grand basin of water—a Neptune presiding, which, they say, is colossal; but whose trident, it irks me to criticise so of Florence—falling beneath a fish-spear, is but a flesh-fork. Above this, and in the proudest station of the gardens, as it deserves to be—is the statue of one of the Medicis, who was the reigning sovereign at a period in the seventeenth century, when, as the inscription in thankful commemoration records, all Europe else being torn by Civil or Foreign war, or a prey to famine and pestilential disease—one wide theatre of mischief and misery;—Tuscany alone reposed in peace, abundance and the enjoyment of earthly blessing.

The utmost elevation of these gardens is the site of a small fortress, which would grant at least temporary security to the Grand Ducal family against mob-ebullition, if that could be matter of apprehension. But the views from all

these high grounds over Florence and the vale of the Arno drew me, in spite of myself, to exclusive gaze on them, and neglect of Italian gardening.

At present the hue that every where bespreads the earth's surface—a brown or heavy heath color, is monotonously sullen: it is the consequence of there being no where in the champaign country one patch of sod: all is dug ground, and just now, for the far greater part, uncovered, as the sown corn does not yet shew itself. All that is not corn is kitchen garden. In either case the spread is uniform of elm trees in regular rows, that are closer together than in English orchards: these elms are a species bordering on the witch, and forking like apple trees: their boughs are lopt regularly to a level, from which process results a vigorous growth of their side-shoots, so that the naked wood is sufficiently dense to disguise, in brown bark color, the surface of the soil even though it were sod. But a change will come with the change of season, when these elms will extend one uninterrupted spread of leaves in shade aloft, and the vines, through the support of their stems, will stretch in garland from tree to tree, and weave from bough to bough a floating robe of braided foliage and fruit, in second shelter to the corn crop clothing the bosom of the soil below—rich nourisher of all! It is then that the almost continuity of villages and villas needed for the population, to whom it is toil unremitting to marshal and keep in method this riot of vegetation, will almost escape the eye, demanding the trace of human habitation. At present the strath appears so thickly bespread with houses, that one might suppose that Florence —or a metropolis of five times its dimensions—had walked forth on a grand festival day to take the air in country excursion.

This staring effect of a city broken into scatter, which is offensive on the flat, gives place on the mountain fronts that every where oppose a barrier to the vale, to quite other per-

ceptions. Every where there the structures rise in purest elegance of design, in graceful dispersion, and despite their crowd, in sites which the lover of landscape would have solicited for their display. Above all, the mountain that sustains Fiesole, its cathedral, its convents, its palaces that deck the summit and forehead and descent, to the utmost base—has air of a grand garden, through which the edifices are distributed, as if for no other purpose than its embellishment. Italian architecture works much of this wonder. But the precipitous mountain face gives the triumphs of that art into transcendent display by its terrace positions, with the farther aid of Italian evergreens, most welcome in vicinity to villa structures; the cypress and the olive. These trees are in strange contrast of form and of colour: the latter, sere in its leaf, which is pale as the reverse side of the sallow's; maigre it would seem from want of vegetable green,* with which the other—that is from five to seven feet in girth here—looks to be saturated to painfulness. Both are garden plants: they are one and other evergreens; and their oppositeness of hues is moderated by the deciduous tribe in its present brown leaflessness, with the help of an occasional stone-pine. To each terrace-breadth of ground, a character is thus derived of special garden ornament, in adaptation to the edifice which, with all its grandeur, seems not to command, but to belong to it. Yet of all these edifices, most various in size and style and purpose, let me repeat, that all combine to captivate the eye by a purity, congruity and grace which seem as in unity of principle to belong to every one of them:

* Gray, with his own accurately just power of epithet, describes Fiesole, "glauca sua canescere sylva," viz. a grey green vesture. Gray was for most of his time in Italy at Florence: and he worshipped the peculiarities of Fiesole

Non ego vos posthac Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum et candenti cincta corona
Villarum longe nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem et veteres præferre cupressos
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

and scattered thick as they are, right and left, or one aloft over other in competition of haughty stand, not a wish is stirred that any one object should change its position, or ornament; while the collective dazzle of their multitude is subdued by the array of grove, amid which they are distributed, as it were gay enamel and inlay on the exuberance of nature.

31st December. Of course FIESOE, two miles from Florence, is a frequent scene of my expatiation. The views thence are of various character, some of them splendidly savage. But what an ascent must be gained—of flagged road too—now coated with snow and ice! The summit cone is stair-case absolute. And this was the site of an Etruscan city, ancient in story before the æra when Rome was infant. Fragments are yet shewn of its town wall: they consist of blocks of vast size put together without cement, framed for endurance till the consummation of time. But man has destroyed the labour of man; and, in A. D. 1010, the Florentines, triumphing in war, and perhaps by perfidy, over Fiesole, from which they had sprung, razed its buildings, and in the rage of civil broil transported their materials to serve for new structures in the plain below.

My path was on one occasion infested by a youth—a sturdy beggar in guise of a Cicerone—who, despite every protestation on my part, and his own conviction that I did not want his services, stuck close to my steps at every turning, with the determination to extract a donation, that would have been an encouraging premium to one variety of highway violence: once he sent stones after me down a precipitous descent which I was curious to explore. An accident, after two hours, put his hat into my power, just as we were close to the Cathedral. One of the Clergy, then on duty, to whom I applied, received from me his hat, and escorted him in my company to the "Curato," which reverend personage was snug a-bed, to be safe, as I presume; from

the cold, which certainly was intense. Twenty minutes were required for getting together different habiliments from other apartments, and for investing himself therewith behind the curtains of the alcove, within which his bed was esconced;—an interval which made me weary, notwithstanding my thirst to learn the course of justice before such a tribunal. The Curate— a walking feather-bed—having heard both sides, very quietly proceeded to infliction of punishment, by giving the creature a tremendous box with his hand on one jaw, and repeating it on the other: he then seized a little cat-of-nine-tails, which had been lying on a chair, and flogged the culprit about the room in a way that compelled me very speedily to interfere, for the relief as well of the executioner as the criminal; who thereupon was required to kneel to me for pardon. My expression of it was proclaimed by the by-standers with thanks to me for my clemency: the wretch was dismissed, and the court dissolved. The delinquent has since slunk from me on the road as if with fear of catching my notice.

New Year's Day, 1823. A bouquet—neatly made up, is brought in with my breakfast—consisting of geranium leaves, pinks, roses, and three other sorts of flowers, strangers to me; a species of compliment beyond the rough cordiality of our northern usages, as it is beyond our ordinary means to provide.

I cannot praise a Florentine winter. I admit that the present one is held to be the severest since 1794. But its weather is strangely variable. On my first arrival, a warm day, I was in amaze at the wrapping of the Florentine gentlemen, in double mantles and fear-noughts. The riddle was, towards the close of the same day, solved by the searching cold which set in of the wind wherever it had course, while where it was otherwise, the weather was sultry. The harsh wind increased day after day. At length, the dense clouds it had collected hid out the sun; and so bitter was the blast,

and the dust in such persecution, that going into the open air was penance. All the while, wherever the wind's current was cut off, the heat was so oppressive, that all the pores of the body were opened in the sweltering course of a single street—to be penetrated by the blast at that street's first corner;—that wicked March wind which, in our very late winters, brings snow, and a softness far beyond our April, being in constant alternation of assault on the system. At length, the 22d and 23d drenched the streets inches deep in rivers of rain, and buried the Appennines and their out-posts under most heavy snow. Close on this fall came a heat that scorched whatever was not under shelter—the sun burning that side of the human body he shone on, while the other, in shade of it, was in contrast of climature.

But such Christmas weather as we have had to endure—angrier, fiercer, more scathing far than nine in ten of our home ones: for two days, the streets full of snow: the interior of the houses penetrated with chill; then a few hours, once and again, of scorching sun-beam; and large relapse into the bitterest cold that can fasten on the bones: this New-year's-day, renewed snow. Save me from such another winter!

All this might be more tolerable—despite the intermittent heats—if winter were guarded against in manly English fashion. But the fashions here, outside of the house, as well as within, are summer ones; and winter-precautions are but make-shifts. The Italian is thatched with a cloke, of which the mere weight is oppressive: in size, it is so immense, that one portion of the lower fold is hoisted up to bespread the front of his body with a second covert, of which a large supplementary corner overhangs his shoulders in rere. The working people usually wear their outside jacket in the manner which is held distinctive of our Irish Paddies, but that it is not positively *buttoned* behind: its *front* is certainly *behind;* and its back covers the breast, which all here carefully

fortify—the reins and spine being left in care of themselves.

Florence streets, with all their magnificence, are in rain more intolerable than even those of other continental towns. Here, in common with all the others, the shoots—not spouts—for carrying off the water from the roof, a couple or three of them to each house, of different lengths, and in most different levels, guide the element in all possible directions of fall into the street, from its verge to the centre, and even its opposite side, on through all its length: a gauntlet of cascades impossible to escape. It is one of many proofs to an Englishman, that the most attainable comforts of life are not, out of his own country, within even the speculation of enjoyment. Florence streets, that are composed of smooth flagging, and destitute of kennel or water course, present the added abomination of a diffusion of water, how many inches deep I will not dare to state, though through its depths it has been my fortune to win my way by wading.

And within doors is just as miserable. The blazing hearth is held as but an English accommodation, and a foreign luxury, which it is a stretch to arrive at or conform to. Even the stove seems out of its latitude here. The succedaneum is a portable vessel filled with burning charcoal, on which, when within the house, you rest your soles while you sit, and which, when in movement, whether in or out of the house, you wear on the hands, as tramontane ladies carry muffs. Here in families of easy circumstances, the hours crawl on in a shudder of cold, and the anxious killing of time, till the moment arrives that gives the signal for turning out to the theatre—as the lady of the house will ever and anon, in the agony from chill have explained—to escape from the horrors of their home atmosphere, to the luxury of warmth from the concourse of a crowd!

The theatre is with the Florentines a passion, as they themselves admit, to mania. It is here specially ministrant

to deplorable dissoluteness. The posse of youths from shop and manufactory repair hither nightly, on terms of most easy access, and, to a large extent, with free admission on the score of making themselves useful as candle-snuffers, scene shifters, and workers of the stage machinery, which demands numerous hands—as well as in composing grand train in processions. The corresponding rank of females arrives in equally numerous resort; and the consequences are a population of the lower classes greatly polluted. Decency outward there is; no street-walking! that is but exterior propriety, and a mask.

Among the upper orders, where family comfort is so ill-understood that home is fled from, he must deceive himself who can expect morals much better. The gentleman pursues his object in one direction, the lady follows her's in another. It is a statement which meets you in a hundred ways, that among the Florentine ladies of fashion, there are but three—say six, whose names reject not the imputation of gallantry: suppose them to be six score, would not the remaining number be a frightful crowd?

The fashion of Cicisbeism—or as the name now goes, attendance by a Cavaliere Servente, is no tale of by-gone times, but continues in established vogue. Take one of its least offensive instances. A couple, married these sixteen years, childless, the lady about forty, arrange their afternoons so, that the gentleman, about the hour of his wife's little party, of three or six, collects, retires till midnight or after: of the company he leaves behind is, invariably since their marriage, one gentleman, about fifty—unmarried—who pays the lady, and receives from her, all the attentions of all kinds, that before a third person can pass between man and wife living in the mutual affection of these relations. The husband and this Cavalier Servente are on the most easy terms together: with the domestics it is an understood regulation, never to

break in on the privacy of their lady when alone with this latter: their connexion is as well understood as that of wife with husband. Nothing mercenary mingles with their attachment: the gentleman makes the lady no presents, or none that in cost are worth a thought; and this arrangement will, in all probability, last to extremity of age and for life.

True it is, that some of the Italians, startled at the disgust which such practices have called into the countenances, and the gestures of the English, under whose loathing they feel themselves look small, have tried to pass all this for Platonic. All assuredly is under correct seeming: but this proves no more than the absence of street-walking proves absence of vice among the inferior classes: rather it is demonstration of its universality. The mere "Not Guilty" as pleaded by every culprit at the outset of his trial, every body takes as a phrase of course. Human nature is too well understood, to be thus mis-stated into being on the level with the stock or stone. It is held by our laws, and it is so stated in instructions to Jurors from the Bench, in trials for crim. con. that the fact of the parties being seen to come together from a house of doubtful repute, is proof absolute of crime.

Even this despicable veil is usually unworn: and such of our countrymen as are not birds of passage, cannot escape invitation to the privileges of the system. An instance has occurred within my own circle, of an English gentleman, who, on the occasion of a bride being, as is of course, to nominate a Cavaliere Servente, was held eligible, and had the proposal made to him to that effect, by her friends. He consulted a friend of his own nation, qualified by long residence in Italy to counsel him in mysteries so strange—and was advised, that the attentions he would be required to pay, being as loathsome as those ministered by the humble companion of the other sex in our country, would probably out-weigh and greatly outlast the gratification to be experienced under the

tenure of offices so miserably servile. And he was, I will not say virtuous enough, but prudent enough to decline the proposition.

The current language of mere courteous attention to Englishmen of a season's stay on the part of the ladies of the best society—I use not the word reputation—is, "Have you yet provided yourself with an Amica?" If the answer be Yes, it is taken for matter of course: if in the negative, and this continues, it induces surprise at the gentleman's being so very difficult in his selection. One of the pleasantest circles of English resort is that of a Widow-lady of forty-five —whose connexion with a male friend of thirty, that possesses with her a husband's privileges, nobody affects to misunderstand. This lady is of excellent qualities, and the first respectability; and she has grown-up unmarried daughters. All these things are not merely understood, but are matters of as usual talk as any possible items in the Red Book.

There are special instances where the lady makes choice, and adheres to it, of her husband as her Cavaliere Servente: and there are also instances of husbands who have prohibited such an attendant in the train of their wives. Again, it does not follow, that there are exceptions as well as extreme cases, in this strangely bad system—that the Cavaliere Servente shall not, in every instance, be admitted to the utmost privileges of his services, or, in other words, that Cicisbeism and adultery shall not be held as synonimous terms. Yet it belongs to exceptions to take care of themselves. Or, on the score of exception, let it not be forgotten, that there are wives, whose choice of a Cavaliere Servente is governed by mercenary incentives, as there are husbands of whom it is positively affirmed, that they disdain not their share of the profits so accruing. I am informed, and my information throughout is from countrymen who scout the atrocities of whose existence they have positive knowledge, that whether

from English birds of passage being so numerous as to influence the Ton, or from English habits being so abhorrent of this heinous complication of crime—prostitution declaredly venal is becoming more usual. Any thing to expel prostitution from the marriage chamber! Any remedy to dislodge gout from the head or the stomach—to make it welcome in the knee or the hand!

I shall not readily forget the contemptuous expression with which, from his inmost feelings, an Italian spoke to me of certain ladies, his country-women—as "pieces of stick"—some thing like what our girls about to enter on their teens think as to their dolls, which they have scarcely given up the delight of overlaying with millinery. In France, the women transact the family affairs, as well without doors as within: in Italy the sex cope not with the superintendance of menial detail! Hence is explainable one cardinal fault, which we, tramontanes, find in the dramas of Goldoni. This play-writer was neither poet, nor capable to imagine any thing he had not seen in archetype. He was, however, a lively representer of life's incidents as he saw them. The perplexity of his plots turns evermore on the most arrantly childish casualties—the outwitting of each other by two girls, each anxious to surprise the other by exhibiting in a gown of a new fashion;—the loss of a fan putting a whole family, and village, wrong, and driving the leading personages into derangement of the brain; or some other affair as egregiously infantine and as terrific in its results. Italian family affairs, that can have to do with comic perplexity, are of the paltriest detail and utter monotony. This cause of Goldoni's intolerable stupidity is never adverted to by our English travelling critics, who use him as a primer in learning the language. Yet Goldoni is in high estimation with his countrymen; though his moral vein—and this, praise be his, with all his faults—is as noble as that of the Waverly novels: I fear that this quality, if taken into account by the Italians, is regarded as but po-

etic coloring in decoration of mere human and matter of fact transaction.*

Of the gentlemen's superiority of range little can be said: the state of Italy is an unhappy one.—It affords no prize of ambition other than literary: and the past national glories extinguish modern competition. The landed proprietors crowd universally into the towns, to consume in sloth the products, that are paid in kind, of their estates. Moneyed or mercantile interest is none; or in the rare instance of a child of fortune through trade, or the more frequent one of property obtained at the bar, the funds so acquired sink into landed purchase, and disappear from enterprise. Then comes that levelling enactment, introduced from France,—infliction there of Jacobinism—the distribution of family property in equal shares among all the children: a proviso, which unless timely counteracted, will steep coming generations in misery unspeakable—will fritter mankind into a community as mere as the vermin which crust and destroy the leaf and bud of the rose. Even now Palaces are to be kept up here with but a fractional portion of the means which erected them; and every sordid effort is practised to uphold exterior shew, while hunger reigns within.† Allthe faul ts of aristocracy remain, and all the

* I super-add of Goldoni, that his characters are but personifications, severally, of so many abstract ideas, and as decompounded as elemental geometric truths. Each character has its own definitive quality,—or color; it is absolutely red or positively black: in no case does one hue blend into another in his human compositions. How anti-human all this, it vails not to say!

† A liveried menial, in the pomp of his master's dignity and his own errand, demanded loftily at the bar of a coffee-room here, for carrying home, a "mezza ciaccolata"—a half cup of chocolate, very probably in score, the cash-price 1½d. —"for his master the Prince of ———," being breakfast for the representative of one of the most dignified old families of Tuscany. "Sic fortis Etruria crevit" burst, involuntary, as loud, in Partridge quotation, from one of our very first Greek Scholars, present in the room;—whose ejaculation of amazement at such provision of breakfast for so mighty a grandee spread into such notoriety among his countrymen, as to have disdained the etiquette of suppressing his name, even if that could now affect him—the late Dr. Elmsley.

tricks of the pedlar are needed to bolster it up. A retail trade—the flask hung out as a sign, to beg your custom for a single bottle of wine, at haughty palaces by the score; the filthy resource of usury by others of these grandees; every contrivance plied to squeeze together some little gain, or, more frequently, to keep the wolf from the door.

What a different order of men were the Italian proprietors who, like the Borromean family, created the enchantments of their patrimonial Lago Maggiore,—founded the Ambrosian library—and in all ways returned to their country the wealth they drew from it. I cannot figure to myself a happier lot than that of an Italian proprietor seated among his tenantry; bound fast to them by an identity of interests, inasmuch as the seasons which swell their harvests or injure their crops, equally enlarge his revenues or diminish his returns. Would that it were so in Ireland, where the peasantry, by the very tenure of their acre of land, and the very agreement by which they give their labour, are put into mortal hostility with the landlords.* Here the intercourse between landlord and tenant must be productive of unmingled benefits; the poorest year sufficing for supply of food, the richest spreading store of comforts. Even the occasional vintage residence of such proprietors must be the renewal of kindness, as their town magnificence was the diffusion of opulence and a stimulus to enterprise. The peasantry still continue in their round of labour: but all is torpor in the cities. While each subdivision of a property must suffice to uphold a state-appearance to its dwindled possessor,—to that possessor no exercise of activity is opened beyond consuming the income that falls to his lot, and no play of mind beyond the shifts to make his miserable modicum work out the most splendid effect. A set of retail shop-

* This statement will receive distinct illustration in the conclusion of these minutes.

keepers forms the commercial interest: and the cities thus fall into partition of huxters and their customers. There is no healthy tide-movement, no current surface on the mean waste: all is a marsh level, with marsh miasmata and noisomeness: sloth and rottenness every where, in lieu of healthful activity of mind, and enterprise, and all human virtue.

Still the raw material of the Italian is a noble one. Their temperament is subtle, thoughtful, anxious, ardent; with great affinities to genius, or, more correctly speaking, great impregnation of genius. They have a tinge, too, of melancholy, to which true genius ever shews a propensity. Humour is deep-engrained in their composition, and all their fibres beat responsive to its sallies. Altogether they are a nobly-gifted race. But the sensuality of their upper orders is their disqualification for whatever potitical enterprise can, presently or prospectively, be either useful or safe. For the lower orders, their fast maxim is that of Candide, "We must by all means tend our garden."

Of the government of Tuscany I was most glad to learn, that it is mild and protective. A most intelligent Florentine, who confirmed to me all that I had heard of the miserable slavery of Lombardy, stated of his own country—"We are more free than you English." The public functionaries of all descriptions are supplied from the Tuscans themselves, though the Grand Duke is brother of the Emperor of Austria. This Prince moves about with the unaffected simplicity and graciousness of an English country squire among his friends. His palace is a scene of cordial hospitalities; and, personally, he mingles, on foot, with his Grand Duchess on his arm, among the promenaders who daily frequent the Cascine, a dairy farm, his property, close to the city and over the Arno, bespread with wood, that is intersected with numerous walks and drives. His noble private gallery is open to all persons: of his library it is mentioned to me by

a friend who wished to see it, and, if I misremember not, with permission as of course to consult some of the books, —that in the absence of a servant, the door was opened by the Grand Duke himself, so unassumingly that, but for casual knowledge of his person, he could not have remarked him from any mere stranger.

There is something gracious in the expression of the "Carta di sicurezza," or police document, given here in temporary counter-change against the stranger's passport. It runs that, "———— of ———, by condition ——, dur- "ing his residence in Tuscany, which shall be of —— "months," renewable at pleasure, "is assured of the as- "sistance of the laws, he conforming to their regulations "and those of the public authorities."* I cannot banish from my recollection the wording of the document that is vouchsafed in the canton of Vaud in like cases. In sequence worse than its title of "Permis de Sejour," and with condescension little short of ruffianly, it assumes primarily that you are an object of severe vigilance—an outcast of a stranger country, and not welcome to theirs: and it formally makes the owner of the house in which you reside responsible for your actions! With that house-owner your document of permission must be lodged—to the embarrassment of your movements, if you wander to the distance of half a day's excursion into any of the cantons bordering. If the enslavers of the Swiss thus make them the instruments of their political resentment, they ought at the same time to forbid them brutality of manners.

10th January. The streets continue placarded with regulations for restraint of Carnival abuses. These placards seem the sole vestige of the Carnival's existence, subsequent to the multitudinous uproar of a few nights ago

* The tenor of this instrument, I since find, is equally courteous throughout Italy.

through the town, in villainous attempt at fun. Some procession, in carriages and carts, there was of the lower orders; which they had to themselves, for the night was impenetrably dark. The blast of horns continued for several hours in execrable noise, without even an attempt at tune, as in English stage coach guard's practice. Screams of horns, and shout in progress by night through the streets were not what I had figured to myself of an Italian Carnival.

Before quitting Florence, the excellence, the plenty, the cheapness of provisions of all sorts, merit a minute. What especially strikes me on this point is the abundance of small birds, which, every successive day, are exhibited through the streets on sale: your ears are deafened with the cry of "Ucceletti," viz. small birds—thrushes in great part; bespeaking how crowdedly the multiplied coverts of the country are alive with the feathered race. Thousands must be expended for each day's supply, and thousand thousands be each winter's victims.

Of the churches of Florence, the S^to^ Spirito claims first rank, for interior architectural expression. The Annunziata, and one chapel in the S^ta^ Croce, are dazzlingly splendid in rich ornament. But the nave of the S^ta^ Croce was my favourite haunt—the Westminster Abbey of Florence, in so far it is the grand repository of its illustrious dead—of whom suffice it to specify Michel Angelo—and Galileo, saintly sage, the Italian Newton! Here too lies, of little, modern men, Alfieri, the reputed husband of our Charles Edward Stuart's widow: she has obtained, for distinction of the poet's tomb, a figure of Italy mourning over him—executed by Canova, who has given the lady quite enough for her money, let that have been what it might.

The Great Church of Florence is a vast pile, noble, almost, on the score of its immensity: it is crowned by an octagonal cupola of glorious dimensions. Its interior

spreads into unfinished, certainly unfurnished, vacuity to stupidness, with marvellous escape from all of awful, that such vastness would seem as from necessity to imply: and the main walls of the columns, indispensible for sustaining the roofing of so mighty a pile and so wondrous a cupola, are destitute of even an attempt to impart to them effect.

This edifice is handsomely isolated. I was at the pains to make out the *Sasso di Dante*, that spot of the benches of stone that run along the houses composing the Church-Place, which was the poet's favourite seat. There is raised a stone footstool to correspond to these benches; and that part of it where he delighted to rest is distinguished by a slab of white marble. It were superfluous to say, he chose a good spot: it is the best point of view possible, holding in command from the exquisite campanile near on its west point, to the extreme termination of the majestic structure, the whole southern front in perspective, and, though so close on the view, shewing the whole from the base to the summit.

SECTION VIII.

Monday 13th January.—Quitted Florence for Rome, the course being stipulated not to exceed five days.

The road for the first day's journey goes through the Appennines, whose cultivation contends with forest. A number of handsome villas were seen, the site being often on the verge of the mountain-crest, to whose outline they give force and also grace. Onward the villages are of frequent occurrence; their sites also are chosen with strong propensity for the crown, or, at least, the brow of a steep and lofty eminence. Their circuit is embraced by a wall that is of moderate height within, while in exterior it is, in consequence of the rapid descent of the ground, of most imposing front, and has all the air of an ancient fortification. The houses are in that chaste style which pervades all classes of building in this country: these surmount finely the fortress walls, and are themselves surmounted by one or other palace or convent structure—and the whole is brought into unity by the battlements of the principal church, with a campanile or two beside, or perhaps spire of a different construction—grouping or massing the village into connexion as of one great castle, with which the fortress walls give it identity of appearance. The two first villages of this description, as seen from the road at the base of the cliffs on which they were erected, did in fact, impose on me as castle edifices in undivided property.

Tuesday before noon has brought us to Sienna. The pre-

ceding county is a tract of fine oak woodland, which here has superseded the round headed, pale leaved olives, of which yesterday the orchard rows were evermore in monotonous spread. This morning's range had also the decoration of frequent fortress ruins, memorial from their lofty stations of the sanguinary contests between Florence and Sienna, when each was the metropolis of a separate State. Sienna like the villages along this tract, lies high, though a large city. A storm of rain, which would have dipped me ankle-deep in the floods that sheeted its flagged streets, (like those of Florence) confines me to the inn, and loses to me the glimpse of this city's famed cathedral.

After Sienna, the country is for many miles rather bare of wood, its surface coarse, and in unwieldy roll rather than undulation. Still numerous villages, on pinnacle site, exhibit the same embattled cincture: their entrance is by a low gateway: their general form a long rectangle, with an occasional projecting break that gives spirit to the outline; one or other master edifice subjecting to singleness of its control the mass of appendant buildings—like a baronial seat of sway and strength.

Near San Quirico opens the first pleasing scenery since leaving Sienna. Here is a long and narrow wooded vale, with its river: on the off-side are perched two or three of these little villages; and besides, there are some castles of a dissimilar character, and quite in the style of the castle ruins over the Rhine. Onward is a most mean though mountain surface; the ravines faced with hard clay instead of rock: yet amidst this desolation the plough shews its tracks, and a castle-like village is the ornament of every eminence of which we get into view. No where is a groupe of houses, or a detached one, found below the mountain's brow—through terror, I should presume of noisome summer exhalations.

In front, through the whole day's course, was conspicuous the great mountain fortress of Radicofani, by which lay o u

road: the ascent to it, at our wonted slow rate of march, occupied the entire afternoon. A rock, in position of the mountain summit, is itself of several hundred feet high: its sides are quite wall like; and it occupies several acres on its plane, which is most strikingly marked by the ruined remains of an old fortification—whose sentinels must have had more to do in watch of the eagles than of their fellow-men of the vallies beneath, or even of the Appennines around, over which its view extends to a vast distance.—The height of this eminence is 2,630 feet above the sea. Keeping close to the base of this rock—which is regular in elevation, and a regular cube in form, and the extent of which cost considerable time to measure—we arrived in twilight at the town of Radicofani—lying at the foot of this awful mass of stone, 590 feet below its summit plane. At this place we had the satisfaction, notwithstanding first appearances, of decent entertainment, which to a degree made amends for the highway fraud that at breakfast—viz. noon—allowed but one thrush, an ounce weight of sausage, and as much omelet, to each—leaving us sharper set when the whole was eaten than when we sat down; and which sturdily and with insult denied us farther provision, even under promise of payment separate from that of our vetturino—with whom the cheats were in league. This fellow had, at Florence gate, shewn himself a miscreant; and has all along kept it up; quite different from the person I had the good fortune to have for conductor from Milan to Florence, who was owner of the carriage and horses he drove, and a man not merely—the bargain once made!—of good faith, but of strong intellect and large information—John Costa.

Of this man, let me not forget the strange story, as he thought it, and involving facts which he implored me, incredible as they were, not to disbelieve, inasmuch as they were within his absolute knowledge:—no less than that an Englishman who had once been a brewer, and another Eng-

lishman, a coach-maker—whom he had positively known as such, on the occasion of his having been once on a time, in London; these identical men, beyond physical possibility of mistake as to their persons, he had since seen in Rome, enjoying its amusements, and going about to see all sights, just as other Englishmen who travel for their amusement!— Absolutely a brewer and a coach-maker!. I might depend on the fact; which though he entreated me to do on his assertion, he could scarcely swallow the belief on the evidence of his own senses, that witnessed the invasion by such men of the pretensions, and investment of themselves in the prerogatives, of gentlemen.

Conceptions of this kind are not limited to persons of this relater's class. I have found them prevalent among the well-educated. And on the subject of this nationality, though on that chapter of it which refers to taciturnity,—in return for my stating this evening the occurrence at Lodi, a Russian Baron, who has been much in England, and speaks English fluently, recounted to us his having been on a some weeks' visit to one of our northern Bishops, of that class that seeks not translation to the Archiepiscopal rank —of sound talent and especial activity of mind:—on the occasion of a gentleman having left them for London, after having for a month occupied the fireside corner, without, in all that time, his voice having given utterance to a sound, or his countenance reverberation to any thing of idea thrown out for his hearing,—his Lordship lamented pathetically the loss of his society: "He was so sensible a man and so "thoroughly agreeable a companion." A stock or stone, a picture against the wall, or the chimney mantle-piece, would, throughout his stay, have supported his part to the life. Irishman as I am, fool's rattle is worse to me than vertigo —worse surely than blue devils: yet why chaunt, as highly chaunted they often are, the praises of these blue devils?

Thursday. Not well an hour on the road, in the midst of

such mountain desolation that the only work of man we could see was a village on the offside of the valley, up to which it would have taken an hour or two to climb, with all around it so waste, that it is puzzling to guess whence such a nest among crags and sheets of naked stone can draw sustenance;—in such a spot the fore-axle of our vettura breaking in two, gave us the luxury of an adventure. Our ruffian vetturino was softened into tears by the calamity. With strong heartening of encouragement, and, I must say, some mirth of face from the novelty to be hereafter dwelt on, we roused him from his panic, and propelled him onward in search of a hamlet—from which he returned with a pair of noble bullocks and a wain: on this our vehicle was made to rest in front, and so spliced as to move with steadiness. These fine animals had apparently not been trained to the road trot, so that our march was a plough movement, in which they were stimulated by a sharp-pointed stick constantly goading or threatening them, in the hand of one attending peasant, while a second regulated their direction: this was for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, to Aquapendente—whither, as being the nearest forge also, our vetturino had preceded us with the swifter movement of his horses, drawing with them by an easy contrivance the two fore-wheels and broken axle, which the night long was expended in welding. I am sorry, for the sake of my friends, that nothing in the shape of banditti came within our ken: on the contrary, the little public house at which we contrived to get a breakfast, was even hospitable in its kindnesses; and of the very few peasants we crossed on the road the demeanor indicated the offer of farther assistance if it had been wanted.

In this tract of road we passed into the Ecclesiastical States from Tuscany: in quitting which be it said, that from what little I have been able to remark, and certainly from

all I have been able to collect, as it were in unanimous acclamation of the fact—the peasantry of Tuscany are perhaps the finest of that class in the world; laborious, sober, honest, cheerful; especially cleanly, personally; intelligent also, and well informed to a remarkable degree: their women, utterly in contrast to the females of their great towns, of irreproachable morals and pattern purity. Of the city dames, and country females, the pretensions to beauty are on a par, and very moderate. I have heard it said, that on entering a Tuscan farm-house, you see all the numerous offspring with one family face—a test of pure morals as old as the ancient Roman satirist: but I extend the remark so as to leave that bearing behind altogether. The female peasantry of Tuscany have but the one face; and that approaches not more to woman's beauty, than the face of their young men might do, if set forth in female habiliment—coarse and strong in muscle. Their own dress, (which I suspect has been revolutionized) does not mend the matter—sad-colored, down to black; a black plume surmounting (at least now in winter) a black hat, which though not so high in the crown as the hat of a Welsh woman, is, from its shape of hatter's block, far fitter for a boy's head than a female's. But I surmise that the best fancied head-dress would little influence this provincial uniformity, of strong cheeks and stiff features—with brown substituted for the Welsh carmine. Of either country, the style of countenance treads close in resemblance of best animal points—repulsive to that class of humanity which, not being utter clay, has to do with sensitiveness. But here, at least, the resolute physiognomist will not be baffled by even this unpromising surface of features, cut—and to the one pattern—out of wood: and, be the dial-plate homely as it will, the Tuscan peasantry are no wooden clock-work. Their high intelligence may be distinctly inferred from the decision of their air and gestures—from their fine eyes, and the expression

which accompanies them—from the countenance generally, that looks any thing but vacuity, and in which active thought appears to be the habitual exercise. Of the peasantry advanced in life, the lineaments of face are strikingly fine. And of aged or of young, there is abundant force of just expression on every subject, from grave to the liveliest.

Aquapendente is in a lovely site: our oxen, at different times, sunk in the attempt to drag the ponderous vehicle up the mountain ascent necessary to its approach. The sides of this mountain are splendidly clothed with Spanish chesnut, through which break almost as numerously as their stems, ragged rocks, of form akin to that of a fractured pillar; and the guide-book talks of basaltic appearances between Radicofani and Bolsena, which is before us. Often, dropping the columnar shape, the rocks resemble a vast wall, where their breadth does not, from overhanging the perpendicular, look like a wall half overturned and vegetation-stained. Through a recess, originally wrought by the action of the waters into the mountain's face, along one cheek of which the road winds upward—the other cheek seen in front at each zig-zag made in the mountain—through this recess is that fall of stream which gives name to the place: its noise we heard; but the deep bosom it has hollowed out shut it from our view. Here and there, under the town, which is on the cliffs' verge, the chesnut forest has been forced to give way to gardens, with their terraces in staircase, or rather ladder declivity, and with all the profusion of Italian garden growth in trellis. To the right, even after the town has been scaled, and confronting its gate, soars from that level a sheet of perpendicular rock, the finest precipice for its dimensions that I can recollect having seen in the Appennines. The town in exterior becomes its station; two or three church structures, with square campanile or spire appurtenant; various grand edifices, that must primarly have been constructed for palaces; various convents, of magnificence rival to these; and several

antique towers;—the whole massed in outline, at once easy and noble: within, it exhibits only penury and desolation.

Friday. Along the road this morning the rocks and soil are caverned into continued recesses for the repose of cattle in the summer heats, and security boxes for the banditti who, in this frontier tract, as well as the adjacent one of Tuscany, were not long since sufficiently frequent. On, about four miles, is an isolated rock crowned by extensive fortress ruins, of which the irregular outline is, from several points, strikingly picturesque. The position of their foundation-rock is a lovely one—a deliciously wooded vale rejoicing in its seclusion, and animated by its small but vehemently rapid stream.

To BOLSENA, where the lake of that name opens. The town it did not please the Vetturino to enter; and I believe I have thus escaped a scene of desolation. But its exterior displays towers and turrets, and the spacious shell of one edifice rising with the ground's elevation over its fellow—a transcendant scene of pictured abruptness. This extraordinary collection of turrets, and pinnacles, and structure over structure, in half-ruin, occupies the site of Volsinium, one of the twelve Etruscan Cities.

Hence onward, I have been able for some three hours to walk at my ease before my vettura, with the lake close to the right, and the noblest woods clothing the mountains to the left and in front. It is an old story that these woods have been strictly reserved from the axe on the very score of their antiquity: but now nearly all those along the road are destroyed, not by the axe but by the action—quite recent, of fire! to clear the ground for agriculture, and with the more direct object, it is stated, of guarding the road from robbers, to whom these most majestic trees afforded a secure shelter. Of the trees more removed, a number of venerable ones are so completely crusted with lichen, to the farthest extremity of every spray, that it has cost me much

pains to verify from particular instances that they are not evergreens, or that their green was not, despite our English impossibility, of this spring's foliage already disclosed. The mountains of which this forest is the vesture, are worthy of their robe from the loveliness of their forms, and the exquisite play of their range in long-retiring perspective.

But let me not forget the lake, alive with wild ducks, its extent in any direction nearly seven miles, and its outline pleasingly varied. Its farther shores are mountains of moderate swell, richly robed with vegetation, richly studded also with villages. Two islands, happily placed to break yet more the general outline, are happier still in their picturesque—shall I say, basaltic forms; their perpendicular cliffs, majectic through, and high surmounting the woods, that bespread wherever it seems possible the island surface should yield them growth. One humbler space on them alone seems vacant of the proud robing. The whole scenery here, forest and mountain forms on one side, and the lake, and its islands, and shores far beyond on the other, I take to be one of genuine Italian captivation.

Pursued my way through these wooded mountains to MONTE FIASCONE, a walled town, as usual here, and with an ancient castle: but its churches have exchanged for the campanile square tower, the decoration of a cupola, large to grandeur, and imparting grace to the circuit of the town they surmount. Monte Fiascone, celebrated for its wines, is noted in Italian guide-book story, as having been the terminating stage of the German Bishop's travels, who, having sent on his servant to make in each town fit reconnoissance of the best wine-houses, the latter in this place wrote outside pursuant to directions, Est; but in notation triple of his orders, to express the excellence of the article;—which the master's palate ratified to an excess that caused his death, and the epitaph over him, "*Est, Est, Est; et propter nimium est, hic est.*" The sight of three Ests on a sign-post

outside of the town, was all that Monte-Fiascone afforded us of its fare: our vetturino excusing himself by jocky-ship from entering the gate, brought us on to Viterbo, fasting till five in the evening.

The people in this tract seem of meaner and more indolent cast than the Tuscans. But their women are incomparably more beautiful. At Monte Fiascone as we passed, the road was crossed by a female of the lower orders, of beauty equal to any I have ever seen in woman, and in its most feminine softness and grace—with a complexion, to my surprise, highly marked in carnation. Her dress, which begins hereabouts to be in a costume distinct from the Tuscan, was, much of it, bright scarlet.

From Monte-Fiascone, we had in view of some dozen miles off, a range athwart the horizon of wooded and lofty mountains, at the base of which is VITERBO. The intervening plain is bare of tree, bare too of cultivation of any kind: yet it is rich to rankness, and its grass a deep, copperas green: a house is here and there singly scattered, its walls as thick as if, notwithstanding its small size, it had been built with a view to defence—or perhaps, to keep out the noisome air of this melancholy region: and certainly, at a spot about two thirds of this stage, we were forcibly compelled to remark a mean plash of a very few acres at some distance from the road to the right, from which the stench was intolerably noisome: many bubbles were noticeable on its surface.

Nearly on entering Viterbo, is a street composed of caverns, hollowed out of the rock, as regular as the basement story of a line of houses. Strange to say here, the site of Viterbo somewhat approaches a flat; it is a filthy place, though decorated with a fine fountain, and many noble palaces: churches and convents are numerous, and ecclesiastics in absolute swarm. The inn here (on the left as you enter the town) made us such miserable amends for the

day's fasting, that it was with difficulty we procured enough to eat: for the wine, near as we were to Mante-Fiascone, one kind was worse than another of three sorts produced to us, though in our own defence we paid for it *extra*; this in a large city; our vetturino of course had his understanding with his host.

Saturday.—The road ascends through rich woods, with which olives are intermingled. Gradually it gains a mountain side through pomp of oak-forest for many miles range to the left, with lofty peaks aloft beyond, while vast precipices break its sweep in front. The range to the right is oak forest also, but in such discontinuity, that the eye, aided by the fall of the mountain's surface, commands an immense tract of irregularly varied-country. The under furniture to the timber trees is broom in luxuriant thicket.

Towards the road's summit elevation the fire had largely done its office of felling; and the charred trees were lying along or across, in the topsy turvy way in which each had succumbed. The ground beneath them was covered by young corn, just beginning to tinge the surface, that was extensively broken up—not by the plough assuredly, since the narrow ridges ran continuedly under the giant half burned stems, without regard to their interruption. Yet whence these spadesmen? From Viterbo to this spot is not one trace of habitation. It was the same thing from Bolsena to Monte Fiascone—not a roof nor a wall to support one. The cultivators then must be townsmen of Viterbo, unless in the mode of the extravagantly-proud district of Kilgarvan in our Irish kingdom of Kerry, where—as has been certified to me—the corn was luxuriant and the potato ridges superb, without its being discoverable how either crop came into growth. Neighbour and treacherous curiosity detected that the farmers of this tract—proud of the Spanish blood running in their veins, from a colony established on this, the nearest Irish shore to Biscay, some five thousand years ago—recoil from

being seen at work, and are ever alert on the alarm of a passenger coming in view from the road, to squat prone down in the concealment of their field ridges. These Hidalgos are seven score in number. On the occasion of a collection at chapel to enable a candidate for the priesthood to prosecute his college studies, among the rubbish in copper received were found seven score silver half-crown pieces, obviously the donation of the grandees, who on this account, as well as their ever retiring dignity, go by the name of the Seven-score Gentlemen of Kilgarvan. Though we are on old Roman ground, it were vain to look for feeling kindred to theirs among its present cultivators. Many crosses have taken place in the breed, and sorely puddled has been the blood of the Italian peasantry since the days of Cincinnatus and the four-acred nobility of Rome and Volsinium.

Heavy rains in the descent blotted out, I believe, equal forest magnificence and much superior mountain surface—which, on the reverse face, and close on the road, breaks greatly into ravine. A lake here has been obscured from me, to which the guide book gives a circuit of three miles: it must be a delicious spot if it be similar in its accompaniments to the approach to Ronciglione—the first town in this day's march. It is magnificently conspicuous from without, by its cathedral-like cupola. Its interior must, and at no long time past, have been captivating indeed—a collection of palaces, summer retreats, probably, of the Roman nobles, from the noisome air of the Eternal City. These splendid edifices have been destroyed under some infliction of recent revolutionary rage; their roofs demolished, their interior gutted; but their fronts still remain in undestroyed embellishment. Can a more miserable symptom disclose itself of the state of this nation, than that on the part of proprietors, who could have occupied these edifices, there should be the inability, or the lethargic crime, to suffer their homes to remain desolate ruins, and without an attempt at even

their homely renovation, more than if they had devolved in property to the devastators?

Three miles from this place trees disappeared, and the expanse became a grazing waste—no cattle however on it; nor, for several miles, a house, or a human being, with the exception of two men occupied, one in plashing a hedge, while his companion—not superintendent—overlooked him. Frequently in this rich waste, I experienced a current of mephitic exhalation, that was not traceable to any such pool as that beyond Viterbo.

This desolation gives me again to chew the mystery of the extensive manual labour bestowed on the cleared grounds on Viterbo mountain. It has occurred that the persons employed may have been brought in a body from some densely inhabited district for this special enterprise. But how again account for the very numerous bands of peasantry whom we met on the road there, as if in progress to Viterbo market? I could not make an opportunity to ask any of them, and have since been unable to learn: assuredly they are not residents of that heap of ruins, Ronciglione.—The commodities with which their mules' pack-saddles were loaded, are obviously the product of some highly cultivated country, skirting probably largely to right and left the base of the mountain in the passage of which they met us. Much of their loading was wine in long narrow casks, or rather great kegs: and many a lengthened string we passed of their scattering mules. There were, besides, large peasant bands disembarrassed of such convoy, or of any commodities.—They are, in either case, the prototypes of those groupes with which the Italian landscape painters have made us so familiar. The woman were of remarkable beauty—of high complexion—their persons fine; their array of dress very striking—the colors pale red or high scarlet; some little brown, but much green, intermixed. Even in the men's dress, where green also intermingled, such was the propen-

sity to red, that they were frequently seen in breeches of that color: their oil-cloth umbrellas, a regular appendage to their equipments, were red also. With their flapped hats of monstrous crown, in shape of a cone truncated very near its vertex, and various other personal singularities; and with the march of their numerous files of horses and mules in disorderly straggle, they made altogether a highly picturesque exhibition.

The large and stupid plain we now traversed, was confined on the right by low mountains, that at length closed in front at Monte-Rosi, a striking little spot, with a castle-tower at some distance towards the summit height, giving decoration to the woods that here advance on the view. Monte-Rosi, within, is the dirtiest town I have seen; replete with piles of stable dung, one of which close in front of the inn, rises to confront the first floor windows.

To the left forward, perhaps a dozen miles, and seen over another wide plain, is Mount Soracte; it is quite isolated, its form that segment of a circle of which the height may be two parts in five of the chord; its outline serrated; and its whole front apparently forest-robed.

Hence over a mean and uninhabited surface of very inferior fertility, until another range of unfeatured heights required to be scaled, and, for half an hour traversed, before reaching Baccano; from whence, though eighteen Italian miles off, may, as I learn, be distinguished the cupola of St. Peter's.

SECTION IX.

Sunday morning, 19th January saw us sometime before day-break on our route, over ground glazed in ice, and somewhat powdered with snow. This tract, though every where spread in plain, is in no part level; and there is much of scar, dell, and even long incision of vale depths, in which, in English poverty of landscape materials, many an improver could he command them, would riot, as superb provision for working into picturesque park scenery, by the proper adjuncts of wood, and the managed fund of the mirthful streams that here are frequent. Though the surface sod is rich, it every where discloses a stony substratum, and breaks into little inclined planes, or even perpendicular sheets of that volcanic substitution for stone, called tufo; giving thus full scope to all possible vagary of the landscape gardener. This very surface was once the garden of the world, though now so desolate that its sod is unpastured; and there is no population, or symptom of it, other than a stray, isolated, apparently unoccupied dwelling, unless the post-houses for relays to travellers be excepted: and these houses are rivalled in the dimensions of their entire stabling, by accumulated piles of stable dung,—useless possibly, certainly unused, for field or garden manure. Every where else that I have been on the continent, manure is of such value that the diurnal droppings are systematically collected by the children and grown female peasants.

Far in front lay one groupe—its unparalleled elegance

claims the term ; one groupe of mountains, the Latian and Alban : and less remote to the left rose another more lengthening and much loftier range, of similarly fascinating outline —the Sabine mountains. Over the vile breadth of treeless, houseless, green desolation, where man's exertions seems arrested by some mysterious and dread spell, and himself forbidden to trespass by his presence on nature's loneliness, —a tract nevertheless, which testifies man's occupation by the grass grown plough-furrow, and other symptoms of his lost empire, as strikingly as it declares his present rejectment ;—over all the expanse the eye could detect no object to dwell upon, save an isolated tower or two, of square form and barbarous aspect, constructed, forsooth, for refuge from the Saracens, by whom these shores far inland were formerly ravaged, as were our own, in the olden time, by the Norsemen.

At length, when five miles from our journey's end, numerous cupolas and other lofty edifices of the Great City were descried over the undulating and even hilly green waste that intervened, with the Latian mountains for glorious background. An ancient church in ruin, near us, was the city's only precursor in buildings ; and soon after, on a bank close over the road, an antique tomb, the sepulchre of the family of Naso. Deserted villas then thickened over a beautiful valley, which we traversed, with desolation still for companion, until, two miles from the City-gate, at the Ponte-Mola, a handsome bridge, we crossed the Tiber. My friend and myself celebrated the circumstance with hats off and an English huzza. Hence a broad road and spacious footway, with frequent buildings running at the base of a precipitous cliff, partly naked rock, partly wooded or in gardens —the crest perhaps one hundred feet perpendicular,—conducted us to the Porta del Popolo, the imposing entrance, from the north, of modern Rome.

Within the Portal is a spacious Place, ornamented on the

left and contiguous to the gate, by a stately Church: on the right are great preparations for some new structure: and in front, two churches of rather fantastic beauty, and nearly counterparts in design, form the grand coins of three streets that diverge as from a central point, at an angle each from other of about twenty degrees. The middle street of these, the great one of Rome, the Corso, we drove up, with the Sunday crowd thronging our passage;—and arrived at the Custom-house in a transport of admiration on beholding the noble though deplorably injured columns—the relics of some ancient temple's façade, which are left sticking in face of the modern building, their intercolumniations being walled up to constitute a front. By the time we had passed our baggage, and performed the toilet observances, which our week's travelling had made most needful, it approached three o'clock, and we were fasting. My companion, however, declared, that to him it was matter of conscience to see St. Peter's, even in that state; and having commanded my attendance, we had on our way thither the surprise of the Pantheon: and after being penetrated to amazement—despite every anticipation—with the majesty of the interior of St. Peter's, we contrived to stray into the Vatican museum, and rejoice in our obeisance to some of its proudest treasures —and that the proudest of all triumphs of human art, the Apollo.

20th January. Rome for exterior effect, as commanded by the approach, is not comparable to Florence. But if I was struck with the cupolas and towers of the latter—at Rome their number gives amazement: they are so multiplied and diversified as, even in enumeration, to be immense. Then the masses of palace and other stupendous structure range which the ground throws into boldest exhibition, most vast in array of front, and as if in mighty terrace elevation; the Quirinal pile, for instance, majestically prolonged and high pre-eminent above the aggregate of other lines of edifice as

vast and as majestic, though in less proud site among those hills, which raise the more distinguished to a station of grandeur: surely there cannot be such a sight elsewhere in the world.

The immensity of these palaces individually has nothing to compare with in other great capitals. Paris can shew nothing of the kind that here meets the eye every where. Two hundred feet in front is an ordinary extent; their flank is correspondent—and their elevation. The Place of Antoninus's column is formed on three of its sides by edifices, either single buildings, as the Chigi Palace, or the Post-office, or by an elevation raised on unity of design. In the centre of this Place stands Antoninus's column; which, with Trojan's at some 500 yards off, in another Place, gives singularity, and surely majesty in the shew of Rome's various structures. Analogous in some little degree to them are the very numerous obelisks, Egyptian hieroglyphics inscribed on them; of Egyptian origin of course: but how the ancient masters in mechanics contrived their transport hither, is another Roman wonder. In contrast to all this is that Corinthian column, standing lone in front of the Great Church of St. Mary Maggiore, so consumed into thinness as though it were by time—and yet its delicate flutings incorroded—that it seems scarcely able to bear up the weight of the mere statue imposed on its capital, and is from its extreme slenderness but the more exquisitely graceful.

Before plunging altogether into the world of Rome, I must give one word to our protracted and week-long journey hither. We had winter's worst weather; a miscreant vetturino for Cicerone on the road and providore at the inns: some of these inns were miserable, and occasionally where they were not, the people were in league with the vetturino to defraud us. Yet it has been the pleasantest journey I ever made of the same length. My friend and I, associating our Russian companion, found in all vicissitudes a some

thing of adventure: we were, at least I was, gratified at the direct one of our breakdown: we found speculation in the wayward sulk of our vetturino: so far as vice can be viewed without pain, we were diverted with his frauds, and with the ready-witted denial of fit food, meat or drink, by the innkeepers: we laughed at the hunger we could not appease —we triumphed over cold: our communications grave or gay occupied every interval of direct annoyance: and I never passed a week of more cheerful mirth or more buoyant spirits, than amid the misadventures and even misery of this our Appennine journey.

24th January. My first day's riot on the splendour of Rome has miserably exhausted the stock of admiration due to it in detail. Beyond what then presented itself, with the exception of the Colisseum, little remains that is not shattered into ruin, or could be impressive though it were entire. The toe or the knuckle of a giant, separately taken, is a poor affair. Half an hour's stroll exhausts the remnant of column or triumphal arch of the Forum and its vicinity. Much, to be sure, there is, in various quarters, of brickwork heap, vast enough in extent, but destitute of magnificence, and singularly devoid of picturesque interest. The remains of whatsoever kind, of the time beyond Augustus, can be counted on the fingers of one hand: the Mamertine prison, a dungeon of close size; and the keystone and very little below it, over water, of the outlet of the Cloaca into the Tiber—are two of the four or five objects of royal or republican date. Of the magnificence of the twelve Cæsars the relics must be hunted for in the brickwork vaulting of the cellar story of their palaces. Of the remnants of marble every day reduces the existing stock; for in such phrase it is best fitting to speak of the sawing down of whatever can be laid hands on, for working up into new forms, by builders or sculptors. They could not be better employed; for they are so shattered into fragments, and these fragments

are so widely strewed over or under ground, that neither the eye can groupe them, nor the imagination divine under what possible design they had ever been marshalled. In their present state they can serve no human purpose, other than text to the impudent nonsense of the Feas and Nibbis by name, and the dozen or two other Cicerones, quite as well informed though nameless, who dogmatize and lecture on the stocks and stones and dust of the wilderness of Old Rome's ground plan.

Where ancient Rome has succumbed to modern restoration, how miserable is the change, evinced in the Capitol under the hands of Michael Angelo! Of course that mighty genius must have been documented by the Pope of the day, into giving this design: it might well suit for the townhall of some third rate city unknown to history: it is pitiable as occupying this sacred rite. Of the "immobile saxum," the very front has been quarried off, of course for building stone. I have ground for the belief that the face of this precipice underwent change during the last century, through the fall of some of its crags, probably undermined in depredation of this kind. "Along of this" it is that the Tarpeian Rock is a puzzle to the Cicerones, as is evinced by their joint and several disagreement on the matter. At all events the spot, which foreigners are vulgarly referred to as "the true and genuine original precipice," is the verge of a little garden, about fourteen feet above another elevation, on the level with which is the roof of a three-story high house, whose court-yard is at the base of the precipice.* But that court-yard is considerably higher than the ground which falls in valley from thence; and the houses that form a street

* How gratuitous must be selection of the real spot of precipitation, when Misson—who travelled in 1688—states its elevation to be twenty feet! There must have been, since that time some vast pile of rubbish cleared from beneath some obscure brow of the cliff, that now perhaps, is remote from the path taken by strangers.

along the brow of this valley, with their rere towards the rock; are obviously built on the made ground furnished by the ruins of antiquity. And though the height of the summit cliff might, by assuming a mean between its elevation over the Via Sacra and the Velabrum—no mighty distance asunder—be had to almost mathematical certainty, the whole scene, notwithstanding, resolves itself into an affair of the imagination, having to do, not with the spot you stand on, but with the site where that spot generally was.

At the base of the Capitoline hill spreads the Forum, with its three or four columns of one temple, of which all and every part beside has vanished; two or three of another; and a single one, lately dug out from beneath the rubbish, raised, as its inscription declares, not to either Roman divinity or dignitary, but to a certain Emperor Phocas of the Lower Empire! It seems as impossible to recal accurate ideas of what the Forum was in its days of pride, as to form probable conjecture to what structure or design this column was, in primary purpose, made to serve. Besides such remains as these, are the façade of Antoninus and Faustina's Temple, the Triumphal Arch of Severus, and that of Titus; and through the mean void space in which these few objects stare before you, are the trees lining a walk commenced, even here! on a plan that purports to be of an English garden. Surmounting the Palatine Mount, that is opposite, amid the relics of vaulting, now gardener's stores or stabling, and repositories of horse provender, and amid the heaps of bricks, encumbering the soil—but which once rose in air cased with the costliest marble, the palaces of Augustus, and subsequently in Brobdignag extent, of his successors; you have a tract of neatness and elegant arrangement quite ultramontane—the property and residence of an English gentleman.

The craving excited, not merely by general anticipations, but by some very prominent remains of architectural wonder

at Rome, soon ends in disappointment and languor. It is in vain that I occupy myself in church-hunting, or regale myself with galleries: in vain, also, is the stay afforded by the Forum or the Temple of Vesta, beautiful under all the inflictions its shell has endured, and in spite of the coronet of ugliness imposed on it, by some barn-builder, in the way of roofing. In vain do I find even the frequent drams I take amid the remains of that sublimest monument of Rome's grandeur, the Colisseum. I am therefore thrown per force on that marvel of the modern world, St. Peter's, which is in itself worth any length of journey but to view; and of which the study, day after day, mitigates not the first eagerness to make it still the scene of untired expatiation.

Of the exterior, it were trite in me who have seen it, to repeat what all the world who have not seen it know, as if by rote, that it is a failure. How great that failure is can only be appreciated by whose who have viewed it, and can bring into contrast the recollection of St. Paul's, triumphing over the lanes by which it is held in pound; while the Roman Cathedral rejoices in a just site, in ample extent of open space, and with accessories of colonnade on either hand, on which the utmost pomp of architecture has been exhausted. On entrance, the contrast is reversed utterly. The interior of St. Paul's is as vapid a failure as that of St. Peter's is beyond all attempt to trace or express its complication of sublime impressions.

Such is human perversity that, despite the blended amazement and delight with which its first effect penetrated me, I felt inexpressibly mortified by the three tiers of windows, of common place fashion, with which its nave is terminated. It reminds me of a tier of windows nearly on a level with the eye, not in the nave, but the chancel of a church at Bologna, there most offensive; here their stare is atrocious, unless refuge can be taken in the notion, alas, but notion, that the nave is cut short by a temporary screen, to be re-

moved when the regular termination, which in exterior is the structure's grand front, shall have been given to view on the architect's design being completed.

These windows are, besides, in direct aid of the universal impression, that the church appears of far less than its actual dimensions. This impression, of which the laws of vision are the primary cause, is greatly encreased from the circumstance, that the lateral supports of the vaulting over this length of nave—two hundred and ninety feet—are but four arches, whose buttress pilasters, notwithstanding their enormous magnitude, the eye passes swiftly over: the effect, thence produced, is inveterately confirmed by these windows throwing in their strong illumination, and with barbarous force compressing this noble space into unnatural contraction.

Such grace as reigns within this noble pile, in conjunction with such giant bulk of parts, I could not have believed attainable. The diameter of the rotunda formed by the cupola is 140 feet; and this cupola is sustained by four buttresses, of which the measure is 68 feet on each of their four sides, with the exception that the interior coin of their square is rounded off to conform to the inscribed circle, reducing these sides to thirty-five feet: the span of the transept, taken between the buttresses, is seventy-two feet. These instances are in just exemplification of the enormous scale that regulates the proportions of the edifice. But such is the simplicity of the parts that the vastness of each portion, being comprehended without any effort of vision, reduces itself by a delusion of the senses into exemplary moderation. Under no correction will the eye be disabused into a correct estimate of these majestic dimensions. It is in vain that you tire your limbs by pacing the nave, still lengthening on your walk, as the farther shore of a river recedes from a wearied swimmer's eye. It is in vain, also, that you measure thirty-four feet, the front of each of the three abutments that, in se-

quence to the buttresses of the cupola, support the arches, of forty-four feet span, which on either side are the nave's framing: still, when you look on that diffusion of marble area below, and its framing rising on either hand—so free at once from distraction of parts, and from heaviness, by the dignity of aperture thrown between its buttresses that are so few in number—you are, as much as at first, proof against the weariness of your legs, and the stupifying monotony and forgetfulness to keep count of the countless lengths, of whatever measuring instrument you use, in tracing the extent of surface that mocks your progress. It is one distinct attribute of this edifice, that it disdains to be measured: there is no one measurer's statement of its dimensions in the detail, that is not in laughable contradiction of every other. The sublime in feeling baffles here the geometrician's theory, and sets wrong his practice.

I pass by the tricks played on the sight, by the doves in sculpture, close on the eye, and which the eye decides to be of but dove's size; by the infants, supporting the vases for holy water, into which you can reach to dip the finger—but of which seeming infants the magnitude is not less than that of the men of full grown stature who wonder at them:—and above all, the illusion of the pen in the Evangelist's hand, beneath the rim of the dome—one on each of the four buttresses that sustain it—done in mosaic; the pen—like the human figure, of seemingly just size, and notwithstanding that seeming—six feet long. This illusion I refused to believe possible, on my first visit: but my companion, with sterner faith and strict information, identified this to be the very pen he had prepared himself to look out for: the apparent size in each of the four instances is strictly that of a common writing pen. Large and least, all is homogeneous: to this hour I am unable to figure to myself that this domee quals in area, and surpasses in elevation, that structure of sublime dignity, the Pantheon.

The struggle between actual and apparent magnitude is ever producing far nobler effects than these, through the strong perspective into which every portion of the structure is thrown, from points of view the least remote. Any one portion taken separately is a rich architectural picture: every where can be selected a view perfect in its impression, from the grandeur of the arches in front, the receding vaulting more or less disclosed, and the parts that are disclosed cut at any angle the fancy may chuse, and with every possible effect of light and shade from the projection or retirement of the columns or parts of columns, the cornices, the numberless accidents, in short, that crowd the architect's vocabulary—in endless combinations of picturesque effect. Taken thus in detail, this sublime interior affords a display of grand picture, dependent solely on the will of the beholder, in matter of novelty as well as variety. For a view of finished and perfect beauty may, for instance, be selected, in the Tribune, the set of two buttresses and the archway of forty-four feet span which they support, as a model for the most superb triumphal arch that man's genius could devise. For a broken picture, (perhaps the grandest to be obtained,) it is but to retire into the first chapel on the right after entering; from which, with a fore-ground of the colossal buttress separating it from the nave, may be had a greater or less portion—at pleasure—of the nave, its vaulting and cornice, (that vaulting one hundred and fifty-two feet above the floor)—the buttress opposite, a large portion of that to the right, and a fragment, if you will, of that yet farther off, with the aisle thrown by both into such play of intersection of sides, of vault, of recess and projection of every description—whole, abrupt, half-length, quarter length—that the vast materials and their fine distribution can give into exhibition, in astonishing change, made to depend on the spectator's movement—two steps or three—to right or left of his first stand, or in front or rere of it.

No variety of parts, in an edifice of less stupendous dimensions, could produce these sublime results: and to resume where I began, the effects of that grandeur triumph in the perspective ever in play, even where the objects of sight confront each other in rectangularly parallel position, and at the closest possible approach, for taking in that regularity. Witness the buttress correspondent to that at whose base you stand, and which your eye refuses to believe its fellow, from the distance of the arch's span reducing it to comparative diminution: and witness also, the ever-recurring belief that columns on the opposite side of an archway and in minutest correspondence, can have no possible reference to each other in size. Whoever would know what perspective is, ought to see it in St. Peter's, where its reign is exhibited in all variety of potent enchantment.

Much has been sacrificed to the dome; yet that is but partially had. Its vast cornice severely abridges its apparent extent. Then the four buttresses sustaining it, have forbidden to the aisles the loftiness to which, as accessories to the nave, they have a right: and the subterfuges by which that deprivation is effected, are perhaps the second great defect of this noble interior. They are narrowed in the rere of each buttress—except that which supports the dome—by a sort of portal arch, exquisitely graceful in itself, but surmounted by an attic, which, frightful to say! is perforated, within the building, by a window that gives light to a closet, or cock-loft, above. This range of garret tabernacles usurps the upper portion of the aisles, whose dimensions, but for them, would be dignified. The usurpers of the aisle's breadth below are of far other pretensions: and it savors of Radical Reform, to glance at the possible removal of the superb and incomparably beauteous columns that, on either hand, are their guard. Besides, as the buttresses supporting the dome would refuse to give height corresponding to what

would be obtained by the removal of this blemish, we must be content to enjoy that removal, and the grandeur of aisles worthy of such a nave, as matter of theory and imagination. Indeed we may extend our ill humour to the nave itself, so miserably is its vapid surface tacked on the rotunda over which the dome is suspended. That mighty ornament has necessitated buttresses more massive than those that are in sequence, which have not to do with its pressure; and, in result of this disparity of dimensions, the breadth of the nave is, in one portion of it, so contracted, as not to be contained in its entire, on either side, by one right line. The break, which takes place at the end of the second buttress, is such that it has not been judged prudent to attempt disguising it in the cornice: it is even allowed to declare itself in the ceiling.

Let me not quit St. Peter's without a syllable on its pictures. They are but copies—yet of the supreme class of paintings; executed inimitably, and not in oil. As though it had been determined to spurn the fragility of mere painter's coloring when appropriating the triumphs of his art to the decoration of such a temple—they are executed in imperishable mosaic. This art, in its present state, appears to be one of the greatest wonders of man's attainment. A palace in the precincts of St. Peter's church is devoted by the government to the copying of the first rate paintings: and the detail of the process is of remarkable interest. Not least noticeable is the variety of colors which they have in as regular arrangement as the letters of the alphabet in a printer's workship—to the number, whether of eight thousand or fourteen thousand shades of color—I have forgotten at the distance of but four hours after having been told it: I am confident it does not fall below the lesser number, which is just as extraordinary as the greater, when an uninstructed conjecturer must think it absurd to surmise as many hundreds.

SECTION X.

Thursday 30th January. The carnival shew began this day, at two in the afternoon: its stupid alacrity of merriment lasted till five. Till about half-past four the Corso was, throughout its entire length of carriage way, crowded by two strings of coaches, the one going and the other returning: the side-spaces of the street and the centre, where its width admitted, were filled with pedestrians. In the rere again, wherever a gateway or a raised causeway gave opportunity, chairs stood ready for hire, to those who preferred gazing on the moving shew without the pains of moving through it. In all the windows, up to the attics, were gazers also: and the fronts of the houses were put into gala, by richly colored and embroidered tapestries dependent from the windows, or displayed over the balconies. The multitude below made themselves merry with the showers dispersed, by one practicable joker or other, of sugar-plumbs larger than the heaviest hail, of which cartloads of a mean quality were on sale at occasional street corners. The number of masks was not great, as is the understood custom on the first day: they were dressed to produce an effect like that of our characters in farce and harlequin entertainments.

The carriages having drawn off, on gun-fire signal, the termination of the affair was a horse race, of seven or eight horses, without riders, that were started from a barrier at one end of the Corso, through the close lane of pedestrians that hemmed in their course, to its other extrem-

ity—1840 yards. It was a disgustingly miserable exhibition. A shewy caparison, supporting cords armed with barbed pins, which the animal's movement causes to act against their flanks, and into their sinews, and inflict torture proportionate to their increased exertions—is one mode practised to urge them to speed: but matches of touchwood stuck into their body, or gunpowder squibs attached, that are contrived, by timely explosion, to frighten them, are means not neglected. The first two or three horses went forward with spirit game enough; but the rest lagged in a mean and irregular canter, that was provocative of loud laughter among the crowd.

The entire three hours' exhibition is a practical lampoon of the nation on itself, which can thus, year after year, and generation after generation, enjoy instead of putting down mummery beneath the sufferance of manhood, however vitiated, or even manhood unbreeched.—The regiments which in all the pomp of uniform and arms, and full glory of military band, marched up the Corso, to line the street and uphold order, were pitiably mean; with the exception of a small body of well-looking and well-disciplined dragoons. Of the infantry but a part were regulars, I mean nominally such: by much the larger portion was composed of shopkeepers and artisans, who are so far brought into military arrangement, as to be regimented and equipped. Their officers were the most superb feature of the Carnival: they far outdid the characters in mask. With the ambition which in our service prompts our little fellows to aspire to the Grenadier company, these dignitaries were, I truly think, all that is grotesque and ugly in the full population of Rome. Far the greater part of them were illustrious by a grossness of paunch, so little common here, that it looked as if they had been selected for command on this very score—possibly because the post of officer ought of right to be that of non-exer-

tion. The waddle they performed for a march—in topped boots too—was exquisitely diverting.

Friday forenoon. A solemn service, as exequies in honor of Canova, lasted nearly three hours. The Church of the Apostles was splendidly set forth for the occasion: the Corinthian pilasters, in pairs, were so imitated by hangings from cornice to floor, as for a while to impose on the eye for white marble: the whole drapery was disposed in excellent taste. Day-light was excluded; and the church was uniformly and charmingly lighted, principally by an arrangement of tapers over the entablature, in groupes close enough together, while at beautiful interstices—lucid points, diadem-wise, each groupe. The breeze admitted above—that was unfelt, but through its refreshment below—frequently deranged or extinguished these lights; in the regulation of which numerous attendants were seen actively moving back and forward, secure on the cornice, in perpendicular attitude, unimpeded by the vaulted roof, that springs from the rere of its ample esplanade. The expense was 8,000 scudi (£1,600 sterling) of which one half was defrayed by the Academy of St. Luke, or of Painting, and the rest supplied by the Government.

High Mass, with due aid of music, was first performed: then followed from the pulpit a discourse in eulogy of the deceased, distributed into two parts; the first biographic and in detail of his merits as an artist, with an appeal, one after another, to the triumphs of his genius, which, in autograph of cast model, were ranged around in exemplification of his proud deservings. The other division of the discourse had for subject the private worth and public virtues of the man, the purity and sanctity of his life. The orator's voice was delicious in the extreme—distinct, full, exquisitely mellow, and richness itself; in a chaunt shaming all attempt at chaunting it has hitherto been my lot to listen to.

It is absolute relief to-day; though instantly after the commencement of the Carnival, to find that its fooleries and uproar are suspended until Monday—this being Friday, to-morrow some fast or festival day, and the day after Sunday,—days on which, each for its own special reason, an intermission takes place of the Carnival, which is to count ten actual days of celebration, running through, perhaps, three weeks.

5th February. Though a grand ball of the most modest pretensions—much more a masked ball—is a scene at variance with my constitutional and cherished habits, I am, as a traveller questing foreign sights, so penetrated with the duty that character imposes, or the madness of Carnival so rules the hour, that I had no option but to put into use my ticket, and mix with the throng last night congregated at the Duke of Bracciano's assembly.* The palace in which it

* This affair, and the honour of association with this upstart grandee, is matter of specific expense, levied by the entertainer through the juggle of trade, in which he does the part of your banker, Torlonia untitled: To say nothing of a clerical error, as it was pleaded to be—insertion, through pretended blunder, of a double per centage for commission, where *one* is the outside charge any tradesman thinks of making,—which plea was unaccompanied by any offer of repayment in correction of the alleged mistake:—to say nothing of this, there was a charge, in the account furnished me by this establishment, of 9½ scudi (or dollars) for less than half a dozen letters—two of them, it may be, double;—the charge as seemed to me, treble that of the Post-office. Mr. Matthews was cheated at Naples by a Bishop: at Rome the visitors tell strange stories of a Duke. But in this country a beggar at starting may become a pawnbroker, and, from the profits thence accruing, PURCHASE a Dukedom.

But commerce has, the world over, its sons enthusiastic of gain. By an English company at Rome, rival to the Roman Duke, and which also undertakes the transmission of luggage and works of art, the charge made me for the conveyance thence to Leghorn of 19lbs. weight of books and 44 prints, loose,—was £2 10s. 6d., in a lumped sum. The shipment at Leghorn, the freight thence home, the duties at home of 14d. per lb. &c. with the Dublin merchant's charge, all, in aggregate, came to but a nothing beyond as much more. The items of this "bill of costs" I have since specially obtained: and the Custom-house duties of Italy I find to be but half a scudo: but an unplaned deal packing-box is stated at 2 scudi 18 bai,—nearly one-fourth of the ten scudi of total,—which, by exchange practice, was swelled into fifty shillings. Duke Torlonia himself allowed me ten scudi for a very trifle beyond two guineas! Utrum horum?

Things were managed for me in a widely different way in respect to a much hea-

took place is held to be one of the most splendidly appointed in the city. The walls of the numerous apartments are set forth in much magnificence as well as taste, each one in the suite differing from every other in the color of its satin hangings and the style of its ornaments. Of two or three of these apartments, the floor is a varied inlay of the rarest marbles, and even precious stones—at an expense, I learn, of £1,500 sterling for one floor. Mirrors, that delicious luxury of continental furniture, are frequent, of course, and of a splendour to be in keeping with the other accompaniments. For me, as I was proceeding at my ease down one noble room into another in continuation of it, not less noble, I received from an Italian gentleman, whom I was passing, an intimation that I was not to go farther: this kindled on my part a rather displeased demand of Why?—which was answered by the statement that it was glass! I had happened to be a very little aside of it, in face of a pilaster which formed its framing and, for the instant, had concealed from me the reflection of my own person. And all this palace magnificence is put to use merely for the occasional extravaganza of a grand route—from a superstition that marks for death, within the year, the owner who shall dare to make this edifice his habitation.

Two grand galleries, connecting the suites of apartments, are rich in statues and paintings: these, with the Hercules and Lycas of Canova—a groupe of intolerable affectation—bore their part in the interest of the evening, of which the main attraction was the crowd of a thousand (possibly nearly approaching a second thousand) of languid or active loungers—a very large portion of them English. Few of the Italians attempted disguise in character; and of my countrymen not many, and with the usual poor average of suc-

vier parcel which I received through Mr. Molini of Paternoster-row—to whose satisfactoriness in all points I offer this cheerful testimony. He is correspondent of Molini, and of other houses in Florence.

cess. One Highland officer appearing desirous of making himself remarkable, I asked him in English, the number of his button, to which, as he demurred to reply, I subjoined a request to know what was his regiment: the answer, at length made, indicated that he could not comprehend my expression; and the bad French, in which it was conveyed, proved that the tartan petticoat was honored by the wear of an Italian.

Of the English throng, whether masked or not, each seemed, as by freemasonry, known to other, as countryman or countrywoman: and I was surprised to see the usual courtesies of private society pass current among ourselves, free from the contancrous restraint which, on the Continent, stiffens all mutual approach to decently civil bearing or even common good manners.—Some of our ladies, I must say, in this assemblage, where masks and covering were rather called for than nakedness, made a display of shoulder blades in positive nudity. Perhaps these specimens of Englishwomen set themselves off thus to exhibit in character, and in the spirit of the entertainment—and that our gentlemen critics were too dull to penetrate their scope, as we were uncharitable enough to give them no credit for the sacrifice they made—with view, doubtless, to the spectator's gratification. It is a ruled point that the policy of this display is as mistaken, as the taste it indicates is miserable. Even of Alcina's sorceress self, flagitious and supreme in enchantments, and of utmost contrivance and skill in attraction—and even by Ariosto—it is sung that her concealments of beauty were such that the eye of Argus could not penetrate them:

Non potria l'altre parte veder Argo:
Ben si puo giudicar, che corrisponde
A quel, ch'appar di fuor, quel che s'asconde.

Every part of the Venus de Medecis is beautiful: but if the rest of the body be covered, the blade bones in special na-

kedness can excite no idea of loveliness, nor any other elegant or agreeable perception, or shall I say, sensation. And pravity of principle seems to contend with imbecility of judgment in protruding on the eye those "prominent and most unsightly bones," as I remember Cowper calls them.—But there must be representatives of us of every description; and with the drawback of these representatives of adventurous dash, it was a delightful and proud thing to see the crowds of very elegant, and many of them highly beautiful Englishwomen, in dress as in demeanour, an ornament to the English name.

The throng of English we have in Italy is wonderful: at Rome it is understood there are 1,500 of us, and with less mixture than might be expected, though some meaner admixture there is. In descending, the other day, from the uppermost range of the Colisseum, when about half-way down, I was met by two Englishmen ascending with their Italian Cicerone, between whom and them appeared no power of intercourse in any dialect of language: as I passed, one of the two, in honest hum-drum conjecture, said to the other, "this I suppose to be the Colisseum,"—that is, a remain of ancient magnificence, five hundred and forty feet in extent, and of impression beyond even these amazing dimensions—a thing unique in this world. In the same manner, in the Vatican museum, three days ago, the English party was pointed out to me by a friend, who had two minutes before overheard its leading female observe inquiringly, that the Apollo Belvedere, on which she was then looking—all life and mind, and exhibiting body and mind in utmost energy; the stem of a tree which the sculptor has grouped with him, palpably as silent and inanimate as any stock ought to be—that this work could not be any thing so old as the Venus de Medicis which she had seen at Florence, inasmuch as its marble was not so fresh and clean: her husband, as he

seemed, ventured in reply his belief that it had been cleaned up; and that the statue was equally ancient, with exception of the head—which he averred to be modern.

But whatever we are at home, we act in Italy a topping part. As the late Mr. Spencer Perceval said of a leading demagogue in Parliament of that day, that he had constituted himself a walking Committee of the House of Commons; so our doughty sons of John Bull consider themselves severally here as representatives plenipotentiary of the British nation. Their whole bearing is that of sovereigns of Italy, in exercise of ownership; save that in lieu of drawing rent from it, they spend here the income of property that is not, in more seeming, their own. To walk over the unresisting Italians, is not consistent with the old Roman, and I trust modern British, magnanimity of sparing the subjects of your powers; and to intrude on whatever domestic assemblage on the score, not of card invitation, but of pass word that the interloper is "l' Inglese," indicates arrogance more atrocious than the patience which suffers it is vile. But, all givers of entertainments in modern Rome are not modern Romans. And an Englishman or two, who in this way favoured with their presence, just recently, a route of the Austrian ambassador, met with a rebuff so signal as to have marked them to celebrity even among their countrymen, which must preclude such an enterprise from being repeated.

Even the mild spirit of the government, overflowing in hospitable kindnesses to the nail-pairings of the English, has been roused. An Englishman who had obtained permission to make extracts, at the Vatican library, from a tract valuable from its scarceness, posted up, outside the entrance door, a placard inviting copiers, on terms that were to be stipulated, for the declared purpose of making different copies under the one permission. The consequence has been a regulation proscribing the abuse, but by restrictions which materially interfere with the power of

making extracts on the part of future scholars, guiltless in thought, of such an outrage.

I knew the Englishman, whose simplicity gave way to the exclamation, "What! you have got ducks in this country too!" on seeing at a moderate time after his arrival in Ireland, some dozen of that species of poultry near the road he was travelling. In the same mood of wonderment our sons of jog-trot are struck into a heap at meeting what they never dreamed possible *abroad*—that is without their forty English counties,—human decencies of mind, or the adjuncts ministering to the barest corporeal comforts. On first irruption these persons act without cheque. Whether their freaks be regarded as fooleries or enormities, they are an abomination which no other people could run the length of without ruin: the grossnesses of the few must, and do, involve the character of the many. But such is the national staple of sterling good qualities; such also is the impression of English prowess as a fighting nation, and of that magnanimity that stood in resistance to the whole civilized world, banded against her, over which she triumphed but to achieve that world's deliverance—that the hardihood of certain of its unworthy sons can with safety develope itself in extravagances that dazzle this, the most debased of all European nations—that knows not to distinguish arrogance from just pride.—Weight of purse in this most cheap country fosters the haughty propensity: and the contempt of that pettifogging spirit that ever goes hand in hand with neediness, holds high on the one side a spirit of honorable feeling, and produces on the other such consciousness of degradation, that even the Italians rate themselves a mean and fraudulent race, meriting almost to lick the shoes of a nation straight forward in all its doings;—and among whose sons, visitant among them—at least in usual course—not a breath of the voice proceeds, nor an innuendo escapes, that is not punctuality where it is not probity.

There is honesty among the Italians too; much among its agricultural population; and however mongrel, there is a leaven of it in its great towns. Yesterday, for an engraved ground plan in folio of St. Peter's church, being up in the street for sale, the flying stationer who owned it asked me four pauls, in the usual chaffering way of this country, that is an understood affair: I offered him two; which he having accepted, I paid him in half-pauls, that are rather thin than small silver pieces; and having gone a dozen yards off, he called me back to return me a fifth half-paul, which he had discovered I had given him, through oversight in counting.

6th February. However I may dislike bird's-eye views, that which is obtained from the Campanile of the Capitol, I found a most noble one. The various intervals of valley between the original hills on which the ancient city was built, are now of course greatly filled, and the surface inequalities proportionably reduced. Here, these inequalities are seen at their best: the great masses of palace stand out in their individual grandeur: the churches, their cupolas and spires, and the numerous obelisks,—specially the Trajan and Antonine columns—all are finely distinguished: above all other objects, the Colisseum, here in proximity, challenges deepest astonishment. Then, in the distance, and investing the waste green of the Campania swell, to North and East, the Sabine mountains—with Tivoli, distinct by its white buildings, high on one brow of their range: left of it, a noble mountain gorge, the vale of the Anio. To the South, the Latian mountains, with Frascati and other towns equally distinct on their ascent, rising 2,500 feet above the plain, and contending with the Sabine chain, which shall bear from other the palm of lovely outline, and exquisitely and endlessly picturesque character, in which either perhaps transcends every combination of mountain form elsewhere to be found. After all, what are the works of men's

hands, even Rome and its majesty and its recollections, to the ever-during and simple sublime of creation!

Yet to undervalue these recollections were to cease to be man. From this stand the eye surveys a theatre of man's achievements, with which no other tract of earth can compare. Local associations, in sovereign force, kindle back along the train of deeds of magnanimity, and all that is sublime within man's attainment—through one thousand years of historical details, and still farther, and with fidelity to man's genuine feelings—and who is there can say but with fidelity to true story and actual facts through countless ages—when history was legend, up to the tale of Troy, the most ancient on mere human record.* The prowess, the patriotism, the wisdom of this greatest of nations, present to all our thoughts from infancy's immaturity, is here present to our organs of sight. Equally plain on the eye is the hideous ruin into which the civilized world fell, when a prey to sav-

* Even of that "pedetentim" plodder, Bonstetten, the imagination is so agitated by the localities he surveys, that he soberly believes Virgil to be a chronicler, and discusses his statement of cabinet and battle vicissitudes with the same credence he gives to his topography—in verifying which he takes praiseworthy pains. He seems weighed down with the gravity of historical testimonies, in throng, to establish the magnificent poet's veracity; —which testimonies, when he finds it decent to specify them, are after all—besides another poet, Ovid in his Fasti—the rhetorician Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who retails some of these old legends, and retails also some other legends to contradict them;—and the sober Appian, whom he makes "positively to affirm" that Æneas and Dido were cotemporaries: in doing so, he "positively" misquotes Appian, that sets forth certain stories of the origin of Carthage in a pro forma exordium of one book, and certain stories of that of Rome in a similar exordium of another book; and in neither draws into chronological reference the founders of these nations, nor brings that point into assertion or discussion. If Appian had so asserted, his say-so would be of as little weight as that of any compiler of to-day, since in respect to Queen Dido's time, Appian was a modern, quite. Still the zeal of Mr. Bonstetten is proof how a man may be run away with by the poetry of Virgil, and the localities of Latium.

Mr. Bonstetten's book was specially recommended to me by a friend: but I find it replete with drivelling and with inexactness. It is quite in character with such a writer to talk of the "Logic of History," which he prides himself in employing for verification of the details of Virgil's History of the Acts and Deeds in Italy of King Æneas.

age man, wanton in destruction as an escaped bedlamite. Even of the abasement in which, consequent on that ruin, the human race wallowed for centuries, the proofs stare us in the face: memorials stand every where around—often chance-medley enough—in appropriate trace of the wayward march from barbarism, through all stages onward, to our modern day. What a field for story that midway period, combining the instruction of the old with the interest of existing institutions, and causing to vibrate the heartstrings of this entire world of ancient and after and recent recollections. It was on this spot that Gibbon made that happiest and matchless choice of a subject, to which I never, till now that I am on the spot, did one hundredth part of the justice it challenges. And in spite of the torment of his style, and of his perpetual strain, that is not narrative, but innuendo,—in spite too of his heartlessness and a spirit of sneer that is not English, Gibbon is a historian worthy of his theme, and his book one of the high trophies of the march of intellect in the modern world.

8th February. The turmoil of Carnival rages increasingly;—masks more numerous far, and vagaries more turbulent. I learn that a very large proportion of the exhibitants in the early drive are shopkeepers and working people, who squander in this annually returning parade of shewy dress, and in daily coach hire, the savings they had for months past been making, prepensely with this view, at cost of the main comforts of life in their humble walk of it. Yet the Romans have tact enough to keep their offspring from even the sight of the mixed fooleries and dissoluteness, in which they yearly drench themselves. All the children are relegated, during the season of riot, to retirement of one description or other, generally convents. One convent has six hundred in a sort of boarding-school jail. Another contrivance was stated to me, as in practice by the clergy, to divert some at least of the peo-

ple from the range of the frenzy: it is processions headed by a cardinal—Fesch was mentioned by name—from station to station round the fourteen altars that are distributed over the Colisseum. I repaired thither during one afternoon's hey-day, and after some time the cardinal approached, sustaining a great wooden crucifix: with him, half a dozen monks were in masks, and of these, two bore lighted lanthorns suspended from tall poles: forty or fifty females, mostly of humble rank, followed; and as they held on the regulated services, some two or three score men grouped with the assembly; the aggregate of which—cardinals, priests, and handful of poor devotees—were in odd and pitiable contrast with the sublime ruin through which they straggled! Thus futile were the exertions of the Christian priesthood to avert, by a sidewind, an abomination of which the Temporal Sovereign of the same priests is the actual Patron.

The number of beggars that range through the coffee-rooms is so great as to be a novelty, and a disgusting one. They enter in an unceasing series, and pursue their trade with the most confident assurance, and without passing a single person of the company. Whatever hitherto may have been the case at Rome, there is now as little squalor and misery as in the average number of Great Cities; and the mendicants are specially of that order whom we designate Sturdy Beggars: usually, too, they are well and neatly dressed; and some of them carry about, for their greater comfort, chaffing dishes with the fit provision of live charcoal. They are the same bands from day to day, without change. Some of them parade two or more children, for whom they open the door of the apartment, waiting outside for the result of the cruise of their apprentice auxiliaries;—who, so far from claiming aid on the score of insufficient garments or famished cheeks, are set forth in bravery of dress and curled locks, and shew a skin sleek from abundant and

healthful feeding. It is palpably a trade—its practice to me peculiarly and nervously loathsome.

These coffee-rooms, which are farther infested by bands of most importunate pedlars—are, even the most select of them, the permitted resort of the strangest diversity of company. Market women after selling their commodities, with their basket of wares by their side—servants out of livery, and also in it—and perhaps worse than these, men with more pretensions and as much coarseness of behaviour:—all are distributed at their ease among the better and the best order of customers. With many of these, and through all this variety, the waiters are on a companionable footing.

There is great disregard to the distinctions between the different classes of society at Rome—far more, unquestionably, than at Florence. This ease of enjoyment of each individual, in whatever groupe of association, pronounces on the ignorance and grossness, at all points, of the population, from the Noble down to the man that is next above the working artisan or journeyman barber.

And in the present state of the world, can morals rate above these base manners? With the ignorance of the inhabitants of this great city—their want of occupation for either body or mind—their lounging habits—and with no one check from public opinion, or guard from any portion of society in the way of esprit du corps, jealous of the good name of all the individuals within its membership; is it wonderful that the whole population should be a nerveless, miserable race? Their highest flight of excitement is the stupid pomp of a procession: in the raree-show of Carnival they evince delight rather in the parade than the merriment in a tithe of what, among any other human creatures, must be created by the antic tricks of the maskers, who, whether male characters or female, are of supreme dulness.—Take them in conversation, and they are equally vapid:

perhaps there is no where a greater dearth of ideas than among the women of Rome—who lack the common powers of conversation—chartered right, though it be of females, to talk agreeably with nothing for the subject. Then the opinion entertained of them by their mates and natural guardians! An Italian most gravely remarked to me, this very day, that female irregularities—I misrepresent him, for that is in the teeth of his remark—infidelities, being the result of purely natural propensities, can never occasion surprise to any person that thinks seriously on the subject; and the likelihood of such an infidelity ought, consequently, never to excite speculation in the mind of a husband. The crew that wallow in this pollution of habitual creed are below manhood and, by an incapacitation almost physical, unfit for political regeneration. They seem as forlorn a human subject for cultivation, as their Campania is an agricultural one for the diffusion over it, of a sturdy British yeoman population.

Sunday 9th February. The theatre at Rome, usually shut for the rest of the year, has regular licence during the season of carnival, Sundays inclusive. The latter is the affair of the Italians: I lament to know that it is also frequented, on this day, by my countrymen.

One noble trace of distinction between British and Continental usages is, that on the Continent generally the theatres are open on Sundays by approved usage, while with us they are closed by positive legal provision: and were it otherwise, indulgence in stage entertainments on that day would be held scandalous. Englishmen abroad ought to recoil from a practice that at home would subject them to the lash of the law: similarly they ought not, as exulting in freedom from the censurate of public opinion, to take leave of their sense of shame. It may be said, that the aberration proceeds from want of thought: I will believe this when I see an Englishman on the Continent lay aside his habits of

personal cleanliness, or take leave of his almost instinctive national pride.

It is useless to fence in the way of apology, or to allege that the Calvinists of Geneva are equally lax, in this point, with the Roman Catholics of Italy. What a sneaking cruise of conscience this, to go as on discovery through the various professions of Christianity, with purpose to cabbage out from each some one or other indulgence proscribed by the community to which we belong! Take it even that abstinence by a Church of England-man from stage entertainments on Sundays shall be held as analogous somewhat to abstinence by a Roman Catholic from animal food on Fridays—even thus, it is no release to our countrymen that they are out of cognizance and reach of a constable, or do not give scandal, to the ruin of their characters, in the walks of private society. Quiet conformity to national usage may in this, as in any other instance, be practised without assumption of the alarming character of a travelling reformer. The very knowledge among foreigners that such is English municipal law, fortified by family and personal practice, will acquit each and every one of us from the imputation of sanctimonious singularity: and it will speak truths, the remote good consequences of which we may leave in higher hands, satisfied with having discharged a duty that is but the simple refraining from indecency.

Even the instant consequences would be much—to bare self-importance. On the demise of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, which was felt as a family calamity wherever, over the world's surface, the name reached an English ear, our countrymen at Florence—as Mr. Matthews states, who was there at the time—who were engaged to an entertainment given by the Grand Duke, excused themselves, as by common accord of apology, from attendance. And the feeling struck on that sovereign—of excellent moral and gentlemanly qualities—as something noble, and implying high worth in

the British character. "How dignified their true national spirit! How greatly it does them honor!" was his exclamation. The application is obvious.

It is one of the tritest of suppositions—taken, as of course, for granted—that as other great Empires have fallen, so must come the turn of Britain. I have ever held this dogma in scorn, being as devoid of support from reason or analogy—which, in this matter, is history. A State in one respect, resembles neither tree nor any other production of nature, of which developement is, by an inevitable law—growing out of its organization—in preparation and maturity of its decay and dissolution. Luxury is but a comparative term: that luxury is not pernicious or criminal, which effeminates not the body, and debases not the mental powers. There never was an nation in which riches were in such practical diffusion as in England: yet England may challenge any people, ancient or modern, for bodily force as for intellectual vigour. It is clear, therefore, that from the possession and enjoyment of wealth cannot be inferred national deterioration or decadence. Then, such a political organization as ours, the world has not elsewhere known—with powers in constant action to reproduce sound institutions, and to lop off those which have decayed. Each generation, to be sure, must be, and for its own sake, the guardian of its own blessings, and, being so, it discharges its duty to all that are to follow: and thus imperial station, with blessings in continuance and stability to

> Nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis,
> Our sons of sons in series through all time,

ceases to be a vision.

But it behoves us to hold fast to our national institutions, which are national distinctions, and to keep clear from the mire of our continental neighbours. It were well that we should refuse to educate among them our children—thereby hot-bedding them into Frenchmen and Italians, to whom

British institutions must be as distasteful, as its climate and sky of painful inclemency.

I speak not of special exceptions: but, generally, those English who barter their high privileges for the sensualities to which the continent invites, dis-entitle themselves to their birthright, and—and beyond that—wage as far as their puny means can, a civil war against their country. As long as we are true to British virtues, as long as a sense of the blessings of law and religion shall be the basis of British dignity, and the flame of gratitude for these blessings mingle with the blaze of each family fire-side,—so long Britain shall stand in happiness at home and exempt from foreign danger. Continental alliances may consolidate; America may grow a giant: our internal force will be a match against all aggressors: it will be strength, moral and intellectual, in compression within our succinct ramparts. Say that we be over-run, we can be conquered but by extirpation: aggression on our shores will be but the commencement of the struggle:

> Still more majestic shall we rise,
> More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
> As the loud blast which rends the skies,
> Serves but to root our native oak.

I accept the augury of our poet, as well as, in this point, the analogy: because as long as we have a living root, as long as liberty and religion are our practical strength, we are safe against all the elements of uproar. But once more I discard the theory which condemns our institutions to the weakness and extinction that await the tree, whose period must arrive of physical disorganization.

Here I am amidst the ruins of the mightiest empire that ever rose to power, and underwent destruction. As it was the mightiest, it was also the most depraved, its moral rottenness having resolved it into mental and animal decrepitude. Its catastrophe we know to have been matter of repeated prophecy. And its punishment is immeasurably

more awful than that which crushed the other vast empires that preceded it, into non-entity, so that the most pains-taking research can detect of their remains but hillocks of building material of featureless heaviness. History records sparely—though enough for our warning—their rise, their spread, and their extinction respectively. Of them all, the fate of Egypt alone is analogous to that of Rome—to this day the basest country, no more a kingdom. Yet her fate is almost more enviable than that of Italy, whose curse it has been to have organized into imposture and fraud the truths of the Gospel, and to have wrought out the restoration of pagan blindness, in forgery and mockery at once of a religion, whose purity were proof in itself, that its origin is superhuman. Then what a "ludibrium"—a mirror in which to reflect itself in features the most frightfully despicable—this Papal sovereignty appears of the empire and crimes of ancient Rome; this domination of old women, lording it afar off by arts, mean as those by which a beldame terrifies infancy into subjection—and at home drivelling amid the relics of all that is ennobling in human achievement. Ancient Rome seems doomed to exposure among the nations, in pillory even yet, while in kindness the ruined grandeur of all the other robber empires has been withdrawn from man's gaze, by extinction and the shroud of earth's bosom. And for still farther and mysteriously sublime lesson, that viewless avenger—the Malaria—minister of Him who, working by secondary means, "turneth a frightful land into a wilderness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein;"* keeps watch and ward; the ancient garden of the world, garden soil still, a waste of pestilential desolation; and Rome, the world's mistress, in hideous derision of nature's impossibilities, a sort of living corpse of a metropolis.

* "And the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning;—even all "nations shall say, wherefore and what meaneth the heat of this anger? To bring "upon it all the curses that are written in this book."

Monday 10th February. The Carnival scene of to-day has been distraction and frenzy, with shouts of a multitude as if possessed—orgies quite. It is shocking that the majority of the maskers are of the other sex: that a number of these in woman's dress should be men by no means does away the disproportion. Women or men, all parties rioted in drunkenness that had nothing to do with drink. It was dangerous to be a spectator of the madness, so spitefully fierce, yet steady, was the hail-storm of hard confectionary that raged through the air, and, when spent in execution, whitened the pavement.

Shrove Tuesday: equally frantic with yesterday: but with this day the madness has expired. To celebrate the death, as it is denominated, was reserved for dusk, when the Corso was illuminated through all its windows; and, below, the same carriages, the same crowds, the same masked and unmasked materials of crowd, each individual bearing a lighted taper, raged along the street with all the vehemence that leave-taking of the festival could super-add, and the protection of the night encourage. The street sent out, ever and anon, a running volley of shouts, by which the actors cheered each other to intensity of frenzy for an hour and half. A comparative repose ensued, partly because the lights had expended themselves, and partly because the principal actors hastened to secure the delights of madness by a change to the revels of the Aliberti theatre; where a masked entertainment prolonged the license in which all were drenched till the moment of midnight:—so that Ash Wednesday morning finds the good people of Rome in fit qualification for the abstinence and humiliation of the forty days of Lent.

14th February. Corsini gardens: the view hence from the brow of a fine hill is considered to be the very best that can be had of Rome. It does not break the surface into the disconnexion of masses that may be obtained from different less ambitious stations; and is quite inferior to the Capitol

in bringing on the eye the sacred relics of antiquity, apart from the structures of the modern city. But from no where else does Rome shew the same grandeur of dimensions—a vast tract of noble buildings, with endless magnificence of façade, of columns, pediments, spires, and cupolas: while this stand—so happily near as to feast the eye on all manner and detail of architectural ornaments—is elevated enough to put under veil all that in close approach might offend by deformity or meanness. Then such an immense surface of houses, with roofs flat, or approaching to flatness—a sort of pavement of roofs, in spread of several miles square!

Sunday, 16th February. The weather is recovering from the foulness of rain and inclement storm that savagely chequers the winter, even thus far south. The evenings are often of the loveliest blue: the other evening, the moon, not twenty four hours beyond the new, beamed in radiance like a star bathed recently in ocean. One o'clock: all the world is alive; the Corso one crowd of belles and beaus of all orders—the bucks of moderate and humbler degree pretty generally shaved, and clean habiliments conforming—butterfly periodical emergement from grub impurity: the females in glorious equipment of red and carpet-pattern robe and multiplied ribband—to say truth, strikingly pleasing, but that the satisfaction is dashed by intruding notions of the preceding week. The barbers' shops, up to this hour, in full activity of soap-suds and razor. In the Corso the inferior orders of the males, notwithstanding the improved weather, are bespread with mantling large enough to deploy into tent, and with ornament or outbuilding—or both—of a cape down to the hips, and a skirt exalted across the breast and over the shoulders, in cover pent-wise thence to the back: it is a housement altogether which one of us, northerns, would prefer being frost-bitten and frozen through, rather than be its porter in the slowest lounge. This walking tabernacle is not worn to hide any meanness in inner habiliment on this

shew-day—of which ever and anon the finery is disclosed, while the laden beau halts to shift and re-arrange his outer panoply;—Gens togata in miserable acceptation!

Wherever I have been on the Continent, the slight difference in the male costume between any one district and any other—and between all generally and our own—has struck me. It would appear that the beaus and dandies of Rome employed a London tailor. But between their fine men and ours the difference is immense: all here is over-acted with a view to imposing—to use the French word—"farouche:" whiskers coaxed to a grotesque thickness and curl, as if to imply that in their hair lay their strength; a wicked hat; a waistcoat in pattern of the bordering of a cotton shawl; the watch-chain loaded with divers non-descripts of quite brutal lump—of carrot color, and of shape or shapelessness beseeming; the watch-key surmounted with a globe of base composition, of the bulk of a plumb, or with a quoit of the same material, in circumference of a dollar piece:—in furnishings, thus challenging worship, too usually do the Illustrissimi greet our view, when they descend from their equipages to measure dignity with their humbler compatriots, or with Englishmen of whatever rank. It must be from hence that the promenade strut has been imported into England, where it is now a sore grievance; the tramp on the flagstones of the iron heel, with valor in the act rival to that of the ass in spurning the dead lion: similarly, many a human ass now kicks against the pavement with an energy he would forbear, if there were danger that it might kick back—stamping the street's length and back again to a march of its own heels' music, and the swell of its own importance. I seriously infer that this poor trick has come among us by inoculation from these foreign specimens of pomposity destitute of solid consequence—whom first our travelling coxcombs regard with contemptuous laughter, and then—imitate!

Even in progress within doors—picture galleries and churches, for instance—the consciousness of what these personages owe to themselves, deserts them not: it is evidenced in the introduction, through a whole suite of apartments, of a menial in unbrushed slovenliness—the living attestation of his master's consequence, and the bearer of his wardrobe of great coat. A ludicrous instance of this occurred the other day in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, where a fellow whose dirt would not be suffered in an English stable-boy, at the moment of his meanest work, was the porter of a load of frowzy clokes and coats (the day being one of settled serenity,) belonging to three persons, who suffered or encouraged him through the Cardinal's nest of little apartments, laid out with English snugness—to block up, one after other, the passages to the English crowd, in which was more than one individual, whose rank would match the proudest, and whose possessions would outgo in value the united domains of twenty, on good average, of the richest of their grandees. The moving nuisance was every where and in all directions, lumber in every body's way, and—palpable to the Italians as it must have been—was patronized by them throughout; and this not from incivility, of which they harboured not a thought, but as an appendage and evidence of their consequence.

Not but that liveries are here also as shewy and as numerous as they are with us in the affair of our Lord Mayor and Sheriff's processions on high corporation days: but there is this difference that their exhibitions of gaudiness are routine and diurnal, whereas our buffooneries are occasional. Livery servants in excessive number, and an equipage, are indispensable with families, that with the utmost straining uphold their keep—that occupy, spider-like, a corner in the wide, unfurnished shell of palace from which they daily issue in parade;—the droppings, or savings, beyond what that parade costs sufficing but to procure for them the absolute

wants of nature. The matter is not mended by a large income, which goes out on prodigal shew, leaving discontent and hunger to hold their track just the same.

Before quitting the theme of the discrepancies of the manners of the male sex from those of home, let me not omit that of which every day puts me in loathesome recollection —the noisomeness of an Italian concourse from the use of garlic; the stench of which ever and anon dislodges an Englishman from this or the other comfortable station for viewing to advantage the various raree-exhibitions inviting his speculation. No advantage of post can be retained, and no intensity of curiosity but must be extinguished by the chance-medley execution of this foe: you are compelled in each instance to flight, without having the power of thought that in your next asylum you run on the same noisomeness.

This pestilence is an infliction by the meaner ranks: but among all classes prevails, within doors as without, that gross act of hawking, and the supplementary one of spitting. There must be some substantive delight felt by foreigners when indulging in this evacuation, quite unknown to our coarser insular organs. It is a delight so intense, that they claim from all bystandards sympathy with their satisfaction. No homebrewed fop in the days of our Queen Anne and the Spectator, could more quaintly regulate the conduct of his snuff-box, or display his knowing manner of paying respect to his nostrils, than is exhibited by every fine man among these Italians in the dilettante-ship of wheel-round to confront the standers-by, leisurely spread of his world of toga, and leisurely grimace of exertion in collecting and getting quit of his nasty excrement.

I began this desultory note with the shews in dress of this very fine Sunday: and it is time to return to that subject, and give the ladies their share. The higher classes, then, are at so little remove from English guise as incapacitates me from discussing the distinctions. But with

the lower orders is a costume as provincial as any in a mountain canton of Swisserland,—and the more striking from its glaringness that the Tuscan uniform—I may well so speak—is constrastedly simple. Red, principally, and flamingly so—and green, are here the rage. Quite round the circle of seam which joins the arms of the robe to the body, are attached beaued knots of ribband in streaming display. With the like prodigality of ornament, every individual seam of the bodice is laid over with broad ribband; and round the skirt below spreads another and greater shew of ribbands, most likely mitred;—or a trimming sprawls there of large loose cotton or worsted lace;—this latter, not unfrequently, holds zig-zag occupation of the bodice also. That neither ribband nor lace may be robbed of their effect, it is matter of special attention that their colors shall be diverse from that of the robe; and of gaiety to captivate, though this their ground-work be crimson or scarlet.

Their head-dress is far less shewy; but it is very singular. The hair, of much luxuriance, is gathered up behind into a large fold; and through its balls an immense skewer, is passed horizontally: its extremities project so as rather to measure the distance between the shoulder joints than that between the ears: for ornament, this skewer is sometimes armed with a coral heading, breaking into horns in miniature resemblance of a ram's skull. Erect above the summit of the ball of hair, that rises above the crown of the head and stands perpendicular from its rere, a comb is fastened in such a position, that the whole appendage gives a backward determination to the entire person in walking, which almost outgoes the perpendicular, and certainly carries with it dignity in the movement. Then comes the singular and very simple covering which they use as head-dress—a narrow rectangular handkerchief, strange to say, always unornamented—a mere napkin, of which one extremity comes on the forehead, and rising to the hair-comb, falls thence below

the interval between the shoulders; and by the pent which it assumes to obtain that summit and the subsequent fall, the effect is increased and decided of that stately gait, by which these females are distinguished.

No where can the sex be in more loveliness of personal beauty than in Rome—femininely soft—truly fine features,—and complexions that, in Italy, surprise me from their carmine as well as their white:—the women we hourly see are precise counterparts to the female beauties of usual occurrence in the paintings of Raphael—whose actual residence was Rome; and who transferred to his canvas the portraits of the forms by whom he was surrounded, in the mannerism of their day, which is the mannerism of the present.

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SECTION XI.

Wednesday, 19th February. Engaged in an excursion with some friends into the Campania, in the direction of Albano. The road we took leads by the sepulchre of the Scipios, now a nest of miserable arched chambers, like begrimed coal-vaults, bereft of the ashes and urns, which ought still to have maintained their possession, if aught of ancient Rome, however hallowed, could expect reverence or repose. The present age has the demerit of the final spoliation of these tombs. One stray fragment of their spoils, bearing an inscription that some very learned critics decided to be bad Latin, was picked up here about two centuries ago. In 1780 the existing disclosure was made of the sepulchre, authenticated by various inscriptions of the names of members of the family here entombed, and authenticating that poor fragment, of which the genuineness had been denied. Nothing now is left that could tempt the hand of spoil to carry off: along with some fragments of minor importance, a noble sarcophagus of one of the heads of the family was removed to the Vatican, where it claims special interest and veneration. But these remains can be but relics saved from the depredations of the dark ages, that ruthlessly subjected the monuments here deposited, to the basest purposes of the stone mason. I can believe, also, that a large extent of vaulting, consecrated to the sepulchral accommodation of this hero-family, must have been extinguished from excavation, so carelessly made that the chambers have fallen in. It

is one of the fancies I could indulge in, that the front of the little hill, within which these chambers yet remain, of such sacred association, should, by the whimsy, to call it by its worst name, of some Englishman obtaining it in property, be placed within the hermetical protection of a curtain wall, whose modesty of design—and some little design and a succinct inscription I would give it—should best bespeak the sincerity of human affections knitting themselves in active kindness with human virtues, in disregard of whatever drear interval of centuries; sheltering even what was shelter to their mortal remains from idle, which is unhallowed curiosity; and upholding to the bare possibility of a remnant of such dust, even yet, the immunities of the grave's sanctuary.

Such cares are an absolute debt of the living to the dead. Let the poet call them "vain;" such fondnesses are a part of our nature, implanted in us for wisest ends, as we must believe, and beautiful in their workings, as we must feel. It belongs to some one of that class in Britain, the stability of whose house, rooted in the land for a thousand years, holds forth the best assurance man can build on for prosperous grandeur through a thousand years to come, to guard as a hereditary possession, so long as property shall in Italy be municipal care, this space of building—memorial of a family of heroes, mightiest in talent and meekest in wisdom, and vindicating to itself, by the most exalted and the tenderest sympathies, the grave's privileges.

At present the beldame who, with her brawling imps, does the office of chamberlain to these drear abodes, comports fitly with her station. She is a singular instance of brutality in this country, where all orders, even to the lowest, are attractively courteous: I can but liken her to the female jailor in Guy Mannering. The circumstance is worth noticing, from the contrast between this coarse woman-brute and her cubs, and the sickly, half-famished family who occupied this stand about twenty years ago, as described by Bons-

tetten—who, wherever he went throughout Latium, saw, under circumstances widely different from the present, nothing but disease and starvation in the actual agonies of death: and dread misery of that depth of that horror, his book would impress on the reader to be the usual course of things, through the efflux of whatever season of political vicissitude.

The sepulchre of the Scipios is a fit preparative for the excursion of which it is the commencement, and of which the course lies partly near and partly upon the old Appian Way—that went straight onward to Albano, regardless of obstacle, over the plain, and up the mountain on whose ridge is Albano, sixteen English miles from Rome. Most of this Way, having been long disused, is lost under the field's sod: still the eye verifies its course by the double file of sepulchres, in more or less ruined condition, and at various intervals, all onward to Albano. It is a perspective inexpressibly saddening.

Without the city walls, for the first two miles, the remains of tomb are rarest. The wants of the townsmen could not be supposed to have spared masonry materials, so close to their building sites. The first conspicuous sepulchre—about a mile out—is a ruin on the right of the road, of the size of a two story farm-house; high in a cranny on its side flourishes an Aloe—as one of our company said—as a brave cockade. After another mile is had, on the crown of a hill, the circular mausoleum of Cecelia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus—one of the most majestic remains of Roman architecture, at least as applied to family purposes. In diameter it is stated to be 89½ feet, the thickness of its walls thirty feet. The basement of this circular edifice is a square one; and so solid is the superstructure that it stands uninjured, though much of its supporting framework has been abstracted for building. The ashes of the tenant have long been dispersed: the noble sarcophagus I saw the other day

in the Court of the Farnese Palace at Rome, whither it was removed, nearly 300 years ago, by Pope Paul III. of that family. Were not the association of ideas a base one, I should say that this great edifice has in puny resemblance of it those massive buildings which we have—in Ireland at least—in hewn blocks of granite, and mortar-cement as hard as the granite, called Martello towers*—but that these—constructed simply with a view to the resistance to impression by artillery—have their front rather battering than perpendicular, and are every where naked of decoration;—whereas of this dignified structure the perpendicular elevation is surmounted by a rich frieze in accompaniment to a fitting marble entablature. The touching simplicity of the inscription on the marble tablet—high in front—the most untravelled have long been acquainted with.

Not only have the pigmy generations of the middle ages employed themselves at one time in subducting from the basement of this pile, but they busied themselves under different temptation, at another—in making to it the fribble addition of a parapet. It became, forsooth, a place of strength to some of the Roman barons in their obscure hostilities of attack or defence: and the works of man cannot furnish a stronger contrast than is here to be seen, of the paper walls of the barrack buildings for their retainers, and of their circumvallation; which, meagre as they are, have strength to stand in jeer of the mausoleum, that is degraded to bear them company, and deformed by the sorry masonry of parapet and embrasure, which they conceived to fit it to citadel purposes. The materials employed by these masons, were mean as their conceptions; tufo, a volcanic matter, which, may be best likened to rotten stone, of the colour of poor brick;—some brick also: whereas the sepulchre is of vast blocks of travertine—that is volcanic also, but of enduring hardness

* I measured one of these towers near Dublin to be 40 feet in diameter, and compute its height to be about two-thirds of that extent of feet.

and a fair substitute for marble. I must read my Gibbon again! I must make myself acquainted with the times when the human species could, on such a theatre, have undergone deterioration almost to the debasement of monkey intellect, before they could have been capable of such pranks.

When clear of the wretched appendages of this mausoleum, we had full in view, on to Albano, the street, not of houses, but of tombs. They are, in general, mis-shapen masses, heavy in form: of a very few, the shapes are a little fanciful or grotesque. Their color is a mean one,—that faint red, or bad yellow of the tufo. It is singular that in this land of devastation of ancient structure, one aid alone is refused; ivy, that most ornamental of destroyers. Its very appearance, it is said, is vindictively resented: yet where laziness is paramount, I cannot give credence to the assertion, often as I have provoked its repetition, by mourning the ivy's absence.

One only of these remnants of mausoleum evinces any symptom of care: it is the single one of which it is possible to identify the family to which it belonged—the Servilian: rather it is the creation of a monument commemorative of that mausoleum's locality, and with the help—in the way of decoration—of some few fragments of its materials—an emanation of the classic piety of Canova! It is, as it were, part of a wall of ancient, which is incomparable, brick, built up again; or as though it were an old wall, repaired and puttied with fresh plaister; here and there a morsel of ancient marble stuck into it—a bit of a shaft, two or three capitals—a rich fragment of frieze fastened into its face or into the edge of the wall-end: the stone, whose inscription identifies the spot, placed near the top;—and at some very modest distance below it, a tablet stating the discovery, and enunciating the name of him who caused the reparation.

Except in this case, and that completely attested one of the Scipios, that of Cecilia Metella, and possibly the freed-

men of Livia, there is not in all this dread way of tombs, a ray of record to designate to whom any one was erected for tenancy. We know generally that here were entombed the lordly owners of the Latian Campania, and of the world. We know, too, that Cicero—a name that makes precious to us, by so many ennobling recollections, the Roman name, and disarms to us much of the hardness of the Roman character—expresses of this identical Appian Way, and of the awful line of sepulchres by which it was bounded on either hand, that here were deposited Calatinus, the Scipios, the Servilii, the Metelli! And he asks if the beholder can suppose the distinguished personages here entombed to experience misery in their actual departed condition? The conclusion he arrives at—by deductions admirable for their precision, and elegant to a degree inimitable by whatever other reasoner—establishes a futurity for man, worthy of the wisdom and the beneficence which shine in all the works of creation. But such a conviction was personal to the few ornaments of their species, far above the level of their fellow-men: and the vast mansions erected by the ancients, in tribute to their dead, evince at once, and proclaim, that the living had no faith in consolation for their departed friends that was beyond this world's competence to bestow. Their piety to their dead was limited, therefore, but by their abilities. In our altered circumstances, our practice is the inverse of their's; and, with reserve of our mightiest among their fellow mortals, our sepulchral monuments are but the effusion of mortal—which are legitimately pious—regrets. Still a village church-yard is to us a scene of awfully-sacred musing: to the Romans the palaces they constructed, in alleviation of the fate, and tributary to the memories of their departed friends, might well be supposed to contribute self-satisfaction and pleasure.*

* Mr. Hobhouse, in his Illustrations of Childe Harold, remarks, that "the

Wide from our practice, and at direct variance with our principles, as was this usage of the Romans, it is not difficult to call up to our imagination the magnificence of its effects. Of some of their mausolea we have the existing evidence of the colossal dignity: we have examples, also of their variety of design—from the circular sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, to the equally vast edifice, in regular pyramid, of Caius Cestius. A double suite of structures, of which but the purpose and the interior chamber of each had any thing in common with every other; in which the magnitude and the design of each was matter of individual choice; in which ornamental architecture was thus urged to exhibit itself in the utmost diversity of plan that could consist with the gravity of the object, and with the genius of the nation,—must have furnished a perspective, and—in detail—a study, easy to place before our fancy, but impossible to expatiate on adequately in language. We are farther to recollect that of many of these edifices the casing was that fine yellow Travertine stone, that falls not below the dignity due to St. Peter's façade; that of many more the coating was marble; that the choicest decorations of architecture—column, and capital, and entablature, with richest frieze and relievo—were here extensively lavished; that statues of which we have now, it may be, but the refuse, crowded the niches, surmounted the pediments, and crowned, in succession of story or station, the elevation of many of these piles, with a prodigality of ornament.

Beyond all this array of exterior magnificence, we have

"RELIGION of the people, and the WISDOM of the higher orders, combining "with the beauty of the sepulchres—prevented any melancholy reflections."

"*Over true a tale.*" I believe: and each of the two descriptions—in other words, the poor and the rich—had their appropriate consolation: the one in the half-forlorn hope, that some future modification of existence might not be denied to their departed friends: the other in the construction, in honour of their relatives of, not mere tombs, but temples, magnificent as any structures of whatever species of architectural grandeur.

still to make room for the impression of the treasures of nature and of art, enshrined within the chambers of death, so countless in value and numberless in series as to perplex our calculations as utterly as the fictions of an Arabian story-teller could dazzle our fancy. Of these treasures we have even now some few stray specimens—from the chaste travertine sarcophagus, whose inscription tells of that Scipio Barbatus, "who was Consul, Censor, Ædile to you," who "took Samnite towns, and subdued all Lucania," "a brave man and a wise," and "whose personal form was in fullest match to his virtues;"—to those other sarcophagi of rarest porphyry, that from their hardness refused themselves to the sculptor's impression—or to the marble ones, rich in tissue of chiselled figures and the most elaborate designs of the artist. A number of these remain—some of the chastely venerable debased enough in their appropriation; and those of more ambitious pretensions given to be coffin of this or the other Cardinal or Pope: instances of this are the porphyry sarcophagus at the Lateran, inclosing the remains of Clement XII, which was withdrawn from the Pantheon; that verde antique one in St. Mary Maggiore, in which reposes another Pope; and again the marble coffin at St. Lorenzo without the Walls, in which sleeps a Bishop—who had been some Pope's nephew—not the less sound his rest, that the sculptured series which clothes its exterior is the exhibition of a marriage ceremony, and, as part of it, a Pagan sacrifice. Of the various treasures consigned to these vaults of silence, let that one suffice as a specimen which, by extraordinary chance escaping the robber prowling of centuries, up to the sixteenth, was then found in a sepulchre but a very few miles hence, near the Frascati road: I allude to the Barberini vase, obtained through purchase by Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was similarly gained by the Portland family, by whose munificence—befitting British ducal rank—it is now reposited in the British Museum; a treasure, matchless from

the singularity and elegance of its materials, and of which the sculpture has been, since its discovery, the theme of wonder.*

The locality of the discovery of this vase leads to another consideration,—which is, that this range of tombs along the Appian Way was—possibly the grandest—still, but one of the great number of similar ranges which gave accompaniment to the highways, that—like the spokes of a wheel from its stock—spread to the utmost extent of the Campania, in divergence from the imperial centre of activity and splendour. Between the respective intervals of all these great roads, let us conceive the inlaying of villas and of gardens; and the whole surface, thus strongly marked into compartments—each compartment thus in relief of decoration—presents to our thoughts a scene which, however astonishing from its extension, or from the ordered pomp of so mighty a display, the mind, as I have said, can easily master, and bring into picture for its review. It is no wonder that it should have been difficult to fix the limits where a city, so circumstanced, should be said to have its terminating verge, or that its population should have been run up in estimate to six millions. We must feel, however, that where the wealth of the living was ever, from ostentation or from piety, in overflow for the construction of edifices, indestructible by

* "Or bid mortality rejoice or mourn
"O'er the fine forms of Portland's sculptured urn."

Darwin's *Botanic Garden:* the book, for reasons good—two, or three at the the least—lies now unread. But I would refer to the twenty-second Note of the first volume, for his exposition of these mysterious figures, through eight closely-printed pages of elaborate detail. He considers the different compartments to represent parts of the Eleusinian Mysteries, told in sculptured story—each individual part of exquisite elegance. And as the figures are bas-relief, of white opaque glass raised on a ground of deep blue glass, they must have been made by cutting away the external white crust of the vase, in the way the finest Cameos have been produced. Of course this vase must have been the labor of many years—a matter of high family treasure, consigned to the grave in alleviation of family distress, or as tribute of family piety.

the lapse of time, in honor of the deceased, the accumulation of these mansions of silence, along so prodigious a length of line, and multiplied in such ramification of range, must have approached to an equality with the number of structures in occupancy of the bustlers of day;—and that in extent, in magnificence, in display—to say nothing of impression—the city of death yielded in nothing to the palace-grandeur of the living Romans.

We proceeded for two miles along this street of sepulchral remains, which in some parts of the way were very thick together: in others a greater width of the intervals gave the mind leisure to regard other objects. Towards Ostia the country trends in a coarse and dreary flat, with the appearance as if contending with marsh: yet it is dry and of a temperament not retentive of water. Onward, the road having disappeared under an accretion of soil from decomposed ruins, we had to make our progress across the sward, or over an extensive tract of tilled ground, through which the corn, now of three inches in growth, had need of the full influence of spring, to uphold its struggle with the broken up pavement of rubble stone bestrewing the surface, over which we most painfully walked: there appeared fully as large a share of the level occupied by these loose stones as by soil. The occupations of the men who were seen here in some few places, drew our attention. In one spot excavations were making at the expense and for the account of a shopkeeper in the Corso, who, in the way accustomed here, had, for a consideration stipulated with the ground proprietor, purchased permission to make search for antiques, which it was surmised may be here overlaid. We saw several remains of marble shafts and capitals, and learned that an entire statue had been dug out, which is now on view in Rome. The excavations, though not more than six feet deep, have disclosed the walls of chambers and their floors in thick pattern

of mosaic work, which also the workmen were employed in taking up for removal. This structure, from what we saw of it, must have been a villa.—In another place we had the sight, close to us, of a hare hunted and killed by the shepherd dogs of the peasants,—every man of them mounted, and furnished with a fowling piece,—who also joined the chace in full glee. These men had apparently no other object than watching the droves of black cattle, that spread over the extensive grassy plains in which were contained the stony corn-grounds we had traversed. Of course they had their profit as well as occasional amusement in such a chase as that we saw, and in bringing down with their fusils the small birds for supply of the markets of Rome. For that supply—multifarious in its diversity—we found two men leisurely occupied in digging up as they could find it, dandelion—to be used as salad.

The extent of our excursion was the Casale Rotundo—a dwelling-house now—round as its name imports, of large dimensions and in seemingly comfortable repair; though in its original purpose and construction a sepulchre. One or two of us wished much to get in, for the double purpose of refreshment and curiosity; but no knocking at the door could obtain for us an answer. Here was the scene of the duel between the Horatii and Curiatii: and our minds were so warmed with the recollections of all kinds, growing out of the topography of every spot we trod; and so full before us, and at but half distance from Rome, rose the Alban mountains, and on their brow among thickly scattered villas, the city of Frascati, the ancient Tusculum, all in "mœnia candentia" now, just as resplendent as in the olden days—of course from the use of the self-same quarries of building stone:—with such incentives we were ardent to prolong our excursion, through two days more, to Albano and its neighbour districts. This purpose we were com-

pelled to forgo from consideration of the uncertainty of Roman weather in February—basely fitful, and perfidious to a degree, against which no prognostic can warrant.

Diverting our course across the Campania in the direction of the main road to the left, we passed through a tract of dilapidated villas, apparently of a time far later than the old Roman. Here is extensive under-ground vaulting: but with the exception of a spot which seems to have once been a fish-pond or reservoir, I have had abundant proof that, from whatever other cause the Malaria of this country may arise, it is not to be traced to a soil saturated with wet, or that has need of draining. I never viewed a country that demands that operation less than this tract: it is sound ground; and wherever my course has heretofore lain across the Campania, it was equally so.

While moving along the double file of tombs on the Appian Way, our attention had been frequently drawn thence by the vast range and lofty elevation of an aqueduct, bending its course towards us, as if in progress from the foot of the Alban mountains. Our change of direction brought its suite of arches into front; and these, being now without any competitor for notice over the whole plain, engrossed our wonder. It is the Claudian aqueduct, completed by that miserable Emperor—commenced by his predecessor, of frantic wickedness, Caligula. It is a problem in history, inviting much and various speculation on the state of the Roman world, degenerated as it was, which could, under half lunatic, half drivelling guidance, realize a conception unequalled in grandeur by perhaps any other enterprise of man. It was matter of amazement among the Romans themselves, with all their opportunities of comparing it with whatever other and numerous architectural feats, centuries of hardihood and unborrowing genius could exhibit. No better evidence of this fact can be looked for than Pliny, and no testimony can be more distinct. "The Claudian aqueduct," he says,

" has its head at the fortieth mile from Rome, in the direction of Subiaco—up the vale of the Anio—and is conducted on such a level as to supply water to the summits of the several hills over which Rome extends; giving such abundance to the public wants, to baths, fish-ponds, houses, feeders, gardens, suburbs, country villas,—its arches constructed for such a length of course, mountains perforated, valleys levelled, with a magnificence of enterprise and execution not to be surpassed in the astonishment it excites by any other object in the world." What we yet see justifies the wonder of Pliny. Its course here may be traced for many miles, with numerous and large gaps intervening, but with vast ranges unbroken: these are as bold on the sight as can be imagined of an archway series over dry land, exalted on buttresses so high that, if there were water between for navigation, vessels might pass under with top-gallant mast unstruck. The whole is constructed of blocks of hewn stone in handsome finish. The matchless dignity of such an extension of arcade, its singularity to a modern eye, the silence of the plain it traverses, every thing combines to impress conviction of the awful distance between the puny race that now crawls over these tracts of dreariness, and that mighty people, of a majesty of successful enterprise so surpassing, that if the proofs were not before us, the delineation of it, as possible, must be accounted hyperbolic legend. That this prodigality of means should have been lavished through ignorance of the principles of hydraulics, the unexpensive application of which would have proscribed the mad outlay, is another most puzzling phœnomenon. Such blindness in Science is grotesquely in contrast with such wonder-working proficiency in the Arts.

In the conduct as well as in the conception of this enterprize, there is nothing with which the feelings of mankind of our day can mate. It consorts not with our usual tone of project: its interminable march of state brooks not analogy

to our modern darings, even at their mightiest stretch. A writer after the model of certain recent and largely popular French describers, would not hold as extravaganza here, an apostrophe so vehement as—in its career, forgetting that its outset was farcical—should claim the heart's sympathy of the hearers, from the orator's self being aghast through the fright, natural under the conviction of his senses, that this array of arcade was an army of giants, in positive march bestriding the plain, to trample into powder the toy glories of the mistress of nations when in the height of her power.* But a scholar's imagination, granting it to be a little imbued with Ovidian tincture, might indulge in less unclassical dreams. With the unknown tracts of eld before us, beyond the periods of vicissitude,

> Sæpius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus,
> This Saturn's land full oft resigned its name,

beyond the occupancy by Saturn himself, that was sovereign here over merely human colonists—the fancy may be tolerated, that this fair region was swayed and enjoyed by that Patagonian or far more tremendous race, whose strength and whose impiety are attested by the ancient poets—that were historians too; of whose escaped remains the extirpation was the toil of Hercules; of whom the villain Cacus, slain close by, would seem to have been the last surviving ensample;—but whose main force of nation, the power against whom they had dared to war, had arrested in the act of displaying their numbers—and, in the transmutation of them into these abiding ranges of stone, at once cleared the country for man's habitation, and left for man's warning the impiety of his predecessors, in punishment and memorial for ever.

* See Raoul de Rochette's Swiss Tour, *passim*, for rant wild as this, and stupid also. The poor gentleman is ever in a funk which his own rhetoric conjures up. But in respect to the above rant, I acquit him: I am not so deliberate a slanderer as to lay at the door of this conceited rhapsodist my offences, whether of sober statement, or of Aurora Borealis play of fancy.

But truce and pardon obtained for flights in riot of reverie this enormous extent of arcade claims enduring occupation of our thoughts. I cannot agree with my companions in this excursion, that the effect is on the whole picturesque; for there is in the continuation of this structure, a uniformity that is at variance with picturesque effect;—and the more so, that the Campania here is, in all its expatiation, forlorn of tree or twig. Of course the progress of the aqueduct is naked from the sward, and if it intrude for that reason with more force, it also exhibits the more monotonous grandeur. Yet, wherever a portion of but a few arches is isolated by a large interval from the neighbour ranges, the effect is a fine one—not only from such a fragment's juster proportion of breadth to its height, but also from the fractured outlines of its extremities. Monotony is also counteracted by the march of this immense train of aqueduct, which, though occasionally piercing through the bowels of a mountain, or passing a ravine in direct traverse, yet has availed itself of the best levels it could of the ground's surface—which though approaching to flat is far from level:—and in consequence the arcade's course is sometimes finely sinuous;—and the eye is not pained by a rectilinear continuity, which, despite the magnificence of the object, must be of trying annoyance. But the whole range being conducted in the easy curves of nature—and the whole also being fractured into portions, some of a mile's continuity, others of but a furlong's—rather too seldom into minute fragments,—the exhibition is of that large effect, and at the same time that harmonised subdivision, which may be figured by an army in evolution, broken into brigades and regiments and detached outliers—each least portion moving with reference to that larger one to which it appertains—all active to form into regular line, from which each individual part is just so far removed, that all seems unorganized while all is method.

An hour's wandering brought us to that road, issuing from Rome, which is the present highway to Albano; and at a house of entertainment on its side, of slight exterior pretensions, we found ample materials for a good dinner: during the preparation of which we had the opportunity to bring the Claudian aqueduct—here close by—into comparison with another aqueduct at but a few score yards' interval; a modern structure, indebted to the ancient for both plan and materials,—inferior in workmanship, and yet running a course from its reservoir of twenty miles, in no discreditable rivalship of old Roman enterprise—the work of a Pope, the celebrated Sixtus V., to whom the City owes more of its edifices of grandeur than to almost all the other Pontiffs put together. His acqueduct, in actual supply of abundant and excellent water, confronts here, and seems to beard the Claudian. Both contrast extraordinarily with the bereavement, which the earth's surface exhibits of all other furnishing that man's labour can contribute, in ploughing, in planting—in any growth from the ground other than sod and briars—in house of whatever dimensions in human occupation.

I ought, as a set-off to this desertion, to except the cottage inn; which, in a spacious room that is at once kitchen and parlour, supplied us with an abundant and excellent repast: the wines were so superior in quality to the average afforded by the trattorias of Rome, that we could not but suspect our entertainers to have a good understanding with the dealers that aim at pushing their supplies into the city, without cognizance of the Custom-house. It was matter also of surmise that the custom of the Mercantanti of the Campania, as the freebooters are facetiously called, and who, when their purse is recently filled, love good cheer, and know where to find it, may be an object to the holders of this lone dwelling. But I hear also that an excursion from the city, in the season when the autumnal rains have banished Malaria,

is a usual amusement of the Romans, and this a favourite house with them of tavern comfort.

It was evening before we resumed our course, and an hour after night when we reached the precincts of the city—after an expatiation of which the recollections can never recur to me without lively pleasure.

SECTION XII.

21st February. The entrance to Rome from the Albano road, by which I am recently returned, pleases me always more than any other part of the city. Immediately within the gate is a vast open space, part of it a grassy, lawn-like surface. In front, and on a swell of ground that falls towards the gate, are masses of the Claudian aqueduct in stupendous half-ruin. Within this quarter of the city five aqueducts once converged.* The present city-gate, Porta Maggiore—close on the farther verge of this gentle, fenceless meadow—is a castellum, or one of those towers of larger dimensions, interposed at certain distances for reservoir and other purposes in the Claudian, as was the practice in the other acqueducts. In the stroll towards it, the antiquarian will experience more disappointment than pleasure from his search after the temple of Venus and Cupid, and the Amphitheatrum Castrense: but the modern church of Santa Croce presents an imposing façade. Out of all comparison with it, and—(with the exception of St. Peter's)—the most majestic Church in Rome, stands on the opposite side of this open space the church, with its appendent Palace of St. John Lateran—mother church of Christendom. Assuredly we, English, do not recognize Christianity as she presents

* Marcian, Tepulan, Julian, Claudian, Anio novus. These did not, every one of them, extend to the length of the Claudian. The Julian, constructed by Agrippa, was of but fourteen miles, of which course twelve were under ground: the rest was diversified by seven hundred basins, five hundred fountains which it fed, and one hundred and thirty castella; and it was decorated by three hundred statues in bronze, and four hundred columns in marble!—Pliny, Book 36.

herself here, in robe of legend, and crutched by imposture. Without this structure is the Holy Staircase, of twenty-eight steps in marble, of which it is required to believe that up its identical steps our Saviour proceeded when it stood in the palace—at Jerusalem—of Pontius Pilate. With this belief is coupled the practice of ascending it on the knee-pans—in which movement, severely painful, I have seen such a crowd engaged at one time, as to hide under them the whole structure of stairs.

Within the Lateran Church are memorials of Christianity, equally scandalizing: from these I recoil. This church, besides, is of most heavy and dull interior and, despite its appointments, of impression by no means corresponding to its exterior majesty. In this respect it is in some degree (praised be in either case the genius of the architect) the converse of St. Peter's; and there is nothing at Rome so noble as its front façade erected under Sixtus V.—The palace is a massive pile, the work of that Pope also, with the magnificent view of providing suitable accommodation for the Emperor, whenever he should visit Rome. To uphold it in all ages in a condition befitting such a guest, he made an edict that his successors in St. Peter's Chair should occupy it for two months in each year—a regulation whose vanity can be ill-reconciled with this most extraordinary man's wisdom, unless by supposing in him a leaven, to childishness, of confidence in the awe his name, after death, should continue to inspire. But though awe is not, in his case, followed by obedience, the structures on which he has, in every quarter, impressed his genius, command reverence for his wonder-working energy. The creator of these majestic edifices makes himself felt in the present grandeur of of the Roman city: the erection of the building dedicated to the Vatican Library, and the main endowment of that Institution is his title to liege devotion as the benefactor of of the world at large.

If I have any more to say of this quarter of the city it is that hence is, on one side, a prompt approach to the Colisseum—that ever interesting object of amazement:—and on another side—by an ample and most quiet avenue of some 1,500 yards, with gardens on either side, and with scarcely the intervention of a house—is a promenade to another church, rivalling the Lateran—the S^ta^ Maria Maggiore.

The Walls of Rome are deserving of special attention from their high picturesque effect; and in no part so much as in this portion of their cincture. Brick they generally are: but they rise nobly, very frequently in arched work in the interior; which, without impairing their strength, venerably diversifies their surface. There is, here and there, the relief of a buttress, and the break of workmanship of a different age—perhaps got up under terror of an approaching beseiger. There is, also, frequent inequality in their elevation, sometimes positive, and at others resulting from the inequality of the ground or the obstruction of some remarkable structure, entire or half ruined—breaking their course into parts and picture.

That portion of the Wall, at some distance hence, called the Muro Torto, is an especial curiosity. It is brickwork as the rest, but in reticulated pattern; and it lines the front and breast of the Pincian Hill—which seems, through some inward convulsion, to have swelled out from its entrails so that its cliffs belly far beyond the perpendicular: yet by a tenacity of its parts, which could never have been inferred from its porous volcanic nature, it sustains itself in that posture. The Wall must have been built before this throe of the hill; and it adheres steadily to the cliffs, and overhangs much of the road's breadth, for nearly 200 yards.

The gates, generally, are in appropriate diversification of the Wall; and several of them possess dignity of individual character, besides the having attached to them distinction of ancient story. Of the Porta Maggiore I have already

spoken. The gate of St. Lorenzo, which also was a portion of an aqueduct, is striking from the peculiarities of its construction—of cumbrously antique fashion;—it is farther venerable from bearing over the front of its low-browed archway, inscriptions which, though fractured and partly illegible, through the injuries of time, still promulge that they are the original memorials of repairs made in the reigns of Augustus, of Titus, and of Caracalla, respectively.

Destroyed, or silent as—with the exception of two—are the aqueducts which once bestrode the Campania with a grandeur consecrated to utility, water is still supplied to Rome, with a prodigality of luxury, that brings to recollection my amazement, similarly excited, in that little Swiss city, Zurich—unlike to Rome in every possible particular beside. Both the one and other are striking, in this way, to a degree of which he who has seen neither cannot form a conception. The water which spouts forth at every street's end here, in every corner, in the centre, and in flank of every open space—is set forth with a magnificence and a variety of fountain that is endless. I will not say there is felicity in the devices of those of most usual occurrence: on the contrary, it is a rarity in lucky thought, I conceive, which that unobtrusive one against a house in the Corso exhibits—a man holding across his body a cask, from the bung of which the water issues. An idea of kindred happiness struck me the other day in the marble receptacle for the Holy Water in the Church of St. Sebastian; which is in the form of a shell horizontally placed, with its corresponding shell hinging on it and half open, as might be seen in a real specimen from the aquatic world. But the instances of miserable design are countless; and it is by the marble materials, the varieties of design, and the positions of the figures innumerable, which, after all, spurn competition with whatever in the same line can be met elsewhere, that we are attracted to gaze on them,—sure at least of the delight, which, in a

great city, the translucence of gushing water cannot fail to afford.

The Sixtine Aqueduct, or in appellation after his baptismal name, the Aqua Felice, is terminated by a fountain, backed by a façade, of amplitude to be divided into three grand sculptured departments—of which the centre and main one works on a conception that is sublime, Moses striking the rock, and the Israelites and their flocks, in all the excited gesture of wonder at once and avidity, to drink. But the execution is miserable. There is nothing retained in the figure of Moses, indicating his having raised a finger or played any other part almost than of looker-on. The water, instead of rushing from a chasm in the stone, proceeds through square gullets in the vulgar way, quite out of, and below the tablet—which is vast enough to have afforded an orifice, and to have given life to the eager positions, and truth to the picture. The four lions, which that most eloquent dealer in soap-suds and whitewash—poor Mr. Eustace—describes as in haste to slake their thirst,—in act directly the reverse, squirt water from their mouths in supply supplementary to that of the gullets.

In far nobler execution is the fountain from the Aqueduct in front of the Pope's Quirinal Palace. The vase in which the element is received, and whose verge it luxuriantly overflows, is so immense as to give the dimensions of a pool: its circumference is stated at seventy-six feet. In accompaniment to it, the Egyptian obelisk forty-five feet high, taken from the vicinity of Augustus's mausoleum, is in a dignified style of ornament: and the magnificence, I will not say congruity, is complete by the two colossal human figures, each in attendance of a horse of corresponding boldness, rearing high in riotous animal spirits, which the man at once admires and seeks to subdue. Under one of these figures is inscribed the name of Phidias, and under the other that of Praxiteles, on authority utterly apochryphal, though they

are of undoubtedly high antiquity, and their merit is considerable.—But why minute any thing further on the subject for future refreshment of the memory? John Bull—as I just now, and for the first time, hear—has got one of the human figures, in merchantable fac-simile, in Hyde Park, and dubs it Achilles! and under circumstances as repulsively disgusting as the foolery is despicable.

The most copious display of water in volume within Rome is that supplied through an aqueduct that is noble, notwithstanding its cumbrousness,—originally the Trajan aqueduct, and thirty-five miles in course from the Lake Bracciano,—repaired by Paul V., with materials robbed from the Forum of Nerva, and bearing that Pope's name. It pours three immense cataracts from forth of a façade, cumbrous too, and vain-gloriously inscribed, but majestic. Much as the plunder which reduced the Imperial work that bears Nerva's name to its present disconsolateness, must be execrated, there is something to redeem it in the taste which has so hung out this dignified structure on the summit-edge of the Janicular Mount, as to display, at various and very remote distances, the out-pouring of the three cascades in a manner consummately fine, and with effect, I think, unique. Nor does that effect suffer from criticism on the spot,—from which, by the way, is a lovely view of Rome generally, and of its circumjacent territory of plain and mountain. The floods, which afar off appeared in such impetuosity and breadth of flow, are here found to give movement to a street's length of mills, that occupies the descent of a ravine which has the air of having been channeled by the water's natural working into the bosom of the mountain: and they feed the separate and, as it seemed to me, unwieldy establishments of each concern down this street, and sometimes on both sides of it, with supplies superabundant, and that mock regard for economy.

In altogether a different position, and with at least equal pretensions, is the Fountain of Trevi. It is fed by Agrip-

pa's aqueduct, which also supplies that strange fountain in the piazza of Spain, that is in the shape, and of the dimensions of a large boat, full of water, which spouts up within itself. But the main force of this aqueduct bursts from forth of the rocks, which, in the ruggedness of a natural quarry, or, with that savageness well imitated, are left to stare above the surface of the street, and are basing to a Palace of finishedly polished materials—and which I cannot estimate at less than 180 feet in front. Its façade is distributed into three compartments—each of the lateral ones enriched by Corinthian pilasters, with windows interposed: four Corinthian columns stand forth in front of the centre compartment, whose main extent retires into a great niche occupied by a colossal statue, representing—how unfitly, thus far within land, I will not say—Ocean. But he has noble accompaniments, and numerous attendants; his car, his sea-horses, his Tritons—all is alive with figures: and nothing can be crowded where, in a basin extending the full front of the Palace, and of commensurate largeness, and with break of rocky obstruction * interspersed in every part, and descent to give impetuosity to the rush—the water spreads its uproar and enchantment over the whole. I have seen the supply of this spacious sheet of architectural and sculptured device so moderate, as not to give turbulent animation. But I have occasionally witnessed the flow so copious, and the madness over all the extent of basin so wild, as, combined with the evening light—seen from that point of its margin a little to left of the Via Muratti—to set off the play of the element with effects magically delightful.

This most splendid ornament of a City is at a very short distance in rere of the Corso. It remains not to leave in neglect one other Fountain, which, if it yields some little to the Trevi in extent, is superior in the masterly merit of

* These rocky obstructions are blocks of Travertine, withdrawn—alas! by robbery also—from the basement of Cecilia Metella's Mausoleum.

its decorations—that in the Piazza Navona. This place, which is an oblong of about 250 yards in length, is, with exception of the grand open before St. Peter's, the handsomest, as it is by far the most regular in Rome, though its buildings wear the appearance of decay, and its area is the scene of a weekly most miserable market. Through the month of August in each year, I learn that it is floated on Saturdays and Sundays with water, through which splash the equipages of the upper orders intermingled with a pedestrian throng, in compliance with inveterate custom, that perhaps may connect itself with the time when this, anciently the Circus Agonalis, was the scene of various games, and probably popular buffooneries. To supply water for this weekly fooling seems an obvious affair; at either extreme is a grand fountain, with such variety of decorations as in any other City than this, would claim especial notice. But in the middle is the main one: from the centre of its basin rises a rock to the height of forty-one feet; and this is surmounted by an Egyptian Obelisk of fifty-one feet more. The rock is perforated through and through, into caverns open on its four fronts; and these shew, in happy position, a sea-horse and a lion, of noble size and just proportions. There are besides four colossal human figures, emblematic of the four principal rivers of the world; from all which the water issues in redundant distribution. As I occasionally gaze on this Fountain, I cannot but wonder at the freakish humour that must have pervaded the day-dreams of its Architect Bernini; instance present of which is the revenge he has taken of Borromini, the Architect of St. Agnes' Church, which is just in front of it, with whom he had a quarrel, and in punishment of whose expressed unfavourable opinion of the Fountain, Bernini has placed that one of his river-gods facing the Church, in the attitude of arms upraised, and gesture and look of fear, as if the Church dome, were from its fragility, in act of tumbling to

overwhelm him and all around in ruin. But what parallel, out of Bedlam, can be found for Bernini's fancy, of sustaining on this beautiful elevation of rock, the Obelisk it now supports perpendicularly; and which he purposed to establish at an angle with the horizon of perhaps seventy degrees, as though it were evermore to be in the crisis of being raised to ninety; this inclined position to be maintained by the agency of three human figures—workmen—two of them on the off-side, and the third within the acute angle, and so close on the point of meeting of its sides, that his shoulder and single strength should, in fact as in shew, be the Obelisk's sole support.*

Bernini was not always mad. To him we owe that glorious peristyle disposed before St. Peter's in answering semicircles, in quadruple colonnade—the central of the three avenues, into which its columns are arranged, being a drive, with ample liberty to pass and repass, for all the equipages of Rome collected together on a gala day. Midway between the answering fronts of the two ranges of the peristyle is that Egyptian Obelisk, brought over by Caligula, seventy-eight feet high, which is but a small exceeding beyond the colonnade's elevation of sixty-one;—and on the obelisk's either hand the two fountains, grand, simple—in their simplicity of shaft, and of basin above immense basin, exquisitely beautiful—and sending up wreathed torrents of water, it would seem as high as physically that element can mount in open air; with foreground accompaniment, in sunshine, of regular and almost permanent Iris. These ornaments are nobly conspicuous in a space capacious of Rome's population of spectators on shew days, at luxurious ease in front of this sovereign temple.

* I have seen Bernini's design to this effect, in the hands of my affectionate friend, Captain Hely; to whose abundant kindness, and tried worth, as well as to his brilliant talents and extensive acquirements, I am impelled to promulgate this altogether unsanctioned and cordial testimony.

The felicity of adaptation of the colonnade to these ornaments and this vast space, and to the Church, exhibited by Bernini, is not less exquisite than the colonnade in itself is supremely majestic. With all its majesty and massive immensity, it is liege subject to the façade, of which it is the appendage; losing none of its own dignity while it claims but secondary rank. And what a world of heterogeneous edifices and objects does it not shut out!

One portentous, intruding aspirant baffled Bernini. It is the elevation of the Vatican, that mounts, loft above loft in the air, to Babel altitude, showing high in exaltation above the Colonnade its coin—that is awry to the Church; and in such a salient cruelty of angle as to pain the eye, with an affection like that which jars on the nerves from seeing a wedge's or a hatchet's edge in mis-directed bias. That monstrous ugliness of coin he could not blot out: yet it is connected with so immense a structure, which in any other view has its own majesty, that the single nuisance (overlooked it cannot be,) has its own recommendation, and even solemn impression. In outrage of the general scheme as it is, I would not give it up.

Sunday, 23d February. What a source of delight in every continental town, where the English are in number sufficient to establish a congregation for our Church service, —Paris, Versailles, Tours, Geneva, Lausanne, Florence, even Rome:—to get free from all discomfort of foreign growth through the last seven days; and for two whole hours to make a grand escape to our native home; if not to where bells knoll us to Church, * at least to Church, and

* What sentence in the compass of English prose can match, at least can out-match this sentence: "It was pretended that one bell in a steeple was "sufficient for summoning the people to prayers; and the country was in dan-"ger of losing its sweetest music—a music hallowed by all circumstances; "which according equally with social exultation, and with solitary pensiveness, "though it falls on many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts

shut out from all alien objects, to mingle in a crowd of our countrymen, our object English, in the noblest sense, and—bating thought of that paramount object—all our associations of home at once brought into contact and actual enjoyment. It is a removal of a thousand or two miles away, effected in one instant.

25th February. I had often been surprised at seeing, directly over the hall door of a house in the street Ripetta, a fountain in bold race of water. In a visit to the Borghese Palace, and its 1,300 paintings, this mysterious elevation of water athwart a door-way was explained. The Palace itself—perhaps 400 feet, certainly twenty-five windows in front—and large enough on one flank to comprise a court within its quadrangle, converges at its farther side to the breadth of a closet apartment, that is separated from the nearest building to it by a lane, on which is the flank of the house I have mentioned. This closet—on the first floor,—looks, across the lane, on the fountain so whimsically brought from that distance into play at the same height, and large enough to occupy the window's field of view—with a felicity of termination, and its life and brilliancy, and cataract force imparting such a witching effect as I am unable to describe, to the tone of enjoyment that reigns in this dark, fancifully appointed chamber of summer repose. It is a hint to be pursued into much less whimsical practice. That sort of earth bank that close to many of our country mansions has been cut down to banish damp, and give space for a walk; of that bank the face channelled deeply inward, but most sparingly in breadth; down such a furrow a gush of water diverted; such are the materials—with the farther one, easily had in Ireland, of a ledge of granite, on whose rough surface for the water to do its utmost in wear—from which might be framed a little picture, that would hold

"which it exhilarates, and some which it softens." Southey's Book of the Church, vol. II., p. 121,

in pity the contempt that would hold it paltry; as I could compassionate the sobriety proof against the illusion it would shed over the small study window brought to bear close on its sound and volubility—to which, and scarcely to border object beside, I would confine my window's scope, in closet offset of the study-room's sanctuary.

The proprietor of this palace, a man of immense estates, unhappy in his marriage with a sister of Buonaparte,—a most dissolute woman, with whom he has ceased to live—has not been at Rome for many years: but his town residence here is well kept up. This is wide from the practice of most other Roman palaces, which are miserably upheld, even by their resident owners. Noble galleries of paintings there are, and suites of rooms of magnificence such as we are used to believe on the faith of books, but of which it rests with actual view to give the due impression: these are numerous in Rome. The owner mean while and his family occupy, spider-like, a little apartment or two, and at the remotest end of this almost endless suite of chambers. And such most mean chairs and whatever else can be designated as usables in these immense receptacles of pictures and statues and tables of marble or alabaster or still costlier substance, or of superbly tesselated composition! Some of the pictures will move on hinges, outward from the wall, to exhibit them in a just light; and in a room, every where else hung in satin, will be detected the paltry space which a picture—hung to be moveable—can occupy, in uncolored plaister, for saving of so much hanging. Their floors, which it is well in this climate should not be of board, are of vulgarest red color—resembling our dragoon water-decks—when of plaister: but this is a pitch of grandeur above the brick flooring that many of them exhibit. Whether brick wrought into putty, or bricks in their raw state, the floor is suffused with the same odious red—saturated as with raddle. In one of these shew mansions, I saw, a few days back, the

dinner table of the owner—a single man be it owned; but the table was a heavy short deal one, of which the rung and legs told that it had seen much service since last it had been scoured: the dirt was thick on it, in no discountenance to the cloth, that was mean rubbering.

I believe Prince Doria—descendent and representative of the great Andrew Doria—to be one of the most respectable nobles of Rome, as he is one of the richest, and his collection of paintings amongst the foremost. His palace is not merely splendid, but it is well maintained. Yet within its court, and near on the grand stair case, is held a retail shop for the sale of the produce of his farm, strictly for his profit. His shop is open two mornings in the week: and here a friend of mine, bird of passage like myself, provides himself with cheese and with breakfast butter of excellent quality, perhaps the best in Rome,—and to be had in quantities down to half a lb. at 18 baiocchi or half pence; a few days ago at 16 baiocchi per lb.: cheese 7 baiocchi per lb., which is 12 English ounces averdupoise.

To the general discomfort of the Roman palaces, there are other occasional exceptions. In one way it is fair to mention the Barberini palace, perhaps the very largest in Rome,—and in which the apartments occupied at the very farthest end of their suite are fitted and upheld with English neatness, and the aid of English enjoyments, fire and fireside inclusive—while modelled on Italian beauty of materials. Its last boudoir is thrown open to English curiosity, with, I will not say the courtesy, but the fine good nature of the Princess, an elegant and interesting woman, whose retirement to an adjoining closet, as often as a stranger or set of strangers may be announced, must be, in a capital of such resort as Rome, a tax on her good temper most frequent and sore.*

* Daughter, and, with her sister, coheiress of that Prince Colonna, of whom

To speak of the exterior of these palaces, many will be found not according with the best principles of architecture; but all are dignified. There are whole streets of them here. They are also scattered in more or less dis-connexion, yet extremely frequent, through all the tracery of cut-short streets and abrupt lanes that occupy the greater portion of this capital's inhabited surface,—an imbroglio of passages cutting each other at every oddity of angle; the whole as if in a dance of confusion, could they but get free to move: they are packed tight as it were to suffocation.

English Officers had, long before I had indulged the notion of visiting Italy, surprised me by the statement of the effects in Sicily of the straight forward measures of Sir John Stuart, our Commander of the Forces there; who having no reverence for any altar as protection to an assassin, brought remorselessly to the gibbet, the professors of that trade as they put it into exercise, and from whatever sacredness of church asylum. The Sicilians were at first struck with horror at his severity, which they considered Draconian: but the profession soon fell into abeyance in that island. The like wicked promptitude of the French at Rome and Naples, banished the practice there also; and Italian revenge has since these dates, and under continued regulation of the police, become as harmless as the indulgence of malice all elsewhere in Europe. The very wearing of a knife, much more the drawing of it, constitutes a legal offence, and is se-

Eustace states that "he merited the title and supported the character of an old "Roman senator. He raised and maintained a regiment against the invaders "of his country; and, when obliged to yield, he submitted with dignity.— "Though almost ruined by the exactions of the French, and the subsequent "injustice of the Neapolitan government, and obliged to sell not only his pic- "tures, but his kitchen utensils, he yet had the public spirit to present the Pope "with a superb carriage and six horses to enable him to enter Rome with proper "dignity." Fit representative this of a family of which Forsyth says: "The "princely house of Colonna has produced more illustrious men, and can pro- "duce a nobler descent, than any in Rome. As for its other princes, most of "them date from upstart Popes."

verely punishable. A murder, however, was some days ago, perpetrated here, which thrilled Rome with horror as dread as could have been roused by such an act in a Scotch village. The excitation of the very decent people in whose house I have apartments was unmeasured: the thing was the talk of all lips in every street. The knife used on this occasion of crime, was not, however, in usual wear by a bravo of whatever order: it was wielded in the frantic passion of a shoe-maker, in race after his apprentice, returned after a day or two's absence without leave, and with whom he had passionate altercation,—whom, questionless, in trying to overtake, it was his purpose to kill; but being stopped in his chase, rather late at night, by a civic officer of character and respectability, who untimely crossed his course, he had made this gentleman the object of his frenzy. The criminal was arrested: the impatient detestation of all ranks designated the spot and hour of his execution: it was an uproar in demand of legal expiation. By degrees, and with the delay of but a very few days, the disappointment of its having been withholden was subdued into whispered speculation when might be the date of a punishment so condign. I took especial pains to mark each change in the storm from its fury to its subsiding, in justest course of natural feeling, into despair that the murderer's fate rested under a shroud impervious to all but the supposition that he might, by this time, be one of the manacled gang, many of whom we see in daily task cleaning the streets, and of whom also parties are kept at hard work out of public exposure; or that he might have availed himself of a most miserable remnant of Italian legislation which, even in this instance of privation of life of an officer in discharge of a public duty, considers the offence as less of public than private concern, like an action of damages with us—to be met by payment of money, the subject of compromise running through the whole shuffle of barter and cheapening.

That with such an inoperative provision against the utmost foul crime in the scale of human atrocity, murder shall continue an offence almost unknown, is proof absolute of the good disposition and humane nature of this naturally fine people.*

* The following enumeration of the present population of Rome has all the appearance of authenticity and correctness:—

Easter 1825.—Population	138,750
Families	33,721
Priests	1,483
Monks and Friars	1,662
Nuns	1,562
Marriages	1,158
Births	4,243
Deaths	4,446
In hospitals	2,002
In Prisons	1,020

SECTION XIII.

26th February. The curtain of death is nearly drawn over poor M———, the interesting and amiable young Scotsman, whom I first saw for two minutes at Sienna, and subsequently at an inn or two on the road to Rome, where he did me the favour of inviting a renewal of our acquaintance, that has led to intimacy. He is one of the very numerous victims sent from home to die abroad of pulmonary disease in its closing stage. In his case there was especial cause from other and similar calamity within the family threshold, for trying the chance of expulsion thence. And I know that his banishment has been of happier endurance than nineteen times in twenty is the lot of such candidates to fill a foreign grave. He has had the fortune to be thrown on the friendship of Dr. C———, the leading English physician here, a man of thorough worth, and to experience from him every attention not merely of a physician's, but almost a parent's care: while that excellent lady, Mrs. C———, has worn herself down in personal nursetending and nightwatching of him, and in administering to him the active charities of a sister. The aids of their friends have also been called in, as I, utterly unconnected with all the parties, have the opportunity of witnessing in a way delightful to human feeling. He is in apartments that are next to being under their roof, and by night, as by day, is not for a moment given over to the lone ministry of a menial attendant.

But this is an instance of casual good fortune. And it is

laid on me as a solemn injunction, by one who speaks from accurate and large, though unprofessional experience, of this climate, to spread on my return home, to my utmost stretch, the disclosure that Italy—in an especial manner, Rome is bane and death to persons not merely of decayed, but of doubtful lungs. Whatever the South of France, or even Nice may be, Italy generally, to these is fate. Having nothing to fear personally on the score of pulmonary affections, and nothing, I may say, from inclemency or variableness of the weather, I have not failed nevertheless to imbibe from facts, entire conviction of the righteousness of the warning to all concerned, to recoil from consignment hither, as from death without sentence or almost respite—under bereavement, in searching need, of the charities of kindred and home.

I have had counted out to me, in distinct catalogue, numerous recent instances of victims to a land journey hither, that must have shattered into nervous irratibility and impotence the frame, of which the life strings had been sapped before setting out, and which, under the complicated exhaustion, is to be subjected to the action of this atmosphere of extremes and of mischief. How should such a shivering frame support the deceitfulness of a winter, in blast angrily cold, one day, and in stream of tepid, and almost sulphureous air the next, or the remainder of the same, day? Tepid is a pretty poetic word; Zephyr is another: but heated, or hot, as applied to air, though of less beautiful association, is a term as plain, and more fitting, in as much as its offensiveness is true to the idea of noisome, which an honest describer would seek to convey. To be buffeted between chill * and hot in stern vicissitude, with the action and re-action of foot-ball playing, is the course of endurance

* Were our word chilling enunciated conformably to the law of Italian pronunciation, which gives *ch* the sound of our *k*, it would exhibit a consonance of sound and sense: it would be killing, with a grievousness of applicability pardonable in serious statement.

that awaits our valetudinarian pilgrims during winter—with unrelenting confinement all the while at home—with strict care that that home be situate in one of the streets not infected with the local plague of pestilential air; with inhibition from promenade, unless within St. Peter's Church, and there in regimen, and under restrictions prescribing attention to its details of grandeur; with absolute seclusion not merely from all sight-seeing, but from all variety, under forlornness continued through ordinarily, or rather periodically, very many weeks of a rainy season—that is the extinction of hope and prohibition to look onward to Spring. Supposing that to be attained, or rather summer—for spring here is neither winter nor summer, and has no character of its own—the heat comes with it that is not endurable by the natives, unless in the artificial twilight of their chambers by day, or by turning the day into night. To avoid this, the exile must try back his fatigue, and endure once more the multiplied and protracted abominations of an Italian land journey.

In Italy, however, if he lives to insist on it, he may stay the summer, immured in his darkened apartment, and without power to take exercise till towards twilight. At Rome he has no alternative: flight thence is peremptory on him, if his living, panting skeleton be moveable, to get from reach of the Malaria—that spares not robust health, and reigns at Rome through the hot season in pestilence and funerals. But this is a danger scarcely worth weighing: when after the winter's hot and chill fits, and even in that season the climate's baleful peculiarities, survivorship is rare, speculation becomes next to superfluous.

5th March. My very amiable friend has found a place here, with all the decencies of interment that are in our English practice; — our sublime funeral service gone through with befitting solemnity,—and with the guard of two Papal soldiers, from the City-gate guard-house contiguous, as it were in sanction to the proceeding, and security against

possible disorder, in the manner of peace-officers. And he is laid in a cemetery allotted expressly for us English Protestants " terrarum dominos," by the present Pope.

Close by this cemetery is a plot of ground, which, for more than a century, has served as burial ground to foreign Protestants casually resident in Rome, and is become inadequate for further use, now that this City is each winter occupied in throng by English families. It was but one corner of an extensive common, that borders on and is within the City walls; and hence has resulted the expediency that with a larger tract taken in from the common, it should receive the protection of an enclosure. For this purpose subscriptions were extensively collected among the English, not in Italy merely, but also among those in France who had returned hence, or meditated the journey hither. An unexpected obstacle started up, in the shape of an objection, on the part of the Public Body which has official care of the monuments of antiquity and the works of art at Rome—and which, I am bound to admit, was a just one. Mearing on this place of graves is the mausoleum of Caius Cestius, " Epulo," or providore of banquets to the gods, cotemporary of the Emperor Augustus. It is a pyramid, regular as those of Egypt, cased with marble, its wall twenty-five feet in thickness—the enclosed sepulchral chamber eighteen feet by twelve, and thirteen feet high, even yet retaining various portions of its original embellishments of painting. The perpendicular height of this pyramid is stated to be 113 feet : but the earth has so accumulated around, as to have required a trench of fifteen feet deep to come at its base and door-way.* It is singular, and I think picturesque, that

* In Sadeler's Views, A. D. 1606, this pyramid is delineated as based on a platform, whose sides are perpendicular, and two courses in height, of the same sized blocks with those which case the rest of the edifice. If his delineation be just,—of which there can be scarcely a doubt,—the trench I speak of is not cleared deep enough to expose the entire of the structure.

the wall of Rome, majestic as I have stated it to be, comes home on either flank to include this mausoleum in its course —on one flank the wall in its ordinary range, and not far from it on the other, one of the city gates, St. Paul's. Wall, however, and gate, with all their loftiness, are in but humble association with the pyramid. With its face or its effect—side-wise and rather aback as they are—they do not in the slightest degree interfere. But the projected cemetery wall of the English would have closed it in front with an unworthy interruption of the view, and materially degraded its elevation, by blotting out the inferior, though main portion of the structure. An injunction against the procedure was most properly directed by the Papal Government, and the whole project dropped. But loose reports diffused throughout Europe the dissatisfaction of the English,—some censuring the restraint put on a scheme of accommodation, that in the main was highly reasonable,—and others imputing that restraint to the inveterate bigotry of the Holy See.

Certain proceedings in Parliament soon after, and, specially, a speech of Lord Colchester, gave alarm to the Pope's government. Without any communication with any persons or person of the English nation, the government at once allocated as an English cemetery a space, which I compute at an acre and half, at fitter and suitable distance from Cestius's mausoleum: one side of this space being already confined by the city wall, they enclosed the other three with a new and substantial wall of, perhaps, fourteen feet, in handsome finish of plaister without and within; and the entrance secured by a suitable iron gate. So completed, and at the expense, from first to last, of the Pope's treasury, they handed over possession of the place to the English —whose fund, already raised for this object, must of course submit to some other direction. At the same time the Roman government drew round the former cemetery a deep trench, well secured, in efficient protection from even a tres-

passer's foot on its sod, and against whatever injury to the monuments which cover the greater part of its surface.

From the English cemetery, and ranging still within the city walls, spreads a flat tract—by the map a quarter of a mile—to that wonder, in its way, of Rome, the Monte Testaccio, or Potter's hill, 163 feet in perpendicular height, and in circuit 590 paces: it is mainly composed of earthen ware in fragments—perhaps in some places mingled with earth; but where I found the best opportunity of viewing it, the disposition is of pottery and a pulverized earth in alternate layers, more in slope than in horizontal position—as if the material of either had been spread on the uppermost surface and fallen thence in coating over the sides. These fragments of pottery are also spread over all the flat that extends to Cestius's mausoleum, as different trenches here and there made in the ground disclose: even the excavation of fifteen feet to the base of that pyramid, is through similar layers. This extensive tract is thus an accumulation of shattered pans and crocks, which in its flat part can be referred to an epoch subsequent to Cestius's, that is, Augustus's time;—while in respect to the mount, which spreads a surface of half a dozen acres, high over that level, I know not that any datum is afforded for tracing the era of its origin. With all this power to date remotely back, with full impression on the thought of the immense population of old Rome, and with the knowledge that the ancients preserved their wine in amphoræ of crockery ware, it is labor to the mind to measure itself to the truth of the fact, that such an accumulation of this material under the plane surface, and in the mountain above it, should have been brought into mass.

At present one face of the mount is, in its lower tract, practised into vaults, and fronted by a range of store buildings, in which the wholesale merchants warehouse their wines—that are kept in the greatest coolness from the ventilated air that by countless chinks pervades the moun-

tain's inmost recesses. For this reason also it is a favorite autumn lounge of the Romans to repair hither to sip their wine in shelter and unheated air.

On the summit of the mount—velvet green—stands a crucifix, which shews conspicuously from numerous and remote points of view. On the other hand, the view thence is a noble one,—the Tiber at its base, and seen in various windings, or rather links,—Rome itself subjected in map-like spread on one side; while on the other, the dusky plain—crockery ware below, and brown sand half victorious over sward on the surface—extending first to Cestius's pyramid, creates a sort of Egyptian landscape: and the working of thought which thus receives birth, is fed with no dissimilar aliment from the gaze on the city walls, that here are seen in long retiring and sometimes apparently doubling suite, and at a distance which gives to their venerable arched work the mournfulness of colors, and the awfulness of a boundless range of palace ruins. Beyond their masses the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, seen several miles over the flat, prolongs and fixes the picture of nature associated in pain and degradation with man's past glories, one and other outspread in desolateness.

6th March. Without the gate of St. Paul's a heavy mile, is the Church of St. Paul's, built in the fourth century. It was approached once from the city, by that mile's continuity of a corridore of marble pillars supporting a roof of copper gilt—of all which suite of portico not a trace remains. The church is now silent within as well as in that approach, unless to the tread of a foreign visitant to gaze on its equipment of marble columns—withdrawn in plunder from that Brobdignag pile that outwent all previous outgoings in sepulchre—Adrian's mausolem, now the castle of St. Angelo and citadel of Rome. Of the forty columns which support the grand nave, twenty-four are of perhaps matchless value—each of, what is called, violet marble, or pavonazzo, from its tinge which has

the semblance of a peacock's plumage. Their order is Corinthian, their height thirty-nine feet, their circumference eleven—in one single piece: they are fluted to two-thirds of their height. The remaining sixteen columns are of Parian marble; as are forty others of minor dimensions, belonging to the subordinate naves, of which there are two on either side of the grand one. On high over the colonnade of this last, run in series the portraits of all the Popes; the earlier part being of rival authenticity to those of the Scotish Kings at Holyrood,—however genuine may be the likeness of those of the last three or four centuries: the entire number, from St. Peter to the present Pope inclusive, they state to be 254. What I have seen explains a prophecy I heard in boyhood, which augured the extinction of the pontificate from the entire of the niches being occupied by the portraits of the different Popes, with the exception of one, which might receive the portrait of the reigning Pontiff. A fresh lease of papal sovereignty is taken out; and a new series of portraits is begun with that of Pius VI. Eight or ten ovals are already delineated, in commencement of a series to be occupied by the present and succeeding Sovereigns.

There are various other wonders within this Church, exciting recollections of deep solemnity from its connexion, that is undoubted, though disguised by legend ornament, with the Apostolic martyr, and coeval with Christianity from an inconsiderable period after its first promulgation. —That solemnity is not lessened by the view of its roof, which is unceiled, and in a frame-work of massive joists,—naked wood now, even unpainted: they were once sheeted with gold, to emit beams harmonizing with the sun's radiance, as is proclaimed by Prudentius, a poet of the fourth century also, and witness of the effulgence he describes. The present flooring is another curiosity: it is composed of fragments of flags, of shape as irregular as a paver's hammer could shatter them into—in positions such as each scrap

might, helter-skelter, receive, in laying on the large fragments, and inserting among the crevices four or five lesser bits: they are accordingly in brave motliness of colors, from black on to white,—letters, half syllables, portions of two or three words, sculptured on their surface at every haphazard of angle of one with another, and in all sizes of graved character;—a fritter of smashed tomb stones, that coats the area in continuous and pell-mell confusion.

Appendent to this Church is an extensive Monastery, that is now all but untenanted: in summer, I hear, it is quite so,—the Malaria reigning here in supreme desolation. Close by, however, is a small wine-house, where my friends and I, after much previous fatigue, obtained the refreshment of excellent bread, good cheese, and something more than two half tumblers of very passable wine each, at the charge to us severally of five baiocchi or halfpence.*

It is not merely in the area of this Church that the traveller's eye sees brayed into ruin the materials of old Rome's grandeur. He sees rich marble ornaments in fragment serving the purposes of coin-stones, hall door and back door steps, spud-stones,—to which last paltriest use a portion of a fluted column, or of the capital itself, with its embossment of frieze, is right often preferred: columns are built up in a wall, in manner of the ordinary uprights we employ in raising stud-work. Let me get quit of this painful subject, with the one farther note of the morsels of rare and most expensive porphyry, and the bits of marble, white, red,

* I presume it was to the mischief of this identical wine-house that this most venerable Church owed its destruction by fire—through the inebriation of some plumbers employed on its roof—on the 15th of July following. The burning continued for several days. A friend, who summered at Frascati, in writing to me on the subject, states that he found himself unable, after several days lapse, to muster spirits to repair to the scene of ruin; that "every one of the columns that formed "the grandest colonnade ever erected by man, is overturned;"—of course, broken into fragments; and these fragments, by action of the fire, more or less dissolved into lime.

yellow, and verd-antique, and so-forth, which the eye detects in cheapest occurrence, and even mixture with the usual material of stone in the street pavements! But what an immensity of the costliest marbles, wrought once to the highest purposes of human conception, are now invisible, from the devastation of the centuries which converted them into lime for mason's mortar!

March 8th. The Pincian Hill rises over the entrance of Rome by its northern gate; and directly also over the Piazza di Spagna, which is the crack spot of English residence, and Bond-street resort. Its description by Vasi is a fair sample of guide-book accuracy, and of Mr. Eustace's vein, whose work is—guide-book "set to rhetoric,"—I might say to music too.—"This Piazza is one of the most "vast in Rome; it is surrounded by large and handsome "houses, and a number of Palaces." To speak of it in unexaggerated English, it is tolerably like in shape, and pretty nearly the same in dimensions, but of most torpid general similarity, to that portion of the Strand between St. Clement's Church and Temple-bar. But a vacancy on one of its sides, of four or five houses frontage, is the basement of an ample staircase in double flight: I believe they count in either 114 steps, of cheerful and unlaborious ascent to the final landing place: on the level with this, stands the Church of Trinity of the Mount, with sufficiently dignified facade to suit its magnificent station; and in the area in its front is an Egyptian obelisk, 44½ feet high, exclusive of its pedestal.

Connected with this Church is a Convent; and on a wall of its sacristy is one of the very finest paintings in Rome—the taking down from the Cross—by Daniel di Volterra. Strange and awful it is, that this Convent is almost deserted from Malaria, that infests this elevated site,—as a friend of mine, lodged in all other points enviably enough, close by, had reason to know;—mysterious plague, that ascends to

this height, and leaves the not remote Quirinal hill safe—that ravages one side of the Corso in the flat below, while the opposite houses of the same street, and at the same season of each year's rotation, are comparatively safe.

The summit surface, generally, of the hill is laid out in gardens, with numerous and pleasant walks and drives: the approach for carriages is by a spacious avenue of very gradual ascent practised on the face of the hill, and overlooking in its windings, the noble amphitheatric arrangement,—now in progress to completion—of the Piazza del Popolo, which lies immediately within the city gate. Another brow of this hill is lined by the Muro Torto; and it there overlooks the suburban gardens of the Prince Borghese, who gives them in free scope open to the public.

With our English these gardens are a fashionable airing, though but garden run into farm neglect. Their Casino, or mansion, is a handsome one, and still preserves numerous remains of the paintings and statues in which it was once most rich; but it exhibits frequent and violent traces, substantiating the robberies of the French, and possibly, as it is also said, the subsequent sales by the owner,—whose residence at Rome would by no means induce his habitation of this villa, which is peculiarly liable to Malaria. Within these grounds is an extensive Circus, with several ranges of stone seats in amphitheatric disposition. What pleased me particularly was a little circular temple, its bronze dome supported by eight columns of Columbaro marble: within its rotunda stood a statue of Diana—carried off to France: still the inscription remains to the structure—"Noctilucæ, sylvarum potenti." Another very handsome temple, dedicated to Æsculapius, adorns the brink of a pretty sheet of water, of which the margin, in a style new to me, is lined in all its range of sinuosities with a plaister imitative of marble,—as though the whole lake's waters were contained within one vast shell—an extraordinary whimsy!

Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

Seemlier of guise had been,
In margin free of nature's living green,
The wave diffused in nature's gentlest tone,
Than cramped by alien guard of chisseled stone.

—I give paraphrase, not translation, of Juvenal's quotation; which applies with equal fitness to this lake's durance as to the false taste in decoration of Egeria's fountain, against which he inveighed.

Straying to the left behind these gardens, I came on quite different and finely-simple scenery. It is close on the mineral spring called Acetosa—ornamented by a façade designed by Bernini—that a country lane conducts you on the Tiber, here much wider than at Rome, where its measure is stated to be, at the bridge of St. Angelo, 315 feet. It is a river of ample and noble volume.

Vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena,
Yellow with sand, its whirlpools sweep along—

livingly true to this its description in Virgil. One tract only of theground here is flat, eastward, and principally in the direction of that fascinatingly lovely Appenine chain, the Sabine range—which, at fifteen miles distance, is under full command. Soracte, detached from that range, is seen hence somewhat less completely, from the interference of the shoulder of a fine eminence more in front, connecting itself with bold undulations of hill, which spread thence quite round to the west, On one of these swells stands a ruin, inducing no mean play of ideas in reverie,—and behind it, a lofty slender tower graces a brow still bolder. The hills, thus finely featured and marked, rise from the bank of the river, whose course here is very sinuous, and its reaches so grand, that there is nothing but its impetuosity—quite boiling—to contradict the illusion that each succeeding reach is a small

lake of exquisite outline, retiring from the view at its either termination. The hither bank is not inferior to that opposite, though altogether dissimilar. It is a precipitous range, perhaps 150 feet high, of tufo rock, over whose brow, or wherever lower down its crevices will give leave, is spread an embroidery of ilex—the indigenous growth of this country—in brave immunity from the hostility whether of cattle or of man—through which the champaign of the Campania is become tree-less. Under these cliffs, that confront the swells on the farther shore onward to the Monte Mario, that towers aloft over the Vatican hill—is a lounge along this haughty river's margin of rich luxury, of I know not how many lengthened furlongs, till it comes on the Ponte Mola, and the road which gave me such pleasure in first approach to Rome.

9th March. A letter just received from a friend at Vevey, of the 1st of this month, detailing the dreadful snows and continued inclemency of this most severe winter throughout all Europe—has, before closing, the information, that the weather seems to be taking up: "Just now we have glori-" ous weather: I think our lake and mountains were never " more superb: the Dent du Midi is, all over, in the dia-" mond's blaze"—" brille comme un diamant." Be it my luck to luxuriate—ici bas—under an Alpine winter, on the Leman lake shore!

Here we have dreadful thunder with lightning this Sunday afternoon, direct over the City, I may say in its streets —as tremendous as that of Righi, last summer—and rain in volumes of measureless density, and plumb descent. A naval friend assures me, that the sheets of rain we hear so much of in the tropical climates, were not so wetting within his full experience on the West India station as he finds them here. Yet the ground is so porous as to absorb, spunge like, these rains almost immediately after their fall, and to leave scarcely a trace of surface humidity. The cause of this must mainly be the volcanic nature of the Cam-

pania; for there is no question but that Latium, home to the Appennines base, was once overspread by the deeps, from which it emerged through the raging action of volcanic fires. Strombolo, and other volcanos, far isolated in the sea, even yet give instances of fire in unextinguished blaze from the midst of fathomless waters. But that so extensive a region as this Roman Campania should have been raised from forth of the sea in independent terrene beauty, is a truth so dread, that the imagination cannot shape itself to the conception; though, after at least three thousand years' interval, it continues attested by the living witness of facts co-extensive with the new creation's limits—of phenomena of distinctest speech.

Our poet, Thompson, would seem to have in idea images quite other than the frightfulness of conflagration and throes of earthquake in which Latium rose from the sea's abyss, when he bodied forth Britain rising from ocean to symphonious gratulations of its guardian powers, hailing, in sure prophecy, her fairer, though mightiest domination.

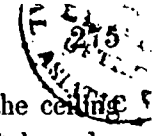
Monday. A gala-day, and monstrous bustle, consequent on the declaration of twelve Cardinals created by the Pope. At night musical entertainments in different parts of the City, and an illumination of the principal and some of the secondary houses of the chief streets, as well as of others in meaner situations occupied by connexions of the new dignitaries. Monte Citorio palace, occupied as the Pope's office of audit, and as the residence of certain high officers who preside in it, was splendidly blazing in its exterior; the ornaments of its interior court strikingly beautiful. In each of the niches that are in range round it, was a well furnished tree; on every of all the portions of this, and terminating every individual bough, was a light in form of a blossom; this fanciful richness in just keeping with the brilliancy distributed to all parts of the court's topmost elevation. A sumptuously grand orchestra, with a numerous

band, had its station on high. Then such a chain of carriages in un-ending series, entering by one gate, setting down, and returning: and such a living mass of pedestrians borne in at one side-door, and getting out at another! Failing to stem this solid matter of entering column, to eighteen inches of impression, I hit, at second thought, on the English entrance, as in matter of fact it was—being the carriage-way, and quite safe—close together as they moved—to the few who I suppose thought themselves privileged to use it. No native seemed to take this to be his case, lined on either hand as it was by grenadier soldiers, that were all subservience to us strangers.

With all this hurry-scurry throughout the day, and till now, late at night—during all which time the Corso has been one rush of carriages,—and not a face in the crowd, down to the coffee-house waiter, but is suffused with self-consequence to agony, I must say that the scene is painful, when I put into comparative thought the trifles which excite it, with the manlier objects which claim exultation in Britain. "A creation of Cardinals!!!" was the lofty reply to my first question in the street of "What means all this vast "stir?" To my next, of "How many?"—"Twelve" was the response, with an air, as John Bull would tell of twelve sail of the line captured in a sea fight, or as an old Roman might have spoken of twelve hostile dignitaries coming on to grace a Consular triumph. Every man of every class stands twelve inches higher in his stocking soles, as though the creation of these twelve Cardinals conferred on him personal consequence. There is in all this a debasement or derangement of the mental feeling, as outrageous as in the instance,—which at this time occupies all our English newspapers, to our national disgrace, that does not put down the nuisance by forbidding such publications entrance into whatever house, that even affects decency—I mean

of that unhappy nobleman, who, in lunacy, would have his throne as king of Hampshire, and display all his majesty in the celebration of his wife's—understood to be not his own—child. This mis-used personage had the growth in mind, and the wisdom in various ways, of a child of eight years old: just as infantine, as to what a nation ought to be, are the modern Romans, collectively and individually.

11th March, Of the illuminations of last night, besides one or other repetition, we have this night tar barrels in bon-fire in the streets. Exclusive of these extra splendors, there is, when the weather's fitfulness suffers it, a feast to the eye and the imagination, that is greatly fascinating. Twilight is here comparatively very short; and the sun's going down is, not slowly, succeeded by darkness: but this is associated with a purity of sky and effulgence of stars, that we northerns know not, unless under the agency of frost; while here the air, in its good humour, is at once serenely lucid and temperate. Windows lie open, and doors; and of the lights within, the brilliancy is thrown unconfined abroad: there is not a current to make them flare: within or without, all is blandness; and, indeed, without is clearly the favourite station: groups in small chat collect there their seats. The pomp and prodigality of blue sky, thick set as with a rain of stars, the profusion below of lights every where, and the hilarity of the crowds giving animation to all,—together realize the pictures I had often met in books, of an Italian city in luxury of animal existence, with accompaniments such as our climate knows not in any of its vicissitudes, and so strange to us therefore, as to appear of ultra-human or faery enjoyment. Full surely we have nothing to compare with the winter delights of this country, when winter is lambent. But when tyrant, as it is in miserably frequent moodiness, what is its fire-side! A non-existence; and within as without the scene is on a par of dreary discomfort.



12th March. Guido's Aurora, in fresco, on the ceiling of the summer-house of the Rospigliosi Palace: * how delightful, how free, too, from the embarassment that besets allegory in painting as in poetry! How sober the gait of all the personages—except perhaps the attitude of speed of Aurora, and perhaps that of the most perfect figure of all, the boy bearing the torch or star of morning: the faces of some of the Hours exquisite, and of two or three of them the attitudes especially admirable. They all seem going with staid mind, though with buoyant vigor, on their daily mission: and, though the horses paw, they soberly float: the draperies indicate decided motion, as agitated by the action of the air displaced by the velocity of the groupe's onward impulse.

Of the Hours the age is so young-womanish, that the Apollo becomes, in respect to the lineaments of his face—and a little, of his form—rather a boy, borne on by them as a shew play-thing; somewhat overdoing the portraiture of this divinity by mythologists. In an engraving I have obtained of this painting, this fault disappears: but engravings cannot be trusted for good or for ill. There is at Rome a rival Aurora, by Guercino, which the proprietor does not suffer to be approached, nor the villa grounds in which it is enclosed—of which he is usually a non-resident—to be entered by a votary of even an Ambassador's rank. Of this picture, the engraving gives the story badly told,

* Guido would appear to have borrowed from Dante:

L' alba vinceva l' ora mattutina
Che fuggia 'nnanzi, si che *di lontano*
Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

Purg. I. 115,

A poet of our own certainly studied Guido:

O mark! again the coursers of the sun
At Guido's call their round of glory run:
Again the rosy hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light.

Rogers.

its main parts heavy, though beset with light figures, that break it into flutter ; the horses adapted for a brewer's dray : the one conception severed into different distinct acts—each act a contrast of clumsiness and fritter ;—a Flemish procession, but that there is great fritter. Yet a friend who by rare luck, some years ago, achieved the sight of Guercino's very picture, assures me that it is an equally lovely effusion, realized with elasticity and happiness quite equal to this poetic dream evolved by Guido.

In this painting Aurora is not free from the shading of the darkness which she proceeds to dispel. The effulgence of day reigns round the head of Apollo, from whom the golden lustre emanates : yet his locks are rather a soft lambency of light, too aerial in hue as in consistence, for the coma of any comfortably covered tete of nether earth. From the locks of neither divinity as here colored, is illustration to be derived—and yet it is from the view of this picture, as if by back-hand practice of " lucus a non lucendo," that the explanation has broke on me—of that rich phrase of Milton, " tresses like the morn"—of which I had often and fruitlessly laboured with myself the solution, and sought it in cruise after the opinion of one or other intelligent friend. I had referred it, therefore, to that statute of Burke's critical code, under which impossibles are wrought up into a composition not the less potent—nor less legitimate—that the mass is destitute of meaning, and absolute nonsense.* So it is that, on this spot, the explanation has dropped into my mouth : the phrase means no more than saffron locks—auburn tresses. Yet in self-exculpation from the charge of obtuse poetic vision, and in expectoration of vindictive feeling against Milton, I must aver the fault to be his ; since,

* I allude to the Chapter on Words—(Sublime and Beautiful, part v. sect. 5.) which has for title " Examples that words may affect without raising images," —where that most masterly philosopher instances the recipe in Virgil for the fabrication of thunder in Vulcan's forge.

taken in sequence after the antecedent "love-darting eyes," the phrase "tresses like the morn," ought to involve an image outgoing the statement of mere material color, and —failing to do so—sends the mind in vain quest of fanciful emotion to assort with the leading idea. The passage, taken in its just meaning, is an anti-climax; which Milton shelters from notice by the "words that burn," with which he clothes the concluding clause,—a disguise at once richly beautiful and obscure.

To return to the subject of Guido and Guercino; what I have just seen in the painting of the former, reminds me of the Rinaldo and Armida, which I saw a few days ago in the Costaguti Palace—the work of Guercino,—in which reigns the same inexpressible movement without motion—palpable progress without the organs of movement of the actively onward beings, seemingly put into mechanic stir;—all at ease, yet all winning their way without violence to the truth of painting, which is kept at once in the absence of a limb or sinew's action, and in the lightest lock of hair decidedly aback, as from the encounter of the opposing atmosphere. This minor picture makes one the more regret the exclusion, under which we all labor, from his Aurora.

SECTION XIV.

13th March. An excursion this day by that nearly-abandoned outlet of St. Paul's Gate. Winding from the church to the left, by a quiet road that is somewhat concentric to the city walls, we had abundant opportunity of witnessing the tissue of excavations into which all beneath the ground's surface seems to run—according to accounts which I can now well credit—through all the tract onward to Ostia!—The tufo, wherever it occurs, invites perforation, from its porousness, and its frequent larger voids: and the loam is of a sharp sandy texture that is easily practised into cavern; and prompts to such an excavation by its positive value as an ingredient in forming the best building cement—of that description termed Puzzuolane. That these chambers of desolation, in the void of the one and other material, in such awfully interminable spread, should have been put to the use of sepulchres was natural; and that they should have most largely served as retreats to the early Christians from the rage of persecution, is also so natural, that we cannot but acquiesce in the statements to that effect, as miserable fact. To what other and baser purposes they may have been subservient, in all the blackness and crime of the subsequent ages, it were bootless to guess. At present they are very usually built up, even within the churches, to some of which they were once appurtenant as tracts of sepulture. Yet on this line of road—(a sweet stroll it furnishes, and part of it on the front of a fine woody cliff)—there are here and there

outlets from this Brobdignag rabbit-warren, some of them mean enough, but others frightfully impressive: the concatenation in its spread, breadthwise as well as onward, can be viewed without quitting the highway. In one or two places on its edge are yawning vaults, into which a horse and cart might be ingulphed, through any slight inadvertency of the beast or its driver: one chamber of horror thus open, and of capacious round, I cannot compute at less than sixteen feet deep. That such pitfalls to destruction should gape on the highway side, is but a symptom of that indolence which the governing power here too frequently discloses—not in enterprise but in detail; a sluggishness, as if the spring which had given concoction and growth to enterprise had spent itself; that sluggishness of which we have exemplification in the scaffolding round a part of the Church of St. John Lateran, that has remained there ten years, and may remain ten years more, or till it tumbles down—because, being public property, it touches no man's or no public body's interest—and there is in no quarter care to remove the eyesore.

Coming out on the Appian Way by the Church of St. Sebastian, we crossed it onward to a tract in which—from what cause it were vain to speculate—are numerous remains of public edifices. The temple of the God Ridiculus is superb in architectural decoration, in that base material, brick, in a way that could not have been surmised possible; pillar, pilaster, cornice, frieze—all as correct in pattern and rich in relief as if they had been cast in a foundery.

The valley in which it lies is delicious—hills, retiring to great remoteness, giving it feature and loveliness; and the inexpressibly elegant forms of the Campania's boundary mountains shewing strong in the back ground. The strath is now under a severe, and what must prove an effectual course of drainage: springs gush numerously from the hills on either hand; and these they are concentrating into a main and active current. These hills are very steep, for their

height, with here and there a frontlet of naked tufo, or a tiara of low wood;—on one brow a tall and deserted farm-house, whose square top, if "bosomed high" in grove, would give added distinction, and diffuse new trains of thinking, in this exquisite valley. In such a scene I should play foul with my whole temperament and habits if I stopped short of—in idea—floating the surface that lies aback, with a luxuriance of wave conforming to the sinuous course of the boundary swells, and brimful to the base of some of the bolder heights—which art would fracture into cliffs, to be re-created in the mirror at their feet. The limpidest water in abundance breaks forth in rills for the purpose—principally from Egeria's grotto, of which the site is within one of these tufo crags, and the floor of which it were not necessary to violate by my proposed accumulation of the element. That project would as little sacrifice the vegetable health of the rest of the valley parterre, as it would diminish any one useful product, by devoting tracts, in the series of heights, to a fringe of undergrowth, or to a grove in mile long sweep of sylvan pomp. The capabilities are all before me; but it is with the incitement of Tantalus.

16th March. Still the galleries of the Vatican museum, open on the afternoons of Sundays and Thursdays, invite us English in shoal. The Romans crowd at this exhibition too. That new branch of it, formed by the present Pope is—bating certain few and inimitable master-pieces—after all, the principal attraction. It comprehends a great deal that is valuable, and under compact arrangement; but this, without derogation to the glorious garniture of the main collection,—disposed in apartments that of themselves claim wonder from their grandeur and proportions. I know no better way of measuring their astonishing extent in suite, than by the fatigue they create on each occasion of pursuing their at once vast and magnificent series: inviariably you leave them with the pain of beaten feet from the single round. In one

termination of these wonderful chambers are those Frescos of Raphael, which many a groupe of English tourists pass by without emotion or notice,—but of which a life's term would not supply time for the adequate study. Pity that time and some damp should have impaired them; and that more window-light cannot be brought in illumination of their dusky general complexion. Still some of them are in moderate preservation,—the School of Athens,—the Conflagration —and that marvellous display of multitudes in inimitable grouping, of energy and tumult in the utmost justness of figures and attitudes,—the Battle of Maxentius!

The oil-paintings of this collection are very few; but of their number are—face to face—the St. Jerome of Domenichino, and the Transfiguration of Raphael. I confess the former always detains me, and brings me back to it, preferably. I know my own incompetency too well to attempt an apology to myself for, perhaps, my nonsense, when—on the subject of that, the very first picture in the world—the Transfiguration—I except to the double action. In this I have found supporters. But in my farther exception, that among the figures in the lower field a sort of blank is left, as with the purpose that, from either hand, reference should thence be created to the compartment above — which blank is beyond what a just distribution of the figures, without need of that reference, would warrant,—in this I have met no concurrent opinion: yet I do not feel disposed to give up my criticism.

From the museum the rush is to St. Peter's Church, for vesper-service: and there John Bull's family is dispread in all its glory—very many hundreds of us, and of both sexes. The choir in that chapel, where service is performed, has prime attraction; about twelve in number, of whom three qualified at all points, and putting their qualifications into distinctest proof. That Chapel we totally occupy. The crowd else of us sweep in all diversities of direction through the

tribune and the lesser naves, and spread over the grand nave, in most corporeal puissance; while the good-natured at once, and pusillanimous, Italians flit before us, like immaterial essences—suffer us, as it were, to walk over, and absolutely through them, as though they were thin air; like the shivering figures within the infernal portal, whose dispersion by dint of his sword was meditated by Æneas, until instructed that they were bodiless forms. I must do John Bull the justice to say, that on his side no swagger is exhibited or implied: it is but the movement of absolute flesh and blood—corporeal presence, not troubling itself with un-embodied shadows. No where is the contrast between the two nations in such forcible display, ludicrous at once and lamentable, as on the floor of this their great Temple,—boast and glory though it be of Italy, to which the world beside can instance nothing similar or second.*

Again and again I must feel for the absolute inferiority of our St. Paul's, chill and forlorn as though it were a shell left in poor mortar by its builder; and disconsolate as a lumber room into which have been cast, in haphazard carelessness, the statues which ever and anon obtrude in excrescence or nuisance; while St. Peter's looks, and is, warm with exhilaration and high-wrought satisfaction—its marble surface of floor, its marble pilasters, or linings of the wall in marble: where these strike not, its pictures—mightiest efforts of human genuis, given in living truth and abiding perpetuity: its dome—in its utmost spread, and to its summit height—wrought in mosaic picture: then such an entablature and cornice; and a vaulted ceiling springing from it in luxuriant

* Nor has this contrast been confined to the present generation.—"I know "a very sensible and learned Italian, who being desirous to examine *the truth* "*of a popular opinion in Italy*, that no Englishman fears death—prevailed on "himself to attend the execution of the Lords Lovat, &c. whose heroism indi- "vidually confirmed him in the belief of the English generally being in this "point what his countrymen conceive of us."—*Sharpe's Letters from Italy, published sixty years ago.*

ornament—wrought in stucco, with gold every where, most chaste in distribution, and interminably large in diffusion. It were impossible to conceive such majesty, unimpaired by such splendor of furnishing—that splendor being, in such association, modest sobriety.

My favorite stand—which I have chosen out for myself—is near the circumference of the dome, as marked out on the floor, in that south-west part of it between St. Veronica's statue and the angle of the south transept. Hence I command, almost without change of the eye's direction, the larger portion of the dome's interior — one arm of the transept—the tribune in one half of its extent—the mighty cornice—the vaulting of the nave in perspective inimitable and indescribable;—the whole length, graceful at once and majestic, from end to end of the stupendous fabric;—guarded in my position by side screens, which adjuncts on the spot supply, in interception of the tribune's termination on one hand; and, on the opposite, of the blaze of those ever execrable three tiers of window. I have thus at once all that the structure can exhibit of magnificence, and am saved from the pain of being stared at by its disgrace.

Still, and with my constant visits to St. Peter's, I feel amply confirmed the remark of an Italian gentleman on my first arrival at Rome, that, visit it as often as I might, I should at each visit find something to admire, that, at each and every former survey, had escaped my remark. Farther, the vastness of its dimensions is as uncognizable by my faculties as ever. First, the baldachino, or canopy over the high altar, in bronze—of which the Pantheon was despoiled—is of a beauty and delicacy that they eye delights in, as it would in some small and elegant ornament: yet I am unable to come at any just information as to its height: the prevalent statement gives it an altitude, to its summit ornament, of 116½ palms—which at 8⅔ inches of our foot, is about 85½ feet—a close approach to the elevation of the

Farnese Palace, the most massive in Rome, a work of Michael Angelo. I can well believe this statement: for small and uncommandingly elegant as it shews in reference to the dome, beneath whose centre it stands, it refuses not to compare itself in loftiness with the entablature, 95 feet in elevation—from which springs the vaulted cieling of the nave,—the pitch of that ceiling being 152 feet from the floor!

I have before noticed that no two measurements of this structure go near to each other: still, I go on from time to time to puzzle and lose myself over its Serbonian—but that it is marble—spread of area, in vain measuring of its parts. To my surprise I frequently detect disparities between portions which ought to have been in exact correspondence, but of which the variance must be referred to changes in the plan by successive architects.—These discrepancies the eye does not detect—being here a most puny minister to our perceptions of exactness: and it is as little able—even after long habitude—to master the matter-of-fact magnitude of every portion of the structure, as at first. For instance, each of the four buttresses which support the dome is, with exception of the interior coin, that is rounded in, a mass of 68 feet on every face: three good dwelling-houses, in a fair street in London, could stand on a front of 68 feet.* Of those buttresses which, ranging with

* In point of fact, a church, a convent, and their appurtenances—stand in Rome on a spot of these dimensions: I defend not the whimsy: it was the madly fantastic Borromini's. A friend, in my presence, took the trouble to verify the measurement of this church and convent, and found it to tally with mine of the single buttress of St. Peter's. I subjoin Vasi's account of Borromini's building:

"This church of St. Charles was built in 1640, after the design of Borromini, "who has constructed a church and appurtenant dwelling house on a space of "the same extent occupied by one of the buttresses of the cupola of St. Peter's. "The façade is decorated by two orders of columns; and the interior is sup-"ported by sixteen columns. The court of the dwelling attached is also "remarkable, inasmuch, as notwithstanding its small size, it is decorated by "two porticos, one over the other, supported by twenty-four columns."

it, enclose on either hand the grand nave, the centre—perforated all along—gives continuity to the lesser naves, and to such a breadth, that I have recorded my repinings that their arcade's height is not suffered to reach to the summit of the garret chamber, which their vaulting includes. Still, despite this enormous bulk, which the eye and the mind cannot disciplne themselves into crediting, all is moderation and consummate elegance.

St. Patrick's Day. An attempt has been made to get up a festive dinner in solemnization of St. Patrick's day: but its concoction was in the same spirit which recently also projected at Rome an English club—a heavy castle built to last out the Roman ten week's season—in which ONE black bean was to exclude, and the admission fee was fifty pounds —in inexpressible fitness of foolish match the one provision to the other. John Bull delights to curvet in whimsies: the plan has dropped, though the vagary of section—in manner and according to the property of the polypus—of London high-fashion's Freemason association, to be produced cut and dry at Rome, is perhaps but adjourned for discussion, or adoption, by some future winter's flight of Pococuranti.

Needs not then to say that a St. Patrick's dinner, got up after this fashion, must have failed. All that is Hibernian in our Irish blithe nature must hold in loathing spleen striving by fresh child's whimsy to get free from self persecution, and sulk in toil of creating for itself materials of sociality. This exhibition was private enough to let its punishment of a most dull afternoon remain within its own undisturbed keeping; and it was just public enough to prevent a far more rational solemnization from being had. One fragment of the extensive number who had wished for a national gathering (in no shape excluding English or Scots) grouped in festivity and pleasantry genuinely Irish: whether from accident or from the miserable prerogative of age, the work of chairmanship devolved on me. I know we did our

duty of best wishes to our native Island, and to our world of home recollections: I know we passed on the divan which assumed to lead, and was undeserving of either follower or associate in the evening's enjoyment, the compassionate wish of a "better way of thinking:" I know we had hilarity, and anecdote, and intercommunication of facts and of knowledge expressed with eloquence: and writing this the day following, I trust never to forget my St. Patrick's day spent at Rome, and will indulge a hope, and a belief, that not an individual of my associates in its conviviality but will for life keep in fresh memory the hilarity and genially gamesome gaiety they enjoyed, in the company of each other —and of their chairman.

19th March. Was yesterday to make proof of the immensity of St. Peter's Church over a district of it till then unseen by me,—on its roof,—thence in round up between the exterior and interior walls which compose the fabrick of the cupola (that from out to out is 22 feet thick;) thence again to within the ball, from which I have had my first clear view of the Mediterranean. On the roof, it is far more than possible to go astray and be lost in the complexity of parts and immeasurably spread extension—where "cupolas," minor; but noble ones, "form streets."

This day, the Vatican library—the great room of which is unapproachably out of competition with any other, devoted to a similar purpose;—such is its lightness, its largeness, its cheerfulness, its fancifulness, and redundant floridness, as well as gracefulness, of pictured ornament. Then the distribution of the books in a way that mocks the cumbrous scaffolding of our usual shelving—the cases down the centre of this saloon, that—a double debt contrived to pay—are at once capacious repositories and spacious tables,—in style of construction and of shape elegant, in colour and finishing exquisite,—their arrangement over the floor simple, and giving a rich finishing to its breadth of forty-nine feet;—their

contents come-at-able in front and in rere, and without a ladder,—and each volume secured from dust by a closed front. What nests of gloom, compared with this, are the Bodleian or the Grand Paris library.

I must not trust myself with the shew curiosities, of whatever kind, in the Vatican library, farther than the plan I have seen in it for the façade of St. Peter's church, as designed by Michael Angelo,—so miserably superseded by a subsequent practitioner in masonry and marble. It is severely noble;—simple from the fewness of its parts, but with a dignity,—so rare in practical imitation—on par with the portico of the Pantheon,—and, I cannot but feel, with all its portico's impressive sublimity, even though unaided by the decidedly grand station which, in front of St. Peter's, and on that amphitheatric elevation, it would have enjoyed. Scarcely less loss than this was the protraction,—by the same plodding supplanter of Michael Angelo,—of the nave, which had been designed to accord with the figure of the Grecian cross, of which the four limbs approach to equality of dimensions,—of whose grandeur we have example here in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, where Michael Angelo had the fortune to complete the construction. Now, all that is gained by the prolongation of St. Peter's nave, is mathematical extension of feet and inches, without one added particle of sublime emotion thence excited. To give light to this immeasurable unmeaningness of nave the three stories of window lights,—substantial and cardinal abomination!—became a needful make-shift. So far as to the interior; and in respect to without, the dome, to which such sacrifices had been made,—and which is worth more than all that was given up for it,—is itself sacrificed, absolutely walled up from sight.

The engraved views we every where have of it, are to the last shred of them, false: so far onward is the nave protruded, and so stupidly climbs into air the façade, usurper on

Michael Angelo's design, that the dome appears but in a third or at most a half of its dimensions,—its uppermost portion solely—even at the farthest distance the Place in front, a measured quarter of a mile—gives it to exhibition. How different a fate from that of our St. Paul's, as seen from Blackfriars' bridge, and of which the majesty is absolute from the spot, so close under it, in St. Paul's churchyard, to right or left from Ludgate Hill!

20th March. Concluded the forenoon with that surpassing chamber in the Capitoline Museum, which possesses the best Juno I have seen, according to my idea of her attributes—the Venus from the bath—the dying Gladiator!—these particularized out of seventeen, which that small apartment contains:—and that branch of this museum which has to me the charm of Romance, exhibiting relics of the ancient time, in living illustration of the acts and deeds of that time, and stirring fancy's dreamings—the Wolf struck with lightning, the scar of which is within the hinder thigh*—the bronze geese, the Consular Fasti:—even the paintings on stone; the bust, by himself, of Michael Angelo;—to descend thus in sketch of the character of these apartments, through the mention of one or other item of their contents: but it is not descending when I mention the name of Michael Angelo.

Within this suite of apartments is the Senate-room: for such a room, and with such a designation, exists in the Capitol

* "Tactus est etiam ille, qui hanc urbem condidit, Romulus, quem inauratum, "in Capitolio parvum et lactantem uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meminis-"tis."—Cicero in Catal. Orat. 3. The infants are, accordingly with this apostrophe, and declaredly, of modern work. One writer has been afraid that his fancy should run away with him—that the thing was too good to be true: he therefore would not believe his eye as to the genuineness of this scar. I will trust my eyes and my understanding, fortified by the judgment of Forsyth—though I should at the same time delight my fancy. "No object in Rome ap-"peared to me so venerable as this Wolf. The Etruscan stiffness of the figure "evinces a high antiquity; its scathed leg proves it to have been the statue "which was ancient at the death of Cæsar; and it still retains some streaks of "of the gilding which Cicero remarked on it."

—with its long table: the dignitaries by whom it is graced—as is declared to me with bocca Romana, magnificently open mouth, as though proclaiming the speaker's self-importance—are not less than FOUR; of whom one is permanent grand officer, and, in his sole person, Senate; the other three being his assessors, chosen every six months from the Roman nobles—mere robe, wig and title, the four. In goodly keeping with themselves is their chapel of devotion: among its decorations the Four Evangelists: but other fooleries of painting, sycophant of Popish idolatry, all around—and specially and monstrously so on the centre of the ceiling—were so intolerable, from the contrast of past recollections, that I was relieved from fevered swimming of the head when I had achieved an escape into open air.

21st March. In the Sistine Chapel—which is in the Vatican—the extraordinary frescos of the ceiling, and the still more wonderful surface of fresco occupying that wall to which the altar is attached: the first are in one, or other, of numerous compartments, each of which is explained to you to convey, in consecutive picture, the story of the Creation: there is, besides, a different set of figures, that you are to take, each as ornament for the angle or lunette it respectively occupies. Still, such figures, and such positions as they are thrown into, could have proceeded only from Michael Angelo.—These aloft over the floor. The main piece, and which meets you in face, is the Last Judgment—enormous in certain of its extravagances, yet exciting, and justifying all your amazement, from its seeking and securing effect through an almost interminable detail, and from its imparting to the entire, as one composition, one master interest—giving you to know that of the Sublime the distinctive term in expression is the "Terrible."

It was impossible on seeing this effusion of a genius so unique, blurred with the smoke, as it has palpably been and must be, of the torches used at service of the altar di-

rectly under it, as well as mouldered under many a successive generation's damp,—to repress the feeling, ardent to enthusiasm, that our Sovereign, conspicuous for his love of the arts, and illustrious for his patronage of all that can tend to his country's glory, should, by special interference, obtain a fac-simile—in oil—as close as the most gifted son of genius in our day could create, of this picture of the Last Judgment—and of the accompanying designs of the ceiling, for portraiture of a hall of corresponding dimensions—if not built—TO BE BUILT express, at home: and similarly of the Battle of Maxentius and the other almost super-human frescos, in another style, of Raphael:—thus rescuing though in copy, yet in faithfulest and most masterly copy, the productions of two such wonders of the human race, from the eventual ruin to which they are consigned, and perpetuating them to unborn ages; identifying to those ages the glory personally of our Monarch, and that of the age which, with Augustan magnificence, asserted the grandeur of our empire—flourishing not more in arms than in knowledge and the arts.

In thus presuming to speak of my Sovereign, the standing and ugly impediment intrudes of the wherewithal,—his munificent patronage of the arts cramped by œconomy, in a rage that is become actual vice.* Real œconomy is true wisdom, and parent often of grand enterprise, by furnishing the means: but penny wisdom is puny folly—a burlesque on common sense.

22d March. The Villa Albani: its elevation unique in beauty as a rural palace; its interior,—with the exception of one delightful suite of rooms—a tissue of closets lumbered with works of art, a proportion of which are valuable, but which, as a collection, disappointed me: it is

* Vicissitude grateful—of which at the time of writing the above, no omen could be construed into promise, nor was augur found so sanguine as to be on look-out for the presage—NOW attends us. March 1824.

however, a replenishment, and a laudable one, after a general sweep of the French.

On the exterior of Rome, in a counter direction, I have this day been able to visit a villa in quite another style—the Doria Pamphili—of which the Gardens are the attraction. They are a capital specimen of Italian ground decoration,—the extent large, the walks spacious, the shrubbery hedges—from the dignity of the walks—not cumbrous, nor even very formal, though of close and lofty growth: perhaps the open groves of stone pine rather melancholy; in cast like what might be produced by a similar disposal of Scotch Firs,—to whose Kilmarnock bonnet, however, the high umbrella-spread of the Italian Pine is decidedly to be preferred. But the water works please me most. They have at command the whole exuberance of the Pauline aqueduct, but do not wanton in their wealth: there is a water-organ, against which I am not wise enough to except as a toy; for I conceited its notes to be liquidly sweet. I admit that, on entering or quitting the little edifice in which it performs, you are liable to the practical joke of being spewed over with the water which issues from the floor, that is in open work, like the cover of a warming-pan. The best fancy of the place is the noble canal which, by some magical management, has, in spite of its right-lined margins, the air of a river. I can only explain this effect by qualifying my epithet of right-line, since the ground lies aslope, which acts on the eye in correction of the undeviating onward course of the water: and I say course, for through its channel a bold current is propelled, which, in the distance above, is seen shooting in the vehemence of a beautiful cascade. Arrived at that cascade, you find yourself in an amphitheatre, with fountains distributed around, and in their centre, a master one, exquisitely fine. I say nothing of the statues and minor decorations of this amphitheatre; within which reigns such variety, such simplicity, such elegance,

such effect. Seated here, with redundant torrent of water, sporting in ways of which I would abate nought in them of the fantastic, in favor of the more natural,—with this fine canal before me—with the verdure and serenity of nature around,—I fear no imputation of frivolity, while I envy not the grandest displays of water-magnificence within the city, not even the Navona, or the Trevi.

SECTION XV.

Palm Sunday. Attended before nine at the solemn service in the Pope's Quirinal Chapel. His age and the infirmities of it preclude to us English, agape for shows, the effect which his personal dignity would impart. Twenty-eight Cardinals present, who changed, in our presence, their splendid, gold-embroidered, shorter robes, for plain long purple ones: to support and give theatrical spread to these, at each change of the wearer's position, was the province of a sub-dignitary attached to each. The blessing of the Palm was an uninteresting ceremony: having been deposited near the altar in bundles, a single palm was delivered thence, by the Cardinal officiating for the Pope, to his brethren respectively, each of whom in succession came forth to receive it in protracted monotony of reverences and other dumb or muttered show. After this followed, with more summary civilities, a distribution of olive boughs to the clergy of lower degree, and to the train-bearers.—I see also olive in common wear in the streets, as yew is with Roman Catholics in Ireland.—The march of all this body of Cardinals and train-bearers and clergy, thus bearing their branches out of the Chapel, in procession—vilely mimic of that of which it purports to be commemorative—and their similar march back again into it, where all resumed their seats and heard mass, was a dull exhibition, and excites no high idea of the Holy Week, of which it is the commencing shew.

There is, however, a display of preparation for this week, quite amazing, in the throng of recently arrived strangers of all conditions, and, as it were, from all countries. Of ultramontanes the English far outnumber all the rest put together: but even these are very numerous. The concourse of the Italians is equally astonishing; especially so the some thousands of well, and shewily dressed, peasants who crowd in, for the double purpose of devotion at this season of highest solemnities, and of bringing to the City the butter, hams, bacon, all the surplus produce of their farms that, through the year, they have created and accumulated for sale. Of far other guise, and in something like equal throng, are the pilgrims, with staff and cockade of cockle;—pitiable at once and whimsical in their equipments as well as their bearing,—their languid, worn down condition, after a march from the most distant provinces, and the object by which they are so solemnly misguided.

25th March. Having heard, rather late, of an English horse race, to take place about two miles off, I proceeded thither with the exclusive purpose of studying the Italian concourse which such an exhibition was sure to draw together: was after the time: from an eminence over the Anio, I had the view of a vast multitude, whose break-up and return, (had I awaited it,) must have been suffocation to me from dust—March dust, as with us—in clouds, even where was no crowd. I have, however, had the details minutely stated to me.

The plain, occupied for the occasion, is a vast field—perhaps four score acres—of rich and rather moist soil, which I had traversed a few days back, in exploring the banks of the Anio, and all the purlieus leading to the hillock, that Antiquarians protest to you is the veritable Mons Sacer, a conical eminence so small that it might be covered by a club of ringleaders, instead of sufficing for the posse of the Roman population. To part at least of the eminences which

range thence and, equally with it, overlook the plain in question, I am induced to extend the plebeian encampment. When first I saw this field, it was occupied by large droves of cattle grazing on its after-grass, to which this multitude of persons, dismounted, mounted, and in carriages, must be destruction—to say nothing of the coming growth. Possession of the field was, however, taken without leave asked or civility of any kind passed on the owner,—who, resenting a similar unceremonious entry, recently made on his premises, had gone to some pains in making up fences and putting up a gate. That gate was this day taken down; and how the owner will conduct himself, I shall be curious to learn.*

The behaviour on the ground, thus made a race-common by our equestrian heroes, was equally English. The course was cleared of all the Italians, whether in crowd or single stragglers, by smack of whip and suitable threat of thong. The Italians have complained that the demonstration of the lash was equivalent in insult to an actual stripe;—this in subsequent communication: and it having been stated to them that this jockey procedure was of pure English custom, that plea has with them satisfied all scruple. Beyond this, and more strange than all—the range of ambassador's carriages—which at Rome are specially absolved from regulation, and free to move in whatever line, and halt in whatever spot they will—had taken up a position near the winning post, and best adapted to view the race. From this position they were driven without any ceremony, more than

* The owner, like all the great undertakers of land in the Campagna di Roma, a very rich man resident in the city—contented himself with heavy grumbling, particularly at Torlonia's—the banker we English are unfortunately compelled to use—of his loss, which he estimated, and in my judgment very moderately, at fifty Louis. He added that the loss was no annoyance compared with the rudeness which seized on his ground in this uncomplimentary style. Law proceedings for the punishment of the outrage, or to obtain compensation, he altogether forebore.

was used to the very Italian throng, by the same jockey force of these despot sons of liberty. Other strain of thought than what stirred in Italian breasts must have mingled in the minds of the ambassadors: good temper and good humour largely influenced both.

Wednesday. A remnant of Dioclesian's Baths had suggested—what remains of ancient wall in their vicinity largely confirm—that however these walls may have been clothed in marble, (to say nothing of alabaster or jasper,) much must have remained in proof that the conversion of Rome by Augustus, from brick to marble, was rather a sweeping boast. I admit the destruction by fires, to which the city was submitted, not in the instance of Nero's fire alone, but in various others of the Imperial times, of terrible voracity though not so notorious: their effect was not merely the destruction, largely, of Augustus's substitutions of splendid architecture for sober building, but the almost banishment, under the later Cæsars, of the memorials of republican Rome—that now are tantamount to non-existent. Of course, much of the work of re-construction—hastily made, and in a baser age than Augustus's, must have been in meaner and "lateritial" material.

To-day I have had ample proof that, even of this material, noblest masses may have been constructed, at least when converted into ruins. I speak of Caracalla's Baths, a treat in the picturesque, such as I have often and vainly hungered for in this city. Always the Colisseum quite out of question, these are the finest ruins of Rome that exist—disdaining comparison with the lubbard heaviness of the Palatine Mount, strut as it may when vamped up into picture with intent to delusion and sale. Here is real grandeur, even in destruction:—three groupes particularly bold; a detached ruin especially imposing: the solidity of the fractured walls, their loftiness, the airy lightness of the arches, the portions of vaulted roofs which retain their stations on high, the vari-

ous combinations that, still as the point of view they form is shifted, are magnificent at once and picturesque.*

At Four, in the Sistine Chapel, with the sublime, but, till towards its close, rather heavy music of the Miserere. The throng to obtain admission was immense, and dangerously so; and the the ingress scandalously mismanaged. In the anti-room, the press was in the first instance—as it were on purpose, though but through the blockheadism of the Swiss Guards—lured home to the entrance folding doors, by these lubbers opening them from within for a few inches and then closing them again. When they were next opened, these savages, in the ancient costume of their country (our Yeomen of the Royal Guard are somewhat like them in dress and appointments) with their halberts pushed back the foremost, and threatened, or for what I can say, struck their feet with the heavily ferrated shafts of their weapon. These front persons were thrown on those behind, and the whole anti-room and the several hundreds it contained, of both sexes, were in confusion. The Hibernian blood boiled in my veins, and rose in fool-hardy resistance to conduct like this: and though in the third rank behind, I wrought onward, and to a brute who continued to belabour with his pike, declared that as an Englishman such treatment I must not suffer: in one way or other I was about the sixth person who obtained entrance. But I saw three gentlemen knocked down by these ruffians in office; and a British Lieutenant General in full uniform received, very near me, a cut on the forehead from a halbert.

* Vasi's guide-book says: "We may judge of the quondam magnificence "of these baths by the precious marbles that have been found on their site "—the Torso del Belvedere, and the two basalt urns in the Vatican; the "celebrated Hercules of Glycon, the Flora, the groupe known under the "name of the Farnese Bull, and other rarities transported in the first instance "to the Farnese Palace, and thence to Naples, where they now are." All this is but in average of the produce gleaned from numerous tracts of ruin, though mouldered into shapelessness, within Rome's purlieus.

Thursday morning. Avoiding the weariness of a long function, as it is called, or service, commencing at nine in the Sistine Chapel—I was one of a vast concourse who were in anxiety—with tickets or without them—detained without doors till towards noon, to see the ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet performed, by a Cardinal officiating in the Pope's absence. I must say that the courtesy of the Roman soldiery on duty here was as perfect as their inflexibility, and in fine contrast to the atrocities of the barbarian mercenaries whom I have commemorated.* Admittance once had, the aparment was on the instant compactly close filled. The pilgrims were there ranged on a bench close to the wall, raised to a convenient height from the floor; they were clothed in white vestments of uniform make. The napkins, with basins and ewer, were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity, without staying to see the absolute pouring out on each man's foot of a half spoonful of water, and the pro-forma application to the skin, so wetted, of a cloth,—the more so that by timely retiring by the door I had entered, and taking a corridore to the right, of which I had received previous intimation, I managed to get almost first, and to take my station, in the room where the same pilgrims were to dine, with the menial attendance on them of Cardinals and other high clergy. This room also was of ample length;—along one side of it was placed the table, with a ballustrade in its front and at its either end: against the opposite wall were ranged benches, in tier above tier, for the accommodation

* At a ceremony some time ago, to which I wished for admission, without having taken the precaution of procuring a ticket, I offered silver to a sentinel, as supposing such an unsoldierly crowd as the Pope's troops might be in the permitted habit of taking fees like domestic servants: I shall never forget the absolutely gentleman-like disdain with which my proffer was rejected by this private: it had in it much of compassion as well as disapprobation.—It is right to notice that a military uniform is, in itself, a passport to the wearer as authentic as any ticket of admission to whatever public ceremony.

of the ladies: the centre and one end of the room were resigned to other ladies not so fortunate, and to gentlemen. By the other termination of the room, paled off likewise, was the passage for the pilgrims after the ceremony of washing—for the Cardinals and other persons of high distinction,—and, finally, for the different courses and removes of the dinner. In the angle of two ballustrades I had fixed myself, when a party of Swiss halberdiers were marched in, and distributed through the room—one of them close to me. Less from a sense of propriety than from that constitutional shyness which is my tyrant, I applied to him to know if it was permitted to a stranger to remain where I stood: to my horror I discovered that the fellow was ignorant of Italian, as I knew not a word of his German: I say to my horror; for as there was no medium of communication between us, I felt as if at the mercy of a machine, and as in danger of being drawn in by the play of a wheel's pinion, to the loss of a limb or the smash of bones, on some, to me, unknown stop to its movement being withdrawn. I repaired, however, to an Italian domestic in livery, on duty at the gangway, from whom I ascertained that my position was altogether correct. Shortly after, some persons, coming up, prevailed in their own way on this gross savage to lay his hand on me, to induce my removal backward, to the loss of my station's advantages. This I could not brook: and if I could not make him comprehend by voice, which however I did not spare, I made him do so by counter-manual action, holding myself ready, had he dared to repeat his aggression, to cross over forthwith and claim the personal interposition of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the highly respectable Papal Prime Minister, who was back and forward, into and out of the room, unwearied in superintending the detail of the arrangments, and most courteous in doing all the honors. My own motion however, had succeeded; and the fellow thenceforward kept his position, statue-like enough.

By the time the pilgrims had filed in and were seated—thirteen of them—all on the same side of the table, and facing the assemblage, we had as thick a crowd as had been in the apartment we had left. The dinner was large, substantial, various, and comfortable: the subjects of it ate well and drank as well,—pocketing, in bags furnished to them for the purpose, what was left that suited carrying away. The repast lasted about forty minutes, nothing being hurried:—the attentions of several Cardinals were personal, as well as of certain persons who appeared to be officers of the household, besides upper servants: of every individual of all these, (and they all passed most repeatedly by me, and almost in contact, in going for removes and returning) the demeanour was respectful to the guests, and without a spark of grimace or hypocritical semblance, which I was on the look-out to detect. In fact, the ceremony was to them a strictly religious one; and of observances of one kind or other is, by far too much, the sum of their religious duties made up.* During about half the time of dinner, a priest, standing at one end of the table, read slowly aloud a very long passage from one of the Gospels, connected with the subject of the Last Supper—not in Latin, but in vernacular Italian.

Six foreign ambassadors attended in that compartment of the room towards its termination, and enfilading the long dinner-table:—of one half of these personages the presence was not imposing in any way: but I own my delight at seeing such a specimen left of ancient French noblesse as the Duc de Montmorency, premier Christian Baron, and ambassador from the eldest son of the Church—in all points of tall and

* At certain other places in Rome in Holy Week, particularly at the Church of the Pellegrini, the feet of that description of foundered pilgrims, then so conspicuously numerous, are honestly and bona fide washed by Roman nobles; who also minister to their comforts by a charitable repast.

fine person—of countenance, air, intelligence and deportment, such as a poet would delineate as fitting representative of passed Gallic chivalry—depurated, as I will hope, from its impurities.

This is a week of moonlight: I have not failed, more than in a preceding month, to pay obeisance to the Colisseum under its influence. I suspect many of my countrymen, even of those who know enough of Rome to be able to select the best approach—that by the Piazza Trajana and the Pantani Arch—encounter its broad extension athwart the desolation of the Forum, instead of enjoying it from the street where it discloses itself gradually into its utmost dimensions, and from that quarter that is loftiest—and where also the moon throws the deepest shadow. Here, too, in approach, the hills to the right—the Aventine Mount particularly—Constantine's Arch—and other noble objects—strike with peculiar force. Tuesday night, the moon, not being in its brightest from cloud, and not being yet full, the imperfect light was magnificent, and specially in that part on the right of the grand exit. The "lux maligna" shed a beneficial influence on the loftiest interior of the broken structure, and on its various fragments,—for into such, under this darksome illumination, its members exquisitely resolved themselves. Last night the moon was full: and I rounded the outside—which seemed uplifted to the zenith of the sky,—and explored the interior, in three several visits, under aspects far more numerous from the changefulness of the atmosphere, and the changed position of the luminary. This night—after attendance at another *Miserere*, with the same bustle but less actual mischief; and after fruitlessly trying to bring myself to admire—as the book-makers do, and I believe most spectators—the effect of the immense cross suspended under the dome of St. Peter's, and most closely studded with brilliant lights, — what would pass for a cross of glowing flame; in which effect as respects myself, and

equally in its result of light and shade on the structure's interior, that owes to the exclusive agency of that device its illumination throughout, I confess myself disappointed:—I sought compensation by repeating my studies at the Colisseum. "Vails not to say" into how many most noble combinations I saw it cast, of form and fracture. That which remains with me most is when, with the interior of the grand entrance for the point of view, with the moon bright, not high—its beams shaded by the hand from striking on the eye—the opposite extremity was in obscurity, the hither parts so emerging from black into light—that the side which retains its original height was clothed in soft silver; while of the lower and more ruinous portion, (that on the right breaking into two masses,) the illumination was of great irregularity. In another disposition of the lustre, the light was exquisitely thrown across the structure, so that not all the lofty part was illuminated, and not all the lower part dark. I am convinced that the light I coveted most—that from a moon low in the horizon, but effulgent—would produce results more curious than beautiful, affording a violent and unpleasing contrast: and whatever might be the case with the portion in black, that thrown into brilliancy would shew—as under fitfulness of the moon's radiance I have now and again beheld the countless broken chambers in disordered retrocession, and range most high aloft above range—in a ghastliness worse, as the thought frequently struck me, than that of a skeleton illuminated by a taper. Skeleton the mighty pile is, in reference not merely to its present desolation, but its first construction,—which was at cost of scores of thousands of Jewish captives, the children of that identical generation whose almost preternatural wickedness was proof against repeated admonition, blind to instruction, and hardened against all warning; and who, through the agency of him that was the "Delight of Mankind" for his clemency to the world beside, were here made hewers and builders,

and, in worse than Egyptian slavery (for here all hope was spent) poured out their lives in erecting this stupendous pile, the wonder of all subsequent ages, and the especial monument of their nation's guilt and punishment. Other recollections crowd too—the population of Rome in all its gradations of rank—pulses that have long ceased to beat, and heads to ache!—whom I could almost see tiered around me, row above row, to the topmost round of an oval 620 feet by 513—in a circumference of 1796 feet, and to a height of 161 above the area—in which the poor actors strove, ardent in their vocation, and all alive to approve themselves.* Fourteen Popish altars—with their appendages of picture, and effigy, and legend inscription, and with their miserable realities in horrible discrepancy—break in and put to the route feelings of even this potent excitement.

In farewell to the Colisseum, let me say, that I am no exclusive votary of moonlight embellishment of ruins. Ever during my stay at Rome it has been, in honest alternation with St. Peter's, my lounge of whatever I could carve out of almost each and every day's contemplation and amazement.

Good Friday. The Miserere this day finally, at half an

* "The Colisseum was in all its glory in the reign of the Emperor Probus; "and the 700 wild beasts and the 600 gladiators, which he exhibited in it, "could not occupy one-twelfth of its area. It may not be exaggeration there- "fore, (as Suetonius says,) that Titus shewed the Roman people 5,000 wild "beasts in one day; or that Probus exhibited, una missione, 4,000 ostriches, "boars, ibexes, wild sheep and other granivorous animals, amidst a forest which "had been transplanted into the amphitheatre."

I take this at second hand from Mr. Hobhouse, p. 265. I recoil from the direct study of the beastly details of Suetonius and his brother chroniclers of the maniac disports of the imperial monsters, as I detest the perusal of the Newgate Calendar: indeed this latter course of reading is more sufferable, as exhibiting more, by comparison, puny atrocities.

Yet many a redeeming trace is to be met, even in Suetonius, of humanity; such as that in Vespasian, of predilection to the last for the farm-house near Reate where he was born, and to which—ne quid oculorum consuetudini deperiret—he would never permit any alteration.

hour earlier, viz. half-past three: but I have excused myself from the insufferable oppression of crowd, at cost of which I must have enjoyed this most noble music—to say nothing of the liability to personal injury, or at least high probability of quarrel. Instances are in hourly detail of the brutalities of these Swiss halberdiers, who seem to have brought here the worst grossness of their own country, and to have left at home the substance, as well as shew—if that they had ever put on—of humanity. One gentleman this afternoon returning into the crowd as it dispersed after the service, in order to escort out his wife, who had been accommodated in a quarter where the benches are reserved exclusively for ladies—was attacked by one of these savages in their usual bull-dog manner. The gentleman is, to a most remarkable degree, of courteous, quiet disposition;—but, with Hibernian spirit when excited—he found himself engaged with his antagonist to mutual collaring, the consequences of which, as the assailant was armed and had the authority of office, might have been abundantly serious, but for theinterference of one of his countrymen in military uniform—to the authority of which the bully paid sulky submission!

The whole business of the Holy Week is any thing other than an impressive solemnity. At one time it is a raree-shew, at another an opera, without any of the arrangements that ought to reign at a place of public amusement—with an absence of attraction in the details of the exhibition—and, to crown all, with the uproar of a specially dangerous bear-garden. There appears a feebleness of control in the governing power in thus yearly (for the disorder, I learn, is of annual recurrence,) mismanaging the very best order of educated strangers which entire Europe sends to Rome, into mob: inviting them into concourse, and then trampling down, with armed violence, and at charge step, all before them—with tickets or without them—old, young—

ladies with as little compunction as men: of all which military assault, a very little military previous arrangement, and even the timely forming of a small cordon before a door, would have dissipated the temptation and the pretext. Complaints have been officially preferred to the Cardinal Prime Minister; who is, without question, with his brethren in office, as much shocked at such atrocities as are the subjects of them. But it is palpable, through all the courteous guise of official reply—grounded on technically regular reference to the officers of this band of savages—that these venerable dignitaries, advanced in age, and with the habits through life of churchmen, are incompetent to manage their ultramontane mercenaries. Even their officers, I do them justice of conceiving, have not, (under that same circumstance of the debility of the governing power,) been able to subdue in their retainers the vicious buffalo nature—sour and savage as that of the absolute buffalo race of cattle, naturalized and numerous in Italy—in hideous diversity from Italy's noble ox, as well in gentle and generous temper as in form: and by the way, the buffalo is in form as great a lampoon on the ox, as a base donkey can be accounted in respect to the horse.

To me, in all this tissue of exhibitions purporting to be religious, the most imposing has appeared that most simple one of the military when under arms, bearing them, as for these two or three days they have done—reversed. Even the centinel when on duty, wherever posted throughout Rome, retains his musket in that position—conforming to the military observance in funeral processions.—To such mourning, the ceremonies in Passion Week affect to have distinct reference.

Of quite another description of remarkables have been, for the last two nights, the sausage and ham shops—every one of them set out with a glare of several scores of candles placed in sockets on the surface of the cheeses and hams, and ranged over the succession of shelves all round:—in the

shop's back-ground is a machine, in wheel-work of horizontal movement on its axis, displaying various gaudy devices set off by circlets of lights in fanciful distribution. All the remaining surface of the shop is bedizened with gold leaf, artificial flowers, bay leaves, broad borderings of colored paper, and hangings of such paper, or of shewily worked cloth. This may be in contemplation of the impending consumption after Lent: but the hams, cheeses and turkeys must require much purification from the gold leaf and daubed paper so largely overlaying their surface; while they must, from the multitude of sconces and lights that repose on them, be comfortably coddled—to half cookery, for table use.

Easter-eve: a dies-non in shews and ceremonies,* but for the popping of fire-arms in clatter through the city, which began about eleven and lasted in poor racket all the forenoon: with rare exception however, the discharges took place in the back yards and inner courts, and not in the streets, where it would have been physically intolerable. In the streets indeed, was the fore-running uproar of smashing into small all the broken crockery of the past year, "wisely kept" for this purpose, and now arranged in heaps as numerous as the stores of it admitted—frequently at intervals of eight or half-a-score yards. The shatter into smash of all these maimed matters of earthen furniture was prelude to the response of the birding pieces.

As Easter week witnesses the almost utter desertion of Rome by foreigners, I have, some days back, made provision for my departure—having arranged for a two days stroll

* I ought to except a baptismal exhibition of Jews, Turks (actual or nominal I pretend not to say) and other such unbelievers, at the Church of St. John Lateran, commencing at seven in the morning, and lasting many hours: —and a service according to the Armenian rite at some other Church in the afternoon,—at one or other of which shews my curiosity was too palled to incite me to be present.

in the Latian mountains, and to be taken up by my vettura at Albano—which is on the great road to Naples. Previously let me not omit one or other general minute as to Rome.

Of the distinctions of classes in society, I had, from the first, been struck with the strange absence of feeling, in unfavourable contrast to Florence. Authentic information confirms the reality of what appearances disclose. But in morals Rome has the advantage, as well of Florence as of many other Italian cities; and this with draw-backs of its own, of which one is on the surface—the compelled celibacy of some thousands of ecclesiastics, who of course form a prominent portion of the population. I have heard much conversation, and much assertion, on this topic: but all things considered—and Italy the country—I have hope that, though the positive impurity be considerable, in a comparative view it is far from large. Another circumstance, unfavourable to morals here, is the vast number—greater far than in other Italian capitals—of establishments with the appendage of equipage, and of shewy livery servants; who very commonly are married men, but residing under their master's roof, contract separate interests, and indulge to their utmost in selfish expenses apart from their wives—that are left in comparative desertion, and, with their own ambition of display, to carve out their own subsistence and regulate their own conduct. With all this, I learn that immorality is decidedly less general at Rome than in the other great cities of Italy.

Most particularly it is substantiated to me, that among the higher, and also the highest orders here, Cicisbeism is not in such abominable prevalence. Still I speak but by comparison. A friend, in whose unostentatious probity I have implicit trust, had recently on the eve of his preparation for Naples, in leave-taking of a noble family, the proposition made to him, by its female head, a lady of established respectability, that he should remain and arrange

himself with her daughter, a young woman of great loveliness, not many months married, and, as time has disclosed, to a husband who neglects her—one poor consequence of which, and yet a material one, is that without his company, or the escort of a male friend, she cannot appear at public resorts suitable to her station. The mother urged her desire with all the argument in her power, and with all zeal, when the young lady coming in—the dame claimed her co-operation for inducing my friend to forego, on her account, his departure. The natural modesty of the sex was beautifully and exquisitely proved in the unaffected confusion and disapprobation of the daughter—to whom the mother, rising in vehemence of argument to anger, at length exclaimed, "What! did I bestow my daugher in marriage that she "should give herself up to be a nun!" Of course this matron looked but to the comforts derivable to her daughter from escort abroad, and the relief from ennui at home, to be afforded by the male friend linked with her in such a connexion: beyond these solid advantages she must have contemplated nothing irregular, while fully aware that every thing followed: and all that is in sanction of purity between husband and wife, she must—between wife and husband's double—have regarded as matter of course. Thus even at Rome reigns this family crime—horrible as incest—permitted by all parties—in systematized practice—national!

Of society here the attractions are very moderate. The ladies are pleasing in manners, but their minds usually uncultivated, and their conversation vapid on whatever provocation of joke, repartee, or other stimulant. The men are talkative—about trifles and nothing else—the weather, a procession, a picture: on even these topics they exhibit themselves as if in act to quarrel, with long and loud words and angry gestures—their irritability in grotesque contrast with the bubbles that blow it into burst.

Something let me add as to the guides through the maze

of Rome's topography and ruins. On my first approach to the city, a cenotaph over the road was pointed to me by my comrades in the journey—cultivated men too—and from the authority of their books—as being the tomb of Nero. Much humility I felt when, on after instruction, I learned this sepulchre to be that of the family of the Naso's—the poet's family, as is fondly presumable! But if in this instance so execrably misled—in common with ten thousand that similarly take the misnomer on trust—I can but say it is an emblem of the puddle of blunder, in which Rome's visitants are ordinarily content to flounder and think themselves wise.

Every thing connected with Rome's local antiquities is chaos. Scarcely a gleaning of fact—after best diligence in reading all the unreadable books of the obscure ages, down to the researches and exact measurements of Nolli—has been realised. Very much is guess; and exceedingly much is erratic statement of impudent ignorance, that lives by the trade of retailing its own impositions.

Vasi and Fea are the rival guide-books—strangers' horn-books. Vasi crowds, without puff or verbosity, in honest heap of measure, whatever information he could obtain. Fea's ambition is to run a tilt in exception, and to vilify—wherever a pretext can be created—the details of Vasi.

In this poor little pursuit, schisms and intolerance rage as virulently among the Ciceroni of Rome as among any other conflicting armies of bigots. Each leader frames his theory, and fits to it every remnant of end-wall and irregularity of ground surface,—christens vamped-up busts; and nicknames whatever rubbish of ruins. Each deems that the giving up the meanest tittle of his ideal structure—spun spider-like from his own whims, would—after the manner of the loss of a link in nature's order—work the destruction of his system,

> Where one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
> From guess-formed chain whatever link you strike,
> Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

Who will may refer to Pope's Essay on Man, for the frightful universal ruin that is then in store for us.

There is a professor of this order, Nibbi—that has put forth several expensive and heavy books, and gives ambulatory lectures, which he who pays for may try to profit by. My fixed judgment is, that wherever is intolerance, there (besides other bad ingredients) is ignorance. Nibbi had the evil fortune to be retained by an English lady of sense and spirit, to make with her the usual round of sight-seeing. On one occasion, a question of the lady, suggested by some assertion of the professor, excited on his part a testiness which he managed to suppress: a second question, propounded some time after, induced a more decided grimace of displeasure: but on a third occasion, in the course of the drive, of a wish expressed for information as to some object which excited her curiosity, Mr. Nibbi desired her "not to "interrupt the lecture." "Pardon me," was the lady's reply, "I have merely taken you out to use you as a moveable "direction-post."

Easter Day. Day-break was ushered in by a grand salute of firing, in which the cannon on the Castle of St. Angelo played a conspicuous part.

Unexpectedly, the Pope found himself well enough to gratify our world of visitants, as well as the fixed population of his States—that breathe, in all ways they can shew it, an affectionate attachment to his virtues and person—with the Benediction. The station of his appearance was not the front of St. Peter's, where, from the vast space afforded for the display as well as the structure's accompaniments, the magnificence of the solemnity would have been complete;—but from the balcony of the Quirinal palace, his usual residence. Here, too, is a large though irregular open, which was filled, in far greater part, by the peasants and pilgrims by whose aggregate crowds, in fantastic even while they are in sober costume, the streets have been for the last week

inundated, with an effect inexpressibly picturesque. Many of the Romans, and many of the upper order of strangers, were absent, from having been without intimation that this solemnity—disused on account of the Pope's infirmities, for the last three years at least—would take place. Still, crowds of both had been on the alert, and were present. All the military force of Rome was drawn up in all martial circumstance: and from computing the number of the battalions and the probable strength of each—perhaps 1,700 in the entire—and an inference from the space they occupied on one occasion when massed together, to the surface covered by the spectators, I conclude the concourse to have been 25,000—fully fifteen times the troops. The peasants near me, swarming up the steps and over the terrace, and occupying the ballustrade and parapet of a structure in face of the balcony, and commanding the whole spectacle—were most deeply struck with the military array. Beautiful! oh! how beautiful! was repeated and reiterated as the several battalions and the cavalry came on the ground and wheeled into line. But the sight of the body-guard, of about sixty horse—all young Roman nobles, and in gorgeous, though soldier-like dress (scarlet color)—the sweeping plumes in ornament of their hats, let me honestly, though not to their honor, particularize;—and the rapid evolutions which, in much vanity, and with perfect confidence and steadiness, they displayed in occupying their ground, in deploying, and once and again changing their front—steeped their rustic admirers in sovereign delight. "Most beautiful! bellissima "guardia!" in the superlative of tone, as well as inflection, was their absolutely extatic ejaculation. These people are materials for any thing and every thing manly.

The fine old gentleman * was borne forward to the open

* A Prussian Count, that happened also to be Chamberlain to his Sovereign, with whom I was in habits of society for some weeks in Swisserland, felt disquieted at my use to him of this term, in expressing my opinion of his king,

balcony—in and round which were his high dignitaries,—in a grand chair—from which I observed he had, as through bodily feebleness, a narrow escape from falling.* On his either side was raised an immense fan of peacock feathers—rich as a spread pinion, and graceful as a plume—the union of which circularly over his head was magnificence which, unless I had seen it, I could not have believed that plumage, under any disposition could possibly have induced. The Benediction was received with uncovered heads and with reverence by, I hope, all the assemblage. For my part I felt indisposed to criticise even the two little bundles of Indulgences, which his Holiness let go from the balcony among the crowds beneath. Protestant as I am, yet with feelings such as I thus confess, the accompaniments to the ceremony, of military honors and military music in obeisance to a temporal Sovereign, and the peal of St. Angelo's cannon joining in; all this was to me minor and small circumstance in reference to the impression which it was the main purpose of this solemnity to create.

The fire-works this night were incomparably finer than the very finest I had ever seen;—a very short time in play, perhaps twenty minutes. The Castle of St. Angelo, which

who has, I believe, truly gentleman-like qualities. It was in vain to say to him that I applied the same term to my own Sovereign, and to claim the privilege of English manners and the English language from him, who had been in England, and speaks English. The word "gentleman" is a foreigner on the continent, without synonime—rather too much without prototype in currency—and therefore untranslateable. I would in all ways naturalize it there. "Ren-"tier" is an execrable term, by which, however, many English designate themselves in passport affairs. "Gentleman,"—in French, "Gentilhomme," is as fair a borrowing as "Milord," which borrowed word has been so long used abroad as a native one, where English are the subject.

* It was through the same feebleness that that fall happened to him on his chamber floor, a few weeks after, the consequence of which was fracture of the thigh, and the close of a mildly pious life—of unostentatious patronage of the arts, of the utmost unselfishness, of simplest personal habits, and of morals and conduct distinguishedly pure.

stands over the Tiber—computed at 180 feet in diameter, was the nucleus which, at least frontwise, they invested. At the outset was the appearance as of a robing of black velvet, of which the concluding folds spread wide and mantle-like from the base of the structure: over this seeming black velvet a master festoon, with, besides, various minor, but closely wrought and richly radiating festoons, of diamond lights, was superb. Omitting the mention of Congreve rockets and different other exhibitions, the exuberant cataract of fire, in torrent as of a river seeking headlong the base of a precipice, was a masterly sport with Vulcan's element. Vesuvio, or any other volcano, in the storm of eruption, was also given. Then the reduplication of all this in the eddying waves of the Tiber, from the hither parapet of which all was in close view, gave zest and strange variety to the blazing illusions. From this station also was commanded the dome of St. Peter's, begirt in illumination by circles of lights, in most numerous tier above tier, to its topmost ornament's height; one arranged and sublime blaze to the sky. With the same arranged ornature of fire, the façade was so noble as to defy all criticism. A later, and, as it were, compact spread of lamps, in continuous diffusion of light though disconnection of luminous points, over the whole elevation, communicated with the instantaneousness of scene-shifting or of electricity, though more gorgeous far, was in abatement of the architectural embellishment.

On entrance of the Place, where the façade and all its stupendous accompaniments of colonnade were in a blaze of thousands of lamps, which also invested the summit ball and cross almost in zenith of the sky; the effect became beyond any attempt of mine to describe.

Certainly the sciences of Fire-works and Illuminations have here reached their ne plus ultra. Of the former I learn from friends competent to judge, that no Parisian exhibition can match, and that our London ones on the occa-

sion of the presence of the Continental Sovereigns, fell far beneath these. In respect to illumination, were all else on a par, there is not in the world such a subject for its practice as St. Peter's, with its mighty Rotunda hung aloft and backed by the sky, the whole attired in blazing diamonds, whose disposition—most thickly set as they shone—would defy the coldest critic to detect in it an aberration from the chastest architectural science.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES TO VOL. I.

NOTE I. PAGE 91.

The Author has to regret that, perhaps, from the brevity imposed upon him by the limits of a marginal note, he has omitted to do justice to the excellent worth of this accredited document of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy,—on so solemn an occasion as that of making a statement of their tenets to the Commons' House of Parliament,—by not transcribing a cardinal tenet of that Christian sect—that proclaims itself the Autocrat in all matters relating to this world, and to the salvation of every human soul in that which is to come. These reverend personages—in collective assemblage, and with deliberate consideration—protest that their object "is to procure a RELIGIOUS, not a SCRIPTURAL education of Ireland." Be that thoroughly authenticated, and plain-spoken averment, their touchstone! The thing is specially characteristic of the body from which it proceeds: it is either an excellently, and pellucidly, Christian dogma; or, it is a profane and enormously flagitious declaration, that deserves to be proclaimed as such.

NOTE II. PAGE 168.

... The present afflicting situation of this country traces its primary origin distinctly back to the situation of the Island, from our first historical knowledge of it. Talk of the cabals and strifes that were renewable on the demise of a Sovereign, under the elective Monarchy of Poland! This were harmless matter in comparison with a Monarchy, that was at once elective and hereditary, as was the case in Ireland,—of which the Crown devolved to such son, or nephew, or cousin of the deceased King, as should get the better of his rivals by assassination, or by a struggle in open war, that must have shaken the State with volcanic convulsion.

Then, besides the "King of all Ireland," there were provincial Kings—and sub-provincial,—the succession of whom, severally, was the sport of the same legal provision for assassination, among the half dozen, or perhaps, twenty joint heirs in expectancy,—and for carnage among the population at large, that of course was split into parties, each of which followed its idol leader with the fury of partisan ignorance, and the thirst for blood and confiscation that is proper to civil war. Beyond all this, the self same law applied to private life, and granted but a life interest to the occupant of a family property; so that the demise of each possessor of land was the signal for renewed family distraction.

This homogeneous confusion, which made nothing sure but perpetual insecurity from robbery and massacre, in an endless intricacy of quarrel—was entitled "the Brehon Law." It was a thoroughly Irish affair; for it combined continuity with outrageous dis-connection. It was as abhorrent from any possible application to human purposes as—in reference to a modern draw-well with its appurtenant tackle and bucket—one of those natural, fathomless, perforations, in mockery of a well, could be,—into which a stone, dropped by a rustic philosopher, leaps from one ragged projection to an answering ledge opposite, from which to rebound in repetition of clatter, that is attested by the ear, long after what creates the turmoil has disappeared from the eye;—under which description I crave leave to allegorize the Brehon Law.

This system was upheld among the native Irish, without the English pale, for ages subsequent to the invasion of Henry II. It were superfluous, and quite bootless, to dwell on the wars of the English with the Irish, whether military or legislative, which extended from 1172, to—shall we say—1772. That epoch introduced one farther ingredient, to contribute to the more violent working of the caldron of mischief. The generations of that six hundred years, whose errors or whose crimes—to whatever extent they may have been—reduced *this* fair island to its present plight, are gone to their account. Of the most distant share in producing that plight, the present generation of Legislators is as innocent, even in thought, as their offspring yet to be born can be. But they are as ardent for a change of it, as if the mischiefs bequeathed for our present scourge were of their personal infliction, and demanded at their own hands expiation—and, beyond that, the largest retribution.

I would confine myself here to the evil which this tissue of events has induced, in the degradation of the mass of our aristocracy into a systematic absentee-ism, which is a direct violation of the duty that they owe to their country;—and to the corresponding degradation of our peasantry into a condition of helpless wretchedness that, for its vileness, cannot be paralleled elsewhere in Europe. I have stated in the text, that "the peasantry of Ireland are put "into mortal hostility with their landlords, by the very tenure of their acre "of land, and the very agreement by which they give their labour." If any suggestion of mine could avail for the correction of so baleful a system, in even

the most inconsiderable degree, my apology would be absolute for the excursiveness of the present supplementary Note.

The peasantry (I speak of the mere peasants) are destitute of property in stock, or even in house furniture. Their habitations are most wretched huts. Their numbers were long ago redundant; and early and prolific marriage is ever adding to them in a fearful acceleration of increase. There is no demand—or tantamount to none—for their labour, except on the farms of the landholders, on whom, severally, they depend: and the rate of wages is so mean, and the total sum that it is possible to acquire by labour through the year so small, that they are ever steeped in poverty. Hence poverty's every various vice—laziness, hypocrisy, pilfering.

Yet it is strange, that within the landlord's dwelling, and in every thing that concerns house furniture and clothes,—be it of little value or much,—even under the temptation of daily ingress and egress unwatched,—all is safe from hands that are ever prone to mischief, and the practice of fraud without doors. The land and its concerns are the debateable ground of the peasant: the domestic concerns of his master's family are under the guard of his better feelings—that are unwarped to ill, and in the kindliest play.

But, in the main, they have an interest which is at utter variance with that of their employer: and this is so wrought into their existence, that even the few lucky individuals of them who, having climbed into comparative competence, are placed in a post of superintendence over the rest, will see the family to which they owe their all, robbed under their own eyes, without its being possible to draw from them a disclosure of the circumstance, or even a previous hint, by which the perpetration of it might have been prevented. No such disclosure can be wrung from them by the impulses of gratitude, by the hope of reward, or by the risk of expulsion from their own station of affluence,—by any or all these, under the firmest confidence in their own breast, that their intimations would be held sacredly confidential. Such is the force of sympathy by which the mass of the Irish peasantry is banded together—in mysterious separation from their countrymen of all other classes besides,—as though it were by a magic circle, that is impervious while it is invisible. To all these classes it opposes an ever active system of aggression, masked under the shew of peace and personal attachment. Lounging is their substitute for the day's labour, unless that labour be by task-work: not a field-gate but is a temptation to them for fuel—and, where fuel abounds, for disport of their animal spirits in search of mischief: not a post is suffered to remain any where for the protection of young timber: that young timber is often destroyed through sheer wantonness. What wonder can there be, if these repeated hostilities should have their effect on the landholder, and should work on him, also, some peculiarity of character? What more is required to explain his demand of a rack-rent, which the produce of the land is absorbed in producing,—leaving not a shilling to compensate the labour of the tiller, or even to cover the cost of the seed? Take landlord and tenant out of the respective situations in which a

perversity of lot has placed them,—and you have not a finer creature breathing than an Irish peasant, of more industry, more affectionate attachment, more strict honesty and truth. Of these there are but comparatively few who can emigrate: the old world, at least, superabounds in hands. But the landlords emigrate in crowds, and by the most unaffected exhibition of every solid quality, and every grace of mind and manner, lay claim to the admiration of Europe. And Europe, while admiring them, brands them in the same breath as absentees, the deserters of their duties, the curse and bane of Ireland. The naked fact of their non-residence at home is held to justify all this opprobrium: and it is not surmised, that their expatriation is too often in their own despite; that their benignity is unable to bear the deterioration of their species under their dependence, which they feel impotent to relieve; and that to relieve themselves from a degree of pain, amounting to physical horror, occasioned by such a sight, they take refuge in absence from the ever-during miserable hostility, of which they are the mark, and which they scorn to retaliate.

View the system in home action, as I had occasion to see it in the commencing months of the year 1820—in Connaught. Premising that causes—the bearing of which, on this point, I have not seen brought together, and may not stop to enunciate,—have created in the Irish peasant a passion, that is next to instinctive, for realizing his year's stock of food of his own growth;—it follows, that though the landholder may lay what price he will on his ground, he is sure to let it to the last inch, leaving after all, a crowd of candidates whom he is unable to gratify. The terms laid down in Connaught for some years had been eight pounds—up to guineas—per English acre, for ground remote from any town, and requiring the bating or burning of its surface-sod, as a preparative for producing potatoes, and two-thirds of that sum for land that had been somewhat impoverished by preceding crops, of which the contemplated produce was oats. The tenant gave his labour to the landlord every day which the occasions of the latter demanded: his wife, it may be, worked similarly: a supply of seed, on account, was perhaps furnished by the landlord for their plat of ground,—in the clods of which was sunk all the spare labour of days out of employ, as well as before and after hours of the landlord's work-days. The money produce of a full crop—if converted into money—could not possibly equal the amount of the rent and the seed: an indifferent season left them far to the bad. In either calculation their own labour went for nothing, or was more than paid for by the luxury of the possessing land. The amount of their day's work performed for the landlord, in the sum of the reckoning, would probably not cover the rent due to him for their land: and their pig was sold under legal process,—or, perhaps, their wretched cow, which they had reared from a calf on the browsing afforded by the road side, and subsequently fostered into the deer-like agility, required for purveying nutriment within less public precincts. It was not a very unheard-of thing, that the three or five articles of which the inventory of their hut's furniture consisted, were similarly alienated. Take, with all this, that land was just at that time at its lowest state of depression, and

that the embarassments of the English agriculturists precluded them from giving employment to any of the hordes of these same wretches, who made their annual migration to work as supernumerary labourers in the harvest time: that avenue to the gain of great wealth, which might enable them to pay their covenanted rents, was in a great measure closed.

In this state of things,—and the military force having been largely withdrawn for the purpose of putting down the Manchester and Glasgow revolutionists,—a junta of mischief-makers issued Commissions—for each of which they received —and pocketed—a money price of Five Pounds. Each commission conferred, with the rank of Captain, the right to redress peasant wrongs and, at the same time, to make a profit by doing so. To each of these captains, the junta assigned a district, in the manner of an excise officer's walk,—within which they were severally authorised and required to swear the peasantry to secrecy and obedience; and from each recruit they were to receive ten pence, being the value of the Irish bank token then in currency. The aggregate of these petty exactions was the fund allotted for re-payment to them of the cost of their commissions,—the surplus being for their personal emolument. Nightly assemblages followed, and a search for arms, of which they exerted themselves to obtain the general surrender through terror, or by actual attack. The timid were affrighted; the temporizing—of whom there were too many,—met with temporary favor; but the spirited resident gentry, who exerted themselves to put down the mysterious combination, were marked for assassination—to which some fell victims. The mischief thickened so very suddenly, that five thousand troops were, by forced marches, poured into the country, of which they took military possession. Tranquillity followed: the law had its regular assize course; and the secrets of the confederacy transpired. But who shall pretend that the danger of explosion is past, while all the elements of mischief are in the same potent life and appalling elasticity!

Without going into any farther statement respecting the hideous war of Jacquerie, which has raged in one or other district of Ireland ever since that time, let me ask, what enactment, of a mountebank senator's introduction, can unravel and lay open the maze of perversity, which robs the gentry of Ireland of the kindly influences over a happy surrounding tenantry, in which their nature languishes to indulge,—and places them in the painful and most dangerous pre-eminence of a West India planter encompassed by imported *African* slaves. What legion of enactments can effect this? Who shall move for bringing in a bill for prohibiting early marriages?—or marriages beyond the proportion of one in three, or in five, of the marriageable couples among the Irish peasants, —to be selected at a Vestry meeting,—or recommended under the hand and seal of the parish priest? What is there in all this connexion between Landlord and Tenant, that is tangible by a statutory enactment? Shall Grand Juries be empowered, or shall it be made peremptory on them, to present as nuisances every house without a chimney?—or hovels generally? Who shall fix a minimum on labor? Or who shall dare to fix a maximum for rents?

What other remedy remains? There is one, perhaps, which would strike at the root of the evil: possibly it has been unthought of, because it is, in its direct simplicity, impracticable. That is, a legislative provision, of which the effect should subject to a nullity—as strict as that which quashes gambling debts,—all obligations growing directly or indirectly—in contemplation or in consequence—out of demands for rent,—on the foot of a written obligation, or as a lien on the crop,—in any case whatever where rent may be concerned, in which, in that description of instances now in purview, one-half or, at the lowest, one-third of the full year's obligation had not been paid before entry. Is such a statutory provision out of measure absurd in our eyes? In Swisserland, that is hailed as a most free and happy land of Cocagne, they enact in the merest routine, and they also enforce, laws that are just as out of the way, and of which the results are far less beneficial. Whatever possible legislative provision can be brought into bearing, with however remote an approximation to this point blank aim, will do good. And in proportion as Landlords will struggle—for it must be a strong struggle—to comform their practice to the principle of this measure, they will, individually, do good. They will sever the slave's chain, that extends from the Peasant to the Landlord, and is hurtful to both: They will destroy the every year's recurring bubble of a bargain between them, that is but made to be broken, because it cannot, by possibility, be honestly fulfilled. While they do not lessen in any way the aggregate quantity of the labor which they severally have to give, they will substitute weekly payments for yearly delusions. They will submit the labor of each week, or day, to a test, inducing the rejection from their employment as the penalty for sloth, and their countenance and patronage as one reward for industry. To honest industry, as a marketable commodity, they will open a direct market. Farther, they will create a legitimate, wholesome, and most efficient corrective to the evil of improvidently early marriages—that source of various, hideous, endless crime. The entire disease of the present vassalage will be put into a train of dissolution; and cottage virtues and landlord kindnesses will walk hand in hand,—which they never can do, as long as the present horrible system shall remain in sufferance. Need I apologise for adding—since in so momentous a matter the minutest detail is of incalculable consequence,—that by an arrangement of easy contrivance, (and the frequency of which does honor to our age and to human nature,) district or parish depots, for the sale of the necessaries of life, may be established generally, and the nuisance of the huxter be effectually put down.*

* A mass of most useful and important facts, bearing on this subject, has been lately presented to the Public, in the most succinct and unostentatious form, by Mr. William Allen, a member of the Society of Friends. The title of this little tract is "Colonies at Home." Solely with reference to Ireland, to the condition of which he specially addresses himself, I have to observe that his recommendation of Lucerne is not borne out by a practical knowledge of the soil and climate of this country, of which the indigenous grasses are too powerful to suffer its growth without the most systematized attention. I need

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And be it not left unremarked that, under such a system, the awful devastation by famine in 1822, would not have had existence! Incredible as this averment may be to those who know Ireland only by their good intentions, it is as true as it is strange.

One farther word as to absentee-ism. Statute Law cannot compel our landed proprietors to residence on their estates. There are two moral forces which may operate in that way—the sense of duty in their own breasts,—and the deep and utter scorn in which they are held as the deserters of their duties. Of the existence and universality of that scorn, they must be feelingly conscious, however high spirit on their part, and good manners on that of the society in which they mingle, may suppress its overt symptoms. Though dislodgment from their homes be the result of almost direct violence, strangers cannot comprehend, and of course cannot sympathize with the sufferings inflicted under the Servile War, that curses the relations of Peasant and Landowner in Ireland. It is indeed impossible that they should, any more than that they could give their sympathies to sufferings under some mode of bad passion that may influence a community in the Moon, and is incomprehensible to the organs of men tenanting our planet. A certain Highland Duke, on the occasion of adjusting the adjournment of the House of Peers, on the occasion of the Queen's trial,—stated in his place, that less time than some few weeks would be an unreasonable hardship: and in proof of this, he instanced the impossibility of his return to his estates, after an absence since the Spring. His Grace, who I apprehend is on the verge of seventy, did go, taking his Duchess with him: and they returned within the one month, for which the House was adjourned over. Durance in even the most comfortable carriage, for four days and part of their nights in going, and of as much more in returning, is a pain which looks for specific compensation. To men of this order, the scene of their home duties is that of their dearest enjoyments. Home residence is to them a necessary of life. It is true British nutriment. Such men are not merely unable to sympathize with tastes and practices that are counter to their own, but they must execrate, as recreants to manliness, the tribe which lives in abandonment of their plainest duties.

It may be a trite, but it is an awfully true observation, that our allotments in life prescribe to us our duties. These are, to some men, of easy fulfilment, while to others they are laborious and of life-long tribulation: but in no case will the difficulty attendant on their discharge be taken as a justification for having systematically deserted them.

scarcely add, that accurately systematized diligence is so far from being a characteristic of the existing peasant population of Ireland, that it must be held as altogether at variance with their habits.

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